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ARMAMENTS AND ARBITRATION

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

To those who are accustomed to note European news with somewhat more particularity than is given by the cable despatches of the American press, it must have appeared a singular coincidence that along with the telegraphic message conveying the now famous speech of Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, advocating unlimited arbitration between Great Britain and the United States, there arrived by mail the detailed information that the German Parliament had passed the bill for an annual increase of their already formidable army, for each succeeding year, up to and including 1916.

The vote for this significant measure stood 247 to 63, or, put in terms more readily comprehended at a glance, as four to one; and the small minority was composed, with only three exceptions, of Socialists and Poles,* the latter of whom stand in relation to the German Government much as the Nationalist party of Ireland stands toward Great Britain—permanently disaffected as long as present conditions last.

It may be fairly said, therefore, after making all allowance for the peculiar state of the franchise in the chief state

* To be perfectly exact, it should be mentioned that there were eleven abstentions; a fact which makes a very different impression according as it is stated that there were eleven or that there were *only* eleven.

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of the Empire—Prussia—that this increase of the army is a popular measure; that it is not merely the act of a government, esteemed by many to be arbitrary and self-willed, but the voice of a mighty people, satisfied for the time being that the national interests require augmentation of an army already proverbial for numbers and efficiency; an army which may fairly be said to hold the casting vote, when opposing European forces approach equality even remotely.

It is unnecessary here to enumerate the occasions on which this force has been exerted, or where it has been checked by other combinations, within the ten years past; but it is well to note the general fact that organized military force, even when used, does not necessarily mean war in its horrors. It is war without bloodshed; a result which is the great and only real justification of military preparation. Witness the American War of Secession, with its immense losses. In this both sides stood at the beginning without any preparation, as compared with the immense development and organization, military and naval, which the course of the contest brought into being. The German Empire, which owes its existence to its army, has, thanks also to its army, known forty years of unbroken peace, of the sheathed sword.

Not the least striking feature of this new accumulation of armament in the midst of peace is that it is for a term of coming years during which there is no certainty, even under a continuance of peace conditions, that the revenue will meet the consequent increased expenditure. To quote a phrase attributed recently to an American statesman, this may be bad economics; yet it is evidently considered good politics. But it is not for the army only that debt, or the possibility of debt, is contemplated. The huge advance in tonnage, and in size of ships, of the German navy is being met by the same resource. Broadly stated, without taking account of the details of ordinary and extraordinary expenditure, the bill for new naval construction, as distinguished from running expenses, is met by loans; by an annual increase of debt. By this means Germany has progressed to the second place among the naval powers of the world; being exceeded only by Great Britain, which so far pays for its naval ship-building out of current revenue. It seems scarcely necessary to say that, after all allowance for wealth still much exceeding that of Germany, Great

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Britain owes this ability to her watery bulwarks, which enable her to depend upon a much less numerous army. It is also, perhaps, worth noting that the immense debt of Great Britain was contracted in establishing, by military means, the territorial, commercial, and industrial conditions which underlay her long-continued financial supremacy; that the debt was in the nature of an investment, not barren of returns.

In the British House of Commons, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the civil head of the British Navy—corresponding to our Secretary of the Navy—has within a few days (March 16th) stated, in answer to a question, that according to the programmes so far adopted, Great Britain on April 1st, 1914, would have completed 22 Dreadnoughts and 9 Invincibles; Germany, 16 Dreadnoughts, 5 Invincibles; the United States, 12 Dreadnoughts, no Invincibles. The word Dreadnought from a proper noun has become a common, significant of a class; and its meaning, as the generally adopted type of efficient battleship, is understood widely, if loosely. Invincible is undergoing a like modification. It means a battleship of Dreadnought proportions, but of inferior offensive and defensive powers; these qualities having been lessened in order to give much higher speed on the same tonnage. The type is essentially that known hitherto as the "armored cruiser." The United States does not contemplate Invincibles; rightly, as I believe, for I conceive the class to be a hybrid, with the drawbacks attributed to the crossing of species, that they combine the defects rather than the virtues of their progenitors. Still, Invincibles are undoubtedly formidable vessels, even if those be right who think them a mistake, as substitutes for an equivalent tonnage in Dreadnoughts. They are very much to be taken account of. The preponderance of German Dreadnoughts over American, 16 to 12, will be very seriously increased by the addition of five Invincibles.

These figures, however, are only to April 1st, 1914. The peculiarity of the German naval legislation is that, while dependent upon successive annual votes, it provides at one cast a programme for several future years. In consequence of this prevision, there can be, and is, coincident and harmonious progress in ship-construction, dockyard development, armaments, and ship-building plants. The great manufacturers know upon what to count, and can afford to spend

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on facilities money which they are assured they will get back in employment. The agitated question of one annual battleship, or two, or three, according to the various views of executive and legislature, in Great Britain or the United States, does not trouble the German employer of naval labor. The state is as much committed to its naval payments as the other countries are to the interest upon their debts.

The result has been, in Germany, a great increase, not only of ships but of power to build, both in quantity and in rapidity; so that it is a somewhat moot question whether Germany cannot, so far as facilities go, build as rapidly and as numerously as her richer rival. Great Britain can no longer surrender a start, as the hare did to the tortoise. Her immense programme of new construction for the present year is due to the fact that, dallying some years ago with vague ideals of international agreements, she is now straining to recover the consequences of her nap, to regain a safe lead; for her security depends, not upon land forces to defend her soil against an enemy once on shore, but upon power to prevent his transit and his landing.

In the course of the debate above cited, the First Lord, replying to members of his own party, the Liberal, who objected to the proposed expenditures as exorbitant and unnecessary, said that if they intended to support a reduction, he would remind them of the fate of Ethelred the Unready; and he added, amid loud cheering, that a strong navy was a good foundation upon which to build up financial credit. This can only be by securing freedom from war, or, in case of war, the security for industry and commerce which a navy effects; thus ensuring the foundations of financial stability. Incidentally, the indemnities which have become a frequent incident of peace treaties, are averted by the same precaution. The present annual expenditure of the United States upon the navy is one-eighth the war indemnity exacted from France by Germany after one year of hostilities, and one-fifth that which Japan endeavored to obtain from Russia. The motion to reduce was rejected in the British Parliament by 276 to 56.

The naval programme of Germany, when completed in 1920, will provide 38 " capital " ships; much the greater part of which will be of Dreadnought type, though some pre-Dreadnought vessels will probably still survive a few years longer. What is the significance of these conditions, in a state which

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up to a generation ago was non-naval? Many reasons probably concur to one result. The industries and commerce, and not least the shipping trade of Germany, are in their present proportions a growth of thirty years, which has by no means reach its limit.

All these elements of national prosperity depend upon free use of the sea; and the expansion of the navy results from the conviction that it must be so powerful that even Great Britain, menacing as her geographical situation is to Germany, and huge as is her fleet, will hesitate to withstand any policy on which Germany is set; will limit herself to her own protection, and that of the colonies and interests which belong to her. This political situation is to be reinforced by a large development of the fleet of Austria-Hungary, operative, as distinctly avowed, only in the Mediterranean, a principal line of British communications—imperial, colonial, and commercial. Here also increased national indebtedness is accepted deliberately, if anxiously. The number of Dreadnoughts, proposed as the goal by the Naval Secretary, is sixteen; of which four are in hand.

A century ago, a very distinguished Swiss military writer, who saw much service throughout the Napoleonic period, who studied minutely many of the principal campaigns, and who reflected profoundly upon international relations as affecting war, and as affected by it, stated as a fundamental necessity of the European Balance of Power that no one State should be permitted to acquire an unchallengeable naval superiority. He had witnessed personally, and had appreciated, the decisive influence exerted over the whole conflict, continental as well as maritime, by the naval supremacy of Great Britain, and by the insular wealth consequent upon the naval shield extended over her commerce and industries. To-day the realization of his proposition is seen in the serious anxieties of Great Britain; challenged by a fleet, and by a possible combination of fleets, which, even though they may not together equal hers, may so endanger her superiority and her commerce as largely to limit her freedom of action in support of policies which otherwise may to her appear advisable, or even essential.

The proposition of a century ago related only to Europe; but it has expanded, not by original forecast, but by inevitable growth, like the American Monroe Doctrine, so that it now fills the larger field of the world. The balances of power

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in Europe a hundred years since, constituted after the fall of Napoleon, were largely artificial; and consequently were not only complicated, but deficient in stability, because some of the larger units, the great Powers, lacked homogeneity, or lacked completeness of territory, both which deficiencies are sources of unrest. In the intervening century progress has been made in eliminating these factors of discord. Austria has been separated from the greater part of Italy left under her control in 1815; and Italian unity has not only been consummated, but comprises almost all the territory racially and geographically Italian. Germany has achieved unity and expanded to limits which were by Bismarck considered commensurate to her claims and her needs. Austria, cut short in former ambitions in the direction of Italy, has made progress on the other side of the Adriatic. Although composed of elements proverbially discordant, she has held together for a time which gives promise of permanence. This is the more sure because the conditions are reinforced by a pressure on all sides, which necessitates the cohesion under one government of the various communities composing the Empire, unless they wish to sink severally to the international insignificance which characterizes their Balkan neighbors.

These three great States, of comparatively recent origin as regards their present extent and constitution, and formally in alliance between themselves, are in a position to give effect to that challenge to British sea power which by the Swiss writer quoted was declared essential. And they are doing it. All parties in Great Britain except the so-called Labor party, which is distinctly *doctrinaire* in its views and policies, recognize that the question of national well-being is at stake; how much more the weight of Great Britain in the policies of the external world, in which a hundred years ago she occupied the decisive position. It is an odd circumstance that, at the very moment the Labor party in the British Parliament is opposing measures believed by most in the country necessary for national independence of action, the party of the same name in Australia, now controlling the government, defiantly announces that on certain points it will not admit arbitration, and that national defense is a prime element in its policy in order to insure national control of internal measures; that is, national independence.

These factors serve to link together in the appreciation

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of men the interrelation of the situation in Europe with the politics of the world. Great Britain cannot divest herself of responsibilities and policies external to the British Islands, except at the sacrifice of national interests and the acceptance of permanent degradation of national position. If the relative sea powers of Great Britain and of the three States of central Europe, which, if not opposed to her formally, nevertheless do stand in the opposite scale of the balance, were a matter of European international policies merely, the inhabitants of other continents might view the situation with unconcern, though with interest. But in the infancy of Australian development the dependence of Australia upon British control of the sea illustrates the far-reaching character of this element of European international relations.

If this were the only illustration it might be relegated to the class of rare exceptions which fail to prove a rule, but it does not stand alone. Five years ago the sea power of Great Britain, by depriving Russia of naval allies, assured to Japan control of the sea. Can a similar effect continue to be exercised in view of the growing challenge to British naval supremacy? It is one thing to insure security against attack; it is quite another to be strong enough to insure national policy in matters of external effort.

A notable additional illustration is to be found in the Boer War of 1899-1901. The feeling of the Continent was with the Boers; it is useless now to recall the many manifestations of this bias, but the superiority of the British Navy was such that interference was impossible. The result, superficially, was the overthrow of two small republics. Fundamentally it secured the opportunity for several distinct and rival communities, in this respect somewhat resembling the Balkan States or those of Central America, to take a fresh start; and under the harmonizing influence of British political traditions to form a union such as that of the American thirteen colonies or of the confederation which preceded the present German Empire.

This beneficial outcome is noteworthy, but the illustration of changed conditions of sea power is yet more impressive, because this localized disturbance in British imperial relations was precisely the kind of occurrence to which an empire so constituted is always liable, as in the case of the Indian mutiny of 1857. Standing alone, the British Islands may be able to defend their independence and commerce, to make an

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enemy ware of them; it is when called upon to repress disorder, or to oppose attack in some distant part of the Empire, that the margin of naval superiority adequate to maintain peace or to protect the home country may prove insufficient. If so, the entire imperial system may break down.

The forefront of this danger is unquestionably Germany. How far she is immediately the incentive to the proposed great increase of the Austrian Navy to sixteen Dreadnoughts or how far this measure is due to an Austrian determination to equal or surpass her ally, Italy, in control of their buffer sea, the Adriatic, it is impossible to say. Nor is it very necessary, for facts which can be seen, rather than purposes which can only be surmised, are the elements of power to be weighed and appreciated. The sympathies of nations fluctuate with their interests or with passing events, and their purposes vary accordingly. I remember when, in 1866, an American squadron was saluted in Chile as a savior. In 1891 the seamen of an American ship of war were mobbed through the streets of Valparaiso because of popular feeling excited against their nation. At the present moment an American ironclad is conveying to its final resting-place the dead body of a Chilian ex-President. It is not upon any ultimate designs of Germany that attention needs to fasten, but upon the indisputable fact that she will shortly possess a navy which in its aggregate none other than the British can withstand; and of which Great Britain herself must take grave account in all matters of external policy. The so-called Triple Entente is a recognition of this necessity. Already in one of its members, France, the question has arisen whether the battleship force, the solid infantry of the fleet, should not be concentrated in the Mediterranean, leaving to coast defenses and to the action of Great Britain, another member, the security of the Channel shores in case of a European war.

The question will naturally occur, how will these various conditions be affected by the formulation and acceptance of a treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain as advocated by Sir Edward Grey covering every kind of differences, and rejecting explicitly every exception hitherto summed up under the words "vital interests and national honor"?

The reply is that no effect whatever is likely to be produced, except to intensify the resolution of Germany, unless

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the result upon popular opinion in the United States and Great Britain is such as to incline each of the contracting States to recognize the necessary international policies of the other, and to give support in case of need. Since the days of Bismarck, Germany frankly and explicitly avows the supremacy of force as the means of securing vital interests and of maintaining national honor. The comment of the German Chancellor of the Empire upon the report of Sir Edward Grey's speech explicitly confirms this statement. Such avowal involves necessarily, from the very habit of mind whence it springs, an appreciation of the limitations of force; what it can accomplish and what it cannot. The consequence of this is diplomatic effort; combinations like those of a battle-field, albeit bloodless, based upon the recognition of common interests in the combining States and also in great measure upon the elements of weakness or dissension in others. The result, as far as successful, is concentration on the one side opposed to division on the other. Of these processes Bismarck in his day was a past master, nor does the hand of his successors seem wholly to have lost his cunning. The Triple Alliance, which he created, remains after more than thirty years one of the chief facts of international politics.

I should be unjust to Germany and to my estimate of her reasonable national necessities and of her important international position if I should not admit explicitly my conviction of the general correctness of her attitude in this respect. I do not hereby intimate any opinion upon particular actions; I speak only as a witness to general character as by me understood. I think, and have always thought, that the possession of force, of power to effect ends, is a responsibility—a talent, to use the Christian expression—which cannot by the individual man or State be devolved upon another, except when certain that the result cannot violate the individual or the national conscience. A general arbitration arrangement between Great Britain and the United States approaches this condition, because it is as certain as anything human can be that the two States will never again go to war; that their difficulties will always be settled peaceably. If there were no other reason, the interests and consequent sympathies of the British colonies, except perhaps those of Canada, would insure this.

It could be desired that differences between the two na-

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tions should be submitted, not to a third, outside, party, but to a permanent tribunal composed of citizens of the two countries and of their colonies. Where differences are amenable to an existing law they can be referred to a tribunal of competent lawyers of whatsoever nationality, although the nearly even division between members of our highest tribunals upon questions of great importance compels the conclusion that acceptance of a judgment by the community is not the acquiescence of the intellect in a competent interpretation of law, but the submission of the will to a mere majority—of a court—a much lower sanction. But in questions of policy, like the Monroe Doctrine, or the fortification of the Panama Canal before the Zone became United States territory, or the position of Great Britain in Egypt, or of Japan in Manchuria, determination does not concern lawyers as such, but men of affairs; because, there being no law applicable, what is needed is a workable arrangement based upon recognized conditions. Such arrangement becomes a law for the period of its duration.

This is precisely the situation in which Germany finds herself, and has found herself. The questions pressing upon her, though conditioned by law, have been and are questions of national policy and imminent national interests. The unification of the Empire, the determination of its limits, the securing of conditions which should assure her weight in the councils of Europe, the extension of the sphere of German interests in the outside world, have been and are achievements of policy, accomplished against adverse conditions such as the United States and Great Britain have never known. To the effecting of them national power organized as military force has been and continues essential. Locked up in a territory narrow for its inhabitants, Germany must have an outlet for her industries secured by her own power, the only certain dependence. Her claims for such opportunity do not derive from law; and therefore, like many other questions, cannot in ultimate resort be settled by legal tribunals.

In conclusion, a word may be said upon the onerousness of armaments, so much insisted upon and so present to popular consciousness to-day. Undoubtedly armaments are costly, but the means to bear them have increased to a degree little realized if known at all.

In 1809 Great Britain was at the height of her single-

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handed struggle against Napoleon. During that year Austria was again crushed at Essling and Wagram. Prussia remained in the utter subjection to France to which Jena, Eylau, and Friedland had reduced her in 1806 and 1807. Russia was the ally of France. The Spanish peninsula was flooded with French armies; a French King ruled in Madrid, another in Holland, while the royal family of Portugal was fugitive in Brazil. The Peninsular War was still in its beginnings, but in full blast. During that year the revenue collected in the United Kingdom was £63,719,400, supplemented by loans to the amount of £12,298,379; total, £76,-017,779. The total expenditure was £76,566,013, of which the actual current expenses were £52,352,146; the remainder being interest upon the debt. Of the current expenses the military and naval were £48,210,957. The trade of the kingdom during this year, export and import together, amounted to £91,872,308. Excluding Ireland, the population in 1811, a census year, was 12,596,803.

A hundred years later, in 1909, the revenue collected was £151,578,295. The expenditure was £152,292,395, of which £59,028,000 was for Army and Navy. The trade, export and import, amounted to £1,094,485,426. The population, again excluding Ireland,* was 40,634,263. That is, with little more than thrice the population of 1809 there is nearly twelve times the commerce or four times as much per head; and while the total expenditure has doubled, increased by one hundred per cent., that for Army and Navy at this present period of gigantic armaments has increased by less than one-fourth, by less than twenty-five per cent.

It may be urged that the expenditure of 1809 was for actual war, which involves a disproportionate additional outlay over that of armament in peace. True, but this merely means that it costs much less to be ready for war than to go to war; another way of regarding Washington's maxim that preparation for war is the best assurance of peace. The thing to be observed is, that with an increase of nearly three hundred per cent. of trade in proportion to population there is only twenty-five per cent. increase in military expenditure. The increase of revenue collected approached one hundred and fifty per cent. in 1909, and has since exceeded that mark.

* Ireland is excluded in both cases because, though I have found its population stated for 1909, I have not for the earlier year.

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These considerations are not advanced in order to contest that armament is a burden. They show only that the burden is not unbearable in itself, because it is very much less than has been borne. If it tends to internal revolt and to the breakdown of civilization, as Sir Edward Grey affirmed, it will not be because men cannot endure it, but because they will not.

The question for civilized men is whether, under all the world-wide conditions confronting this era, restiveness under the burden is a sign of progress or of decay.

A. T. Mahan.

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PRESIDENT TAFT AND HIS PROGRAMME

BY RICHARD HOOKER

A NARROW view of the situation confronting President Taft on the day he issued his call for the special session might have suggested to a politician of little courage that to call Congress together eight months in advance of its ordinary convening was a mere foolhardy playing into the hands of eager adversaries. In the House of Representatives Mr. Taft at length stood face to face with the Democratic majority of 67 which, through the results of the November elections, had been substituted for an uncertain yet nominal Republican majority of 38.* In the Senate there still remained, assuming the eventual settlement of contests then holding several State Legislatures in deadlock, a Republican majority of eight. This majority, however, was scarcely even nominal. Included in it were at least eight insurgents, most of whom had shown themselves openly hostile to the administration by their efforts to discredit it, and several of whom were known throughout Washington to be nursing hopes of the Republican nomination in 1912 and to be ready to build upon Mr. Taft's failure if they could accomplish it.

In substance, then, President Taft invited into activity a Congress in which each house was predisposed to hostility. It was true that upon the issue of Canadian reciprocity, which was the direct cause of the special session, the previous action of the House of Representatives and a canvass of the Senate indicated the final enactment of the bill in which the reciprocity agreement had been embodied. Yet it was fully understood that not only among the insurgents, but

* Toward the close of the Sixty-first Congress deaths and resignations had reduced the Republican majority in the House of Representatives from its original figure.

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also among the so-called regulars of the Senate, there were shrewd strategists whose support, if reluctantly given to the reciprocity bill, would be due only to the force of public opinion and might be so coupled with the offering of dangerous amendments as to be more of a menace than direct opposition. Nor had President Taft either received or sought assurances from the Democratic leaders in the House that they would content themselves with the passage of the reciprocity measure or of any limited number of other bills revising additional tariff schedules. Some of the more cautious Democrats would clearly have preferred such a course, but they had no power to pledge their party to it in advance. On the contrary, the moment Mr. Taft's determination to call a special session became clear the air at Washington had been filled with Democratic talk of investigating each of the Government departments and plans had at once been considered by the more partisan for various bills which, it was hoped, might tend from a political point of view to " put the President in a hole." Yet in spite of the warnings of timid advisers, Mr. Taft held to his determination and resolutely called the special session for the one purpose of seeing the reciprocity agreement ratified. With eyes open to its manifold possible embarrassments and political dangers he calmly braved the situation.

A President entering upon the last half of his term with the assured support of an organized majority in each House of Congress may not unreasonably have a fairly definite programme of the legislation which he hopes to prevail upon Congress to enact before his term ends. But that Mr. Taft lacks such support is the main fact of the present situation, and any programme that he contemplates must necessarily be framed with practical recognition of it. For example, it would be labor wasted to further press for the passage of a ship subsidy bill, although the Republican platform of 1908 declared for such a measure and although President Taft has set a new standard of political honor in insisting to the extent of his power that platform pledges be fulfilled. The Congressional elections of 1910 effectively abrogated the contract of 1908 in so far as it concerned ship subsidies. But the reason why active effort for ship subsidies would be futile on Mr. Taft's part suggests the limits within which he actually has a most important programme aside from the ratification of the reciprocity agreement which is his first

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and greatest concern. There are certain questions of the highest public importance to which Mr. Taft has given close and increasing attention and which have not as yet become subjects of party division, largely because of their nature and perhaps partly because they have not thus far been projected into the field of serious discussion in Congress. Upon such non-political matters it is not unreasonable for him to hope that he and the Democrats can arrive at sufficient harmony to do business to the public advantage and then let the public apportion the credit where it will. That he entertains this hope and will consistently maintain the attitude that he and the Democrats of the House of Representatives ought to be able to find much common ground on which to work together, has been made clear in the course of several frank discussions which the President has recently granted upon his plans for the future.

There is doubtless scant appreciation of the importance of the work which has been begun under President Taft's direction by the so-called Economy Commission to which brief references appear in the newspapers. As a result of the President's urgent recommendations to Congress he received in 1910 an appropriation for instituting an inquiry into the efficiency and economy of the Federal service, and at the recent session an additional appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars was made. What this inquiry is aimed to eventually accomplish is the adoption of modern business methods in the conduct of the great national concern in which every taxpayer is a stockholder and whose operations involve the annual expenditure of approximately $1,000,000,000 and whose civilian employees, according to the most recent figures, number no less than 411,322. Hitherto Congress has been forced to appropriate the funds for the running of this vast establishment utterly without that intelligently classified information as to past and prospective expenditures which would be required in any private business, and which by affording a simple basis for comparison between the different bureaus and departments would indicate clearly those which were economical and efficient and those which were extravagant.

Tucked away in the annual appropriation bills, which are framed not according to any logical system, but according to the haphazard growth of custom, are items of various sorts which ought either to be brought together under one

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head or at least to be brought into direct comparison. For example, the inquiry, although not yet long in active progress, has brought out the fact that during the current year the Government will expend approximately $12,000,000 for ordinary traveling expenses, exclusive of extraordinary expenses incident to the army "manœuvers" along the Mexican border. This is probably the first time in history that it has been ascertained how much the Government proposed to expend on this item in any one year. But, of more importance, it has been found that while many of the well-run bureaus have been getting the benefit of the lowest transportation rates, one of the biggest of the departments, owing to an antiquated system, has been paying ten per cent. more than it should. President Taft has lately given orders that in preparing the estimates for the next fiscal year this item of transportation shall be so treated as to give an early demonstration of the practical value and actual saving which may be expected from the commission's work.

As the commission reports to the President, from time to time, its recommendations, in many instances, can doubtless thus be made effective by executive order. But for a thorough reorganization of present business methods, or rather for the substitution of business-like methods for those that are unbusiness-like, the action of Congress will be required, since the methods of Congressional appropriation are also involved. In this field, where the opportunity is evident for the annual saving of millions of dollars, it is President Taft's belief that Democrat and Republican can co-operate and that they should be made to do so by the force of public opinion.

But the question of efficiency in the civil service is not limited to the methods of national bookkeeping. The question of a properly graded personnel, from which the elimination of superannuated and otherwise incompetent members should be provided for, is even more fundamental. The army of 411,322 civil employees like Topsy has "just growed" until it is honeycombed with inconsistencies, such as the payment of the same salary to two men who sit side by side, one of them doing work that, as President Taft has said, "is far more difficult and important and exacting than that of the other." The result is, to quote the President again, that "superior ability is not rewarded or encour-

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aged." Unless the reclassification of the service which was recommended during the Roosevelt administration and which President Taft has strongly urged is soon carried out, the service must come perilously near breaking down. Not less serious, however, is the question of superannuation. Mr. C. D. Norton, until recently private secretary to the President and before that an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has declared the Government service to be "paralyzed by the presence in it of probably twenty-five per cent. of its servants who have become incompetent either through superannuation or for other reasons." If Mr. Norton does not exaggerate, and he speaks from a personal investigation and study that had much to do with the creation of the "Economy" Commission, this means that the Government has upon its rolls over 100,000 incompetent employees, most of whom, however, have only committed the fault of growing old. In his message of December, 1909, President Taft, to the dismay of many persons, declared himself in favor of civil pensions. But his interest in the subject was so great as to lead him to give thorough study to the experiences of other and older Governments, particularly that of England, with this same problem. As a result of this study he frankly and unequivocally reversed himself in his message of December, 1910, and came out strongly for the introduction of a system of compulsory insurance. There can be no question that such a reorganization of the Federal budget as must come if the work of President Taft's Economy Commission is intelligently performed and its recommendations are adopted must mean the annual saving of immense sums if, as Mr. Taft earnestly desires, the reform is logically rounded out by including a regrading of the civil service and the introduction of compulsory insurance so as to afford a practical means of retiring the superannuated and inefficient. The task is big, but it is long overdue.

Coupled in President Taft's mind with the question of Federal economy is one other great non-political problem, that of the conservation of natural resources. When Mr. Taft accepted the resignation of Mr. Ballinger as Secretary of the Interior, it first became possible for the administration to proceed along constructive lines and to think of framing progressive legislation in relation to the vexed questions of water-power leases, of coal lands, of oil and gas lands, of phosphate lands, of the Alaska coal lands, and so forth,

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with any reasonable expectation that it would be adopted by Congress. This may be said without any reflection upon the merits of the Ballinger controversy, but merely with a recognition of the practical fact that so long as Mr. Ballinger remained in office hostility and suspicion tied the administration's hands. Except for the act validating the Presidential withdrawal of public lands, which was passed in 1910 on Mr. Taft's urgent representations that it was needed to prevent a condition of possible utter chaos, practically all other matters relating to conservation have been necessarily left in abeyance as far as legislative action is concerned. By the appointment of Mr. Fisher this situation has been changed. Despite the flings of hysterical critics, there is no truer conservationist in the country than Mr. Taft, and his address before the conservation Congress in St. Paul last fall bears witness to the deep study which he has given the various phases of the problem which he now hopes to see dealt with by adequate legislation and without division of party.

Included in this programme of non-political subjects is the creation of a parcels post system and the settlement of the vexed question of the postal rates on second-class mail-matter, now carried at great loss, after the recently appointed commission, of which Justice Hughes is chairman, shall have made its findings. President Taft is deeply in earnest in his advocacy of the parcels post and may be expected to press it upon Congress with all the energy at his command. That he is equally in earnest upon the question of second-class mail rates scarcely needs to be said after his venturing to force it to the front in the closing days of the recent session when the situation in regard to various administration measures was precarious. To stir up a hornet's nest at the moment when he needed whatever support he could get, and to do it simply because he believed the proposition to be just, was as little comprehensible to the ordinary politician in Washington as it was unthinkable that Mr. Taft meant what he said in regard to an extra session, until the proclamation was actually issued on the 4th of March. But it is Mr. Taft's confident belief that the findings of the investigating commission will have such weight with the country, owing especially to the great reputation of its chairman for ability in the analysis of figures and for even justice, that it will necessarily result in appropriate

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legislation. Another special commission whose report the President awaits with interest is that which was created a year ago to investigate the subject of railroad securities, and whose creation was a compromise acquiesced in by those who opposed the President's recommendations that supervision over the issuance of such securities be vested in the Interstate Commerce Commission. Upon the nature of this report, which will also carry special weight because of the commission's strikingly able membership, will depend the further recommendations which the President will be able to make to Congress at the next regular session.

The prompt ratification of the new treaty with Japan—the most important action taken in Congress at the recent session which was otherwise rendered so barren of general results by Republican disorganization—leaves the administration in a comfortable position in regard to its foreign policy with nations overseas. The treaty or fiscal convention with Honduras remained unacted upon, however, when the Sixty-first Congress adjourned, and President Taft will press strongly for its ratification. It is chiefly to be regarded a part of his policy of putting the United States in a position such that this Government may have ground for stepping in and preserving the peace in Central America, when extreme need arises, and thus put an end to periodic disorder and lend its friendly influence to the healthy development of the Central American countries. But while opposition to the Honduran treaty may be expected in the Senate from the Democrats, since they opposed the somewhat similar treaty with San Domingo, and possibly also from the insurgents, no such alignment is to be looked for on any treaty which President Taft may submit to the Senate in accordance with his notable declaration of last December favoring the negotiation with "some great nation" of a "positive agreement" to arbitrate any issue, "no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money." The recent statements of Sir Edward Grey have developed the fact that negotiations for such a treaty have been in progress with the Government of Great Britain, and its submission and ratification would alone constitute an enduring monument to Mr. Taft's administration.

President Taft is hopeful of the final enactment of at least one proposition which cannot be listed as "non-political," since the parties have differed upon it and since a large ma-

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jority of the Democrats in the House of Representatives opposed it at the recent session. This is the creation of a permanent tariff commission. The President believes that his present Tariff Board, which was continued for another year by an appropriation agreed upon in the closing hours of the Sixty-first Congress and which he has since enlarged by the appointment of two Democrats, will so demonstrate its value while the Democrats are undertaking their tariff legislation that they will agree to its further continuation and in the end to the creation of a permanent commission. Mr. Taft has intimated that he may not oppose such tariff revision, schedule by schedule, as the Democrats adopt, provided it is based upon a reasonable regard for the findings of the board. The board is thus presented to them as a bridge.

Four years ago when Mr. Roosevelt had reached the same period in his second term that Mr. Taft has now reached in his first term various articles appeared in magazines and newspapers giving what purported, with some apparent authority, to be Mr. Roosevelt's programme during the remainder of his stay in the White House. It is worth recalling that, in spite of Mr. Roosevelt's great popularity and remarkable ability as a campaigner in behalf of any cause which he might champion, comparatively little of the programme was accomplished. In the first place, Mr. Roosevelt's brain is both so fertile in itself and so quick in adopting suggested ideas that his programme included enough to occupy Congress for almost a decade at the usual rate of progress. In the second place, circumstances arose which even Mr. Roosevelt could not foresee. So in Mr. Taft's case things now invisible may develop and change the situation and indicate new directions in which his influence with Congress may be best directed. But it may be pointed out that he has never devoted himself to all the long list of " isms " and " causes " upon which Mr. Roosevelt brilliantly preaches, and that for this reason he has been able to pursue with more concentration and tenacity those things which have claimed his interest and support. Consequently, although the programme here suggested by no means exhausts the number of subjects upon which he either expects legislation or considers legislation desirable, he is less likely to be led aside from those issues which he holds most important.

But more important than any specific article in Mr. Taft's

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programme is the determination, on which it is based, to endeavor, with practical recognition of the existing political situation, to meet the Democrats on common ground, in so far as it is possible without yielding an inch on any conviction, and thus to prevent the enactment of progressive legislation from coming to a standstill. If the observer behind the scenes at Washington is apt at times to exaggerate the importance of personality in the settlement of large affairs, the man at a distance is more apt to underestimate it. For example, during the recent session of Congress the most important measure which failed of passage in the closing hours was lost because its sponsor in one of the two Houses had made himself so disliked by his manners in debate that the members of the opposing party seized this last opportunity to "haze" him before he retired into private life, and for so long a time prevented action that it finally proved impossible by a narrow margin to secure concurrent action by the other House before the session expired. Yet those by whom the bill was thus held up were frank in confessing that if any one else had had the measure in charge they would have permitted action upon it an entire day earlier, which would have insured its passage by both Houses. The example, although negative, is striking. President Taft, if not a clever politician, is perhaps for that very reason the more popular with the opposition party; certainly his course in playing the game always with the cards "face up"—sometimes called his "appalling frankness"—has spared him animosities in Democratic ranks, and his appointments of Democrats to the Supreme Court and his Cabinet have tended to strengthen an atmosphere of good feeling which, in spite of the natural Democratic desire to constantly manœuver with relation to the campaign of 1912, should help to make possible a degree of fruitful co-operation between the Executive and Congress instead of a paralysis of the legislative machinery.

But while Mr. Taft has never shown either the slightest capacity or the slightest desire to make a conscious dramatic appeal, it may prove that, by inviting political trial simply because of his implicit faith that the reciprocity measure which he has submitted to Congress is sound and wise, he has unconsciously presented himself to the imagination of the country as a lonely figure shaping his course, not by political expediency, but by his conception of right and jus-

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tice, and that he thus has won the recognition which has hitherto been denied him and which will bring with it a new power, the power built upon strong popular approval. If events take this turn it may well be that the last two years of the term which Mr. Taft is now serving will yield results more gratifying to him and to his admirers than the first two years, and this in spite of Democratic control of the House and the doubtful complexion of the Senate. At least the situation has the advantage from Mr. Taft's standpoint that open opposition is easier to deal with than insecure support and covert attack.

RICHARD HOOKER.

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THE RECIPROCITY AGREEMENT

FROM A CANADIAN STANDPOINT

BY HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER, M.P.

It is difficult for Americans to realize that all Canadians are not enthusiastically throwing up their hats in favor of the reciprocity agreement. It is a fact, however, that they are not. Indeed, the opposition to it is wide-spread, deeply seated, and very determined.

Since the publication of its terms numerous petitions and resolutions protesting against its adoption have poured into Parliament. The Toronto Board of Trade by a vote of 302 to 13 condemned it, and was followed by that of Winnipeg and Montreal and by the Associated Boards of Ontario. No representative Board in Canada has yet pronounced in its favor. It is opposed by the fruit-growers' associations of Ontario and British Columbia and by the market-gardeners everywhere.

Business, banking, industrial, and transport interests are against it. In Parliament three of the strongest supporters of the Government have broken away on this issue, and a large and influential body of liberal business men in Toronto and Montreal have organized an Anti-reciprocity League and are holding monster meetings in protest. The legislatures of New Brunswick, British Columbia, Manitoba, and Ontario have passed resolutions of strong disapproval and by large majorities. New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario have prohibited the export of pulp wood cut on Crown lands. The farmers and fishermen, who were supposed to be especially attracted by it, are divided in opinion, and further study and reflection will increase the proportion of dissidents. In Parliament the United Liberal-Conservative party is making a vigorous fight to defeat the measure, and if the Government, in spite of defections, carry it, will transfer the strug-

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gle to the electors before whom the Government must come within a year.

How will it end?

It is my belief that the country will reject it, and I will give some of the reasons on which that belief is based. The proposal comes too late.

For half a century beginning with 1850 Canada sought for reciprocal trade with the United States, at first with keen desire, later with diminished ardor, and during the concluding years of that period more from the force of tradition than a sense of real need. In this long quest she met with little sympathy and many rebuffs. The Elgin treaty of 1854 was no sooner concluded than dissatisfaction began to be manifested by the United States, which denounced it at the earliest opportunity and against Canada's wishes. After its termination in 1866 a long series of pilgrimages were made to Washington, but again our approaches were not welcomed and our advances were repulsed. Disputes over the fisheries led to the fishery treaty of 1873, which in turn was terminated by the United States, again in opposition to our wishes. Then further pilgrimages were undertaken and fresh rebuffs encountered until, in 1888, Canada succeeded in negotiating a fishery treaty with President Cleveland, which, however, the Senate promptly refused to ratify.

Further negotiations in 1891 and 1892 resulted in failure, and the Liberal-Conservative party then in power gave up the quest and turned toward the development of Canada on national and imperial lines.

The Liberal party with stronger reciprocity traditions kept to the trail until 1898, when, rebuffed at Washington, they too abandoned the pursuit. This attitude, maintained for so many years, had its effect north of the national line. Repulsed toward the south, Canada was thrown back upon her own resources, each rebuff acting as a challenge to her self-respect and an impulse to self-development.

The answer to the abrogation of the Elgin treaty was the confederation of the disconnected provinces, the evolution of a strong Canadian ideal, and the birth of a new nation. From that moment a new alignment of forces and a new trend of development superseded the ideals and plans of the past. Under this impulse, Canada began to discover herself and gradually awoke to the realization of her wonderful nat-

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ural resources and splendid possibilities. Her great needs were population and capital, and she set to work to obtain these by establishing industries, constructing transport facilities, and opening up her vast agricultural areas to the land-seekers of the world. At great cost she has succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. Under a moderate protective tariff an industrial system has been developed which has reached an annual output of $1,000,000,000, furnishes employment to 435,000 workmen, and distributes an annual wage of $250,000,000. A magnificent system of railways and improved waterways has been created which provide ready transport between all the provinces; out of the trackless prairie solitudes of forty years ago three great provinces have been carved where large cities have sprung into existence and the fallow fields are being turned into richly productive farms at the rate of millions of acres yearly. Into these wide spaces are pouring land and home seekers from all parts of the world, 300,000 of whom began their home-building there last year, and present indications are that this year half a million more will be added. Canada's population, 3,000,000 at confederation and now 8,000,000, will probably reach 50,000,000 by the middle of the present century. Her foreign trade, in 1867 $130,000,000, is now $728,000,000, and her interprovincial traffic has reached large dimensions. Her progress during the last twenty-five years has been phenomenal and as yet but the fringe of her great natural resources has been touched. In short, Canada has become a young nation with all the growing pride and widening aspirations that belong thereto. The foregoing briefly explains why a proposal which forty or even thirty years ago would have been hailed with delight fails to appeal to us to-day; why, in fact, it seems rather to challenge our whole policy of development, material and national.

The agreement narrows and restricts our fiscal freedom. It comprises a stated list of articles, all of which are to be accepted or none. There can be no elision or addition. We have, therefore, in estimating its desirability to strike a balance between its advantages and disadvantages. Some Canadian interests would undoubtedly be injured by its adoption and some might be helped. To some sections it might be of advantage whilst to others it would certainly prove detrimental. The measure must be judged by its effect upon the whole country and all its interests.

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Brought to this test, we find it undesirable and even dangerous. Existing conditions in Canada and the United States do not favor any broad reciprocity in natural products. Both are producers of similar products and both as countries have a surplus over home needs. For this aggregate surplus both have to seek the same outside markets and accept the same prices. They are, in fact, competitors at home and abroad. Exchanges influenced by locality or seasons might sometimes be advantageous, but a national trade policy is based on what is best for the whole and best permanently, whilst local and occasional exigencies must be met otherwise. It might temporarily suit our prairie provinces which raise no fruit if fruit came in free from the United States, but if this deprived Ontario and British Columbia, which are large producers of fruit, of their market in these provinces, and in addition exposed them to a ruinous competition in their own home market, the result would be otherwise than beneficial to Canadian development as a whole. It would shift the base of a profitable production from Canada to the United States, diminish the volume of interprovincial traffic, and retard the home development of the fruit industry. The pact allows no selection and either limits or abrogates the power of Parliament to redress grievances and remedy disabilities in any particular case. To disturb one schedule imperils the whole.

Under these conditions, it seems better that each country should retain its full freedom over its tariff legislation. It can then by lessening or removing the duty facilitate the entry of what is beneficial or by increasing it redress inequalities in competition.

The pact is urged upon Canada on the ground that it opens to our farmers a market of 90,000,000 people. A slight analysis serves to modify the strength of that appeal. How much of that 90,000,000 market is accessible to our surplus eggs, butter, cheese, fruits, vegetables, live stock, grain, and meat products? Distance and cost of transport cut out nine-tenths and more. The remaining fraction is scattered along four thousand miles of frontier and its demands are modified by contingencies of season and locality. Even then our products, wherever they do go, must compete with similar products raised nearer by and with cheaper access and better organized distribution.

But we do not forget that the same pact opens up the

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markets of Canada to the competition of twelve times as many producers whose seasonal and sectional surplus can be poured into the present home markets of our producers. The width of our more thickly populated country is shallow compared with that of the United States and the bulk of its population more easily reached. The vast organized collecting and distributing trusts in meats, provisions, and agricultural products could easily flood our more accessible markets and become formidable competitors of our less highly organized producers and distributors. These have also to contend with climatic disadvantages in many lines of production, which, in added feeding and fuel expenses, in more rigorous weather conditions, and in later and shorter seasons, handicap them in comparison with more southern competitors. This handicap has been met hitherto, in part at least, by a moderate tariff which has largely preserved our home market for our home producer and which the pact would remove. Canada has found it necessary to maintain a reasonable all-around protection; to remove this from the farmers and fruit-growers and continue it to the other industries would be unfair to the former and would result in the destruction of the policy which has been approved by thirty years of great progress and prosperity. Canada is not prepared to take these chances yet. When she has 50,000,000 people and has enjoyed another half-century of development it may be different.

We are urged to accept the agreement in order to promote friendly feelings between Canada and the United States. Does the necessity exist? Never in the history of the two countries was there greater friendliness, nor a warmer appreciation of each other. One by one the causes of friction have been eliminated and the last great outstanding dispute —that of the fisheries—has been lately settled by the Hague Award. Our trade with the United States amounted last year to $352,000,000 and is constantly enlarging. No one will contend that free trade is essential to the continuance of friendly relations. But if there is any obligation upon either country to consider trade concessions it surely rests upon the United States.

In 1910 Canada purchased from the United States $223,000,000 worth of products; the United States purchased from Canada only $104,000,000 worth. We gave you free entry for $98,000,000 worth of your products

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and you gave us free entry for but $33,000,000 of our goods.

As to tariffs, you met us with an average rate of sixty per cent. on sugars, fifty-three per cent. on cottons, thirty-eight per cent. on iron and steel, thirty-two and one-half per cent. on breadstuffs, ninety per cent. on woolens, and of forty-two per cent. on all dutiable imports. Our average on all dutiable imports from your country was twenty-four per cent.

The disparity above shown has existed in similar proportion for thirty years. It would seem that it is up to the United States, instead of threatening us with her surtax and barring our products with her almost prohibitive tariffs, to begin the campaign of friendly trade treatment by taking some rails from her national line fence in favor of so good a trade neighbor without demanding more from us. It is well in considering a proposal to inquire as to what the other party is after.

In this instance there is no difficulty in finding the answer. Your politicians, publicists, manufacturers, carriers, and newspapers are delightfully frank in exposing their reasons. But I am bound to say that these are not always so convincing to Canadians as to yourselves. In fact, most of them dispose us to grave consideration and inquiry. The argument runs thus: The cost of living is too high, prices of foods and raw materials must be lowered, and to effect this the tariff rates must be lessened or removed. The Republican party is honeycombed with insurrection for not doing this in 1909 and must now make amends. The Democrats are pledged to revision downward and are now in control.

Why with all this unanimity of conviction and agreement in policies is the simple act of cutting down your tariff not promptly performed and the desired relief obtained? No co-operation on the part of Canada is required. Your newspaper men want cheaper pulp, your millers cheaper wheat, your packers cheaper stock, your railways more freights, your manufacturers cheaper raw material, and your consumers cheaper food. All these things you say Canada has for sale and only the tariff stands in the way of your procuring them more cheaply. Then why do you not cut your tariff, which is the only one standing in the way? One single stroke of the Congressional pen would give you all you say you need. And yet you wait for and insist upon reciprocity. This makes Canadians think there is something more than

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a desire for cheaper food-supplies and raw material behind this insistence. Else President Taft would not be talking about the "parting of the ways" nor Mr. Hill about the unique opportunity which presents itself for striking the death-blow to Imperial preference. No way that Canada might choose and no system of Imperial preference could deprive the United States of its right to lower or remove its tariff rates on imports and so secure Canadian products more cheaply. And it is just that other thing that lies behind which makes us thoughtful, inquiring, and cautious.

Both your parties are protectionist and apparently intend to remain so. Yet you offer to Canada free trade in all products, though you refuse it to the rest of the world. Why? You want extended markets for your manufactures and you see to the north 8,000,000 consumers likely to be increased to 100,000,000 by the end of the century.

You are becoming less and less exporters of food and raw materials and more and more exporters of finished products. Your natural resources are gradually diminishing whilst Canada has immense virgin supplies. Access to this country will give you exactly what you desire in these respects. You will be able to replenish your depleted stores of raw material, carry on your manufacturing processes more profitably, and sell the finished products in the northern market.

Your carriers will benefit by double transport, your millers will make more flour and by-products, your prepared food makers and meat-packers will reap rich profits on their finished products, and your country will secure the advantages of all the subsidiary employment connected therewith.

All this is good policy on your part, but where do Canadians come in? Under existing conditions, there has been a large transfer of manufacturing plant and capital from the United States to Canada—$300,000,000 worth within the last ten years. In vivid language Senator Beveridge and Governor Foss urge the speedy adoption of reciprocity to stop such wholesale transfer and retain for their country its capital, its labor, and its profits.

In a word, you desire to make Canada for trade purposes like unto a State of the Union, except that you do not propose to employ your capital within her borders. You will draw her raw resources to your very own country and work them up by your very own people and of course reap the

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profits. Canadians may find employment in the rough work, cutting timber and loading it, mining ores and shipping them, raising stock and putting it on board Mr. Hill's cars, producing grain and drawing it to the trains headed southward. Well, all that you wish to do to benefit your country we wish to do to build up our country.

If raw materials form the basis of industrial development we are in no hurry to invite their wholesale exploitation by 90,000,000 of people who have squandered their own. If the working up of such material is a sure way to population, wealth, and national prosperity, why should we not pursue that path, the very path by which you have arrived at your present wonderful development? Why should we rest content with simply digging out ore, cutting timber, raising stock and grain? Why should we not proceed to manufacture and finish it and then to distribute it by our own lines of transport for our own home wants and then to export the surplus through our own seaports and by our own merchant marine? We have fought a long hard fight against distance and geography in order to consolidate our wide-flung territory and have succeeded.

We have at great cost opened our vast prairies and established an industrial system for the purpose of attracting population and capital and developing our rich natural resources. For thirty years we have been expending money lavishly in perfecting our east and west transport, to develop our interprovincial trade, and facilitate exchanges with the mother country.

The reciprocity pact cuts straight across this development and this ideal, disconnects our provinces, attacks our industries, taps our east and west connections by north and south lines, and menaces our national solidarity.

That is why we think it dangerous. But there is a wider view. Canada is an integral part of the British Empire and has no notion of weakening that connection. On the contrary, all the events of the last forty years have made for closer union, increased co-operation and growing influence. With complete autonomy in her own affairs, she has taken deeper interest in Imperial concerns and assumed greater responsibilities therefor. The ties of sentiment are being strengthened between the sister oversea dominions and the motherland by common interest in trade, defense, and whatever tends to organize and consolidate the empire. The lure

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of a world-wide empire ideal attracts us and forbids all entanglements by the way. In that future organized world-wide empire Canada will play an important part both on account of her geographical position and her vast resources. Imagination would be dull indeed were it not fired by the splendid vision, the wide horizons, the Imperial opportunities, and, if you please, the solemn responsibilities of world work thus opened up. Commercial partnership in this empire appeals to us, has already been initiated, and is capable of indefinite enlargement. Whilst this would benefit Canada, it would also benefit and consolidate the empire, our empire.

This partnership is perfectly compatible with the utmost friendliness in trade and fellowship with other countries, and especially with the United States, with which we have so much in common. But it admits of no entangling alliances with any country which would antagonize its aims or hamper its freedom. The reciprocity pact would do both.

That is clearly why Mr. Hill wants it and wants it now. That may have been in the mind of President Taft when he used the illuminating phrase "the parting of the ways," or what impelled Mr. Champ Clark to declare that he was now "ready to annex Canada." That is exactly why the majority of Canadians, as I believe, do not want it and will strain every loyal nerve to prevent its enactment.

GEORGE E. FOSTER.

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THE RECALL OF JUDGES

BY ALBERT FINK

THE constitution adopted by Arizona provides for the recall of the judges. In California the Legislature has proposed an amendment to the State constitution calculated to accomplish a like result. This will meet the approval of the present Executive and be submitted to the people for acceptance or rejection at an election to be held for this purpose in September or October of this year. Present indications are that it will carry and thus become a part of the organic law of that State.

This principle in the science of government has never received the test of actual trial and its beneficial or pernicious influence rests upon speculative reasoning rather than upon any facts to be gathered from experience.

It would seem wise to remember the words of Mr. Lincoln:

"I do not mean to say we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. To do so would be to discard all the lights of current experience—to reject all progress, all improvement. What I do say is that if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence *so conclusive* and argument *so clear* that even their great authority fairly considered and weighed cannot stand."

The application of this doctrine to the judiciary, it is thought, would be, if not repugnant to the express terms of the Federal Constitution, at least violative of its spirit. In any event, such a measure is believed to be most inexpedient and incapable of justification either upon principle or experience. It is regarded by some, at least, as a most disastrous experiment in government.

The Federal Constitution provides:

"The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican Form of Government."

The questions which present themselves are: First, is the independence of the judiciary one of the necessary and essential elements of a republican form of government? And, secondly, is the proposed recall of the judges, without

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charges against them preferred, without trial or evidence, and without cause, other than the mere will of the majority of the electorate, that is to say, the dominant party, destructive of their independence?

If these questions are answered in the affirmative, it would seem to follow that the principle contended for would be within the inhibition of the section above quoted.

The first consideration invites an investigation of the proper construction of the phrase, "*A Republican Form of Government.*"

Though this clause of the Constitution has never been directly construed, it has been adverted to in several cases by the Supreme Court.

In Downes *vs.* Bidwell, Mr. Justice Brown said:

"A republican form of government is one in which the supreme power resides in the whole body of the people *and is exercised by the representatives elected by* them."

In Duncan *vs.* McCall it was held that:

"The distinguishing feature of that form is the right of the people to choose their own officers for governmental administration and pass their own laws in virtue of the legislative power reposed in *representative bodies* whose legitimate acts may be said to be those of the people themselves."

From these definitions it would appear that a republican form of government is one in which the power resides in the people and exercised through chosen delegates and not by *direct* action of the electorate.

Or, as stated by Judge Watson, in his recent very excellent work on the Constitution:

"From these comments we may conclude that a republican form of government is one in which the people elect their lawmakers and their public officers."

In Miner *vs.* Happersett, when considering the right of a female citizen of Missouri to vote, Chief-Justice Chase said:

"The guaranty is of a *republican* form of government. No particular government is designated as republican; neither is the exact form to be guaranteed in any manner especially designated. Here, as in other parts of the instrument, we are compelled to resort *elsewhere* to ascertain what was intended. The guaranty necessarily implies a duty on the part of the States themselves to provide such a government. All the States had governments when the Constitution was adopted. In all the people participated, to some extent, *through their representatives.* These governments the Constitution did not change. They were accepted precisely as they were, and it is therefore to be presumed that they were such as it was the duty of the States to provide. *Thus we have unmistakable evidence of what was republican in form* within the meaning of that term as employed in the Constitution."

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Thus, in any investigation of a given case resort must be had elsewhere than to the Constitution itself to ascertain what is meant by the phrase in question. Where shall we go?

Judge Watson says:

"What form of government was understood by the framers of the Constitution to be meant by this guarantee? It is entirely probable that the States had in mind forms of government *similar* to those then existing. In other words, a republican form of government within the meaning of this clause is to be tested by the question whether or not such a government conforms to the State governments which existed *at the time* the Union was formed."

Mr. Calhoun said:

"In other words, the forms of the governments of the several States composing the Union *as they stood at the time of their admission* are the proper standard by which to determine whether any *after change* in any of them makes its form of government other than republican."

Writing for the *Federalist*, Mr. Madison said:

"But who can say what experiments may be produced by the *caprice* of particular States, by the ambition of enterprising leaders, or by the intrigue and influence of foreign powers?"

"As long, therefore, as the existing republican forms are continued by the States they are guaranteed by the Federal Constitution."

"The only restriction imposed on them is this, that they shall not exchange republican for anti-republican constitutions; a restriction which, it is presumed, will hardly be considered as a grievance."

It is, of course, admitted that a State may change from one republican form to another. It may even be conceded that if the general form be republican a State may, in minor or unimportant particulars, adopt either the monarchical or democratic principle. But it is contended that the independence of the judiciary is an element of such cardinal importance as to change the *form* when destroyed.

A most casual glance into the history of the formative period of the Constitution will indicate that nothing could have been further from the contemplation of the framers of that instrument than any rendering of the judiciary during their term of office subservient to the will of a majority. The period of quasi-anarchy existing between the latter years of the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution was replete with events well calculated to impress the subsequent framers of the Constitution.

A monarchical form of government was out of the question. They had just emerged from a bloody war brought

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on largely by the personal reign of a Prince. On the other hand, the Trespass Acts of New York, the "Know Ye" measures of Rhode Island, the laws of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina obstructing the collection of British debts, the craze for paper money, and "Shays's Rebellion" were incidents that inspired a wholesome dread of democracy uncurbed and unrestrained. The attitude of the patriots toward this form of government may be gathered from some of their utterances.

In the Philadelphia convention Elbridge Gerry said:

"The evils we experience flow from the *excess of democracy*. The people do not want virtue, but are the dupes of pretended patriots."

John Randolph observed:

"That the general object was to provide a cure for the evils under which the United States labored; that in tracing these evils to their origin every man had found it in the turbulence and follies of *democracy;* that some check, therefore, was to be sought for against this tendency of our governments."

Alexander Hamilton said:

"Give all the power to the many, they will oppress the few; give all power to the few, they will oppress the many; both, therefore, ought to have the power, that each may defend itself against the other. To the want of this check we owe our paper money, instalment laws, etc.

"Gentlemen differ in their opinions concerning the necessary checks from the different estimates they form of the human passions. They suppose seven years a sufficient period to give the Senate an adequate firmness from not duly considering the amazing violence and turbulence of the *democratic spirit*. When a great object of government is pursued, which seizes the popular passions, they spread like wild-fire and become irresistible."

It was principally upon the failure of the Constitution to sufficiently recognize the *democratic* principle as contradistinguished from the *republican* which provoked the assaults of such men as Luther Martin, George Mason, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee.

In the letter to Edmund Randolph, Richard Henry Lee said:

"The only check to be found in favor of the democratic principle in this system is the House of Representatives."

Of Gouverneur Morris, Mr. Madison said:

"He contended for certain articles which he held essential to the stability and energy of a government capable of protecting rights of property against the *spirit of democracy*."

The then understood distinction between a republican and

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democratic form of government was well pointed cut by Mr. Madison:

"From this view of the subject it may be concluded that a pure democracy, by which I mean a society consisting of a small number of citizens who assemble and administer the government in person, can admit of no cure for the mischiefs of faction. A common passion or interest will in almost every case be felt by a majority of the whole; a communication and concert result from the form of government itself; and there is nothing to check the inducements to sacrifice the weaker party or an obnoxious individual. Hence it is that such democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention; have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property, and have in general been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths."

"A republic, by which I mean a government in which the scheme of representation takes place, opens a different prospect and promises the cure for which we are seeking. Let us examine the points in which it differs from the pure democracy and we shall comprehend both the nature of the cure and the efficacy which it must derive from the Union."

"The two great points of difference between a democracy and a republic are: first, the delegation of the government in the latter to a small number of citizens elected by the rest. . . ."

"The effect of the first difference is, on the one hand, to refine and enlarge the public views by passing them through the medium of a chosen body of citizens whose wisdom may best discern the true interest of their country and whose patriotism and love of justice will be least likely to sacrifice it to *temporary* or partial considerations. Under such a regulation, it may well happen that the public voice, pronounced by the representatives of the people, will be more consonant to the public good than if pronounced by the *people* themselves convened for the purpose."

Certainly the fundamental distinctions existing between the several forms of government were well understood, nay, perhaps, to the general public, better than in this era of mercenary thought and specialized learning and culture.

To the members of the Philadelphia Convention the experiments of early Greece in almost every conceivable form of government were known. The primal causes of creation, as well as those of decay and consequent destruction, were matters of daily comment. The so-called "Republics of Venice," the Cantons of Switzerland, the United Netherlands, and the Confederated Principalities of Germany were matters of frequent debate. Comparison of the government proposed for this country with that of England was a constant theme. Excerpts from Sir William Blackstone, Aristotle, and Montesquieu were of universal quotation.

Nor was this learning the result of precursory college reading, such as we find in the present age. The prece-

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dents and the underlying principles were deeply studied and distinguished by men in the full prime of intellectual vigor engaged in the task of sifting from the true the false, and in erecting for posterity from the combined thought and experience of all the bygone centuries such a form of government as would, while realizing the most sanguine dreams of the ancients, avoid those hidden reefs upon which so many previous constitutions had come to grief.

So well was this great task performed that since their day men have ceased to busy themselves with the science of creating government as distinguished from its administration, and the general learning and culture then prevalent have in a large measure departed from the land.

The illuminating precedents of history have been all but forgotten, and of the present members of the several State Legislatures it would indeed be a difficult task to find many who, so far from being familiar with accepted axioms of government, have even read the recognized authorities upon the subject.

We have been following a trail blazed for us by abler men, made so perhaps by command of a more imperative historical crisis; and when it is proposed to depart therefrom and enter new and untried bridle-paths, it were well to do so with all the consideration and careful examination of principles and precedents which guided our forefathers and not as a mere temporary expedient against an alleged dominant corporate influence—bad as that may be.

Nowadays we take too much for granted. Lulled to sleep by the unparalleled prosperity we have enjoyed under the Constitution given us by the Fathers, we are prone to believe that human rights and liberties have become so secure as to be in no further need of protection either from the tyranny of a dictator or from that of an unrestrained democracy. Seeing in our path certain resultant evils of our very prosperity, we would, in a sudden moment, lay rude hands upon that instrument under which all this progress has been made possible without pausing to reflect that the evils might be eliminated without recourse to a change in the Constitution; and that by the later experiment, though the evils might be curtailed, the prosperity might be lost. One of our most distinguished citizens is reported to have said that "*republics are still upon trial.*"

It would seem a violent presumption to say that in using

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the phrase "a Republican Form of Government" our forefathers did not have in mind the distinction between a democracy and a republic; yet this proposed recall of the judges, so far from being republican in its characteristics, is of the very purest democracy.

It is to be remembered that the form of government selected was new. It had never before been tried. It was an admixture of one great republic with a confederacy of smaller republics, which, in combination, partook in certain aspects of the nature of the former while in others of an alliance of the latter. The system was novel. It was complex. It sought to embrace all the desirable features of former governments while discarding the questionable or dangerous elements. Thus the plan advocated by Hamilton was rejected as being too *monarchical,* while the suggestion to make both branches of Congress elective directly by the people was discarded as being too *democratic* in its tendency.

It will be observed that it was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution to construct a government either monarchical, on the one hand, or democratic on the other, but to find between these extremes some middle ground which would contain the executive strength of the one while avoiding the turbulent and disruptive tendencies of the other. And a *republic* where the government is shared in by all the citizens, and the laws enacted and enforced by representatives chosen by the people, was selected as best calculated to promote our welfare, and it was therefore a *Republican Form of Government,* as opposed to and contradistinguished from any other, that was guaranteed to the several States.

At the time of the adoption of the Constitution each of the several States was republican, and it was *such* a republican form of government as then existed that was intended to be and was guaranteed to each.

Certainly no one would contend that it would be within the power of the people of any State to so alter their present form of government as to place in the hands of one man the executive, legislative, and judicial power. And if, under the Constitution, the people of a State would not be permitted to change their present form of government to one of monarchical tendency, it is not quite clear why they should be permitted to swing in the opposite direction toward a pure democracy without the provided-for concurrence of a

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sufficient number of all the States. To preserve a republican form of government is an obligation which each State owes to all the others, and if this obligation is violated the Federal Government will intervene.

The complete and absolute independence of the judiciary was a political maxim of the period during which the Constitution was adopted. It was just as much an essential principle of a republican form of government as the representative scheme. It is sometimes said that the principle was that there was and should be a severance between the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of government. But the statement is, to a certain extent, inaccurate. The underlying principle was the independence of each. The severance was but the means to secure and enforce the principle. Than this principle of independence, none was more fully or firmly established in the science of government. It stood unchallenged. It had long been recognized in England, where, though it was at first believed that the tenure of judges was at the pleasure of the Crown and that they were removable at the whim of the sovereign, this opinion had gradually changed, so that by the end of the sixteenth century the independence of the judiciary was becoming a recognized principle of the Constitution. And it was the violation of this theory as much as any other one thing, and his attempted debasement, to more creatures of the Crown, of the judges of King's Bench, that cost Charles the First his head. Evoked through the slow processes of evolution, which have characterized the formation of the British Constitution, this principle was crystallized into statute law during the reign of William III, when it was enacted, that the judges should not hold their office during the pleasure of the Crown, but so long as they should conduct themselves properly. And during the reign of George III it was enacted that the commissions of the judges should read "during good behavior," excepting that they might be removed "upon the address of both houses of Parliament."

But here it was thought to attain both the practical and theoretical independence, and in this connection it was pointed out by Mr. Wilson that Chief-Justice Holt had successively offended both branches of Parliament by his independence, and if his judgments had occurred at the same time he would have been liable to removal for the performance of his duty.

That this principle, or rather the means to enforce it, was

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well recognized in this country cannot be doubted. It was embodied in several of the State constitutions.

That of Maryland provided in the Declaration of Rights:

"That the legislative, executive, and judicial powers of government ought to be forever separate and distinct from each other."

That of New Hampshire provided:

"In the government of this State the three essential powers thereof—to wit, the legislative, executive, and judicial, ought to be kept as separate from and independent of each other as the nature of a free government will admit."

By that of Virginia and Georgia it was provided:

"The legislative, executive, and judiciary departments shall be separate and distinct, so that neither exercise the powers properly belonging to the other."

While that of Massachusetts of 1780 provided:

"It is essential to the preservation of the rights of every individual, his life, liberty, property, and character, that there be an impartial interpretation of the laws and administration of justice. It is the right of every citizen to be tried by judges as free, impartial, and *independent* as the lot of humanity will admit. It is, therefore, not only the best policy, but for the security of the rights of the people and of every citizen that the judges of the supreme judicial court should hold their offices as long as they behave themselves well."

Montesquieu, the great legal theorist, wrote:

"There is no liberty if the judicial power be not separated from the legislative and executive. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary control, for the judge would then be the legislator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with violence and oppression. *Then would be an end of everything* were the same men or the same body to exercise these three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing them, and of trying the cases of individuals."

To remove the judiciary beyond the possible control of a temporary majority, it was provided in each of the thirteen colonies, except Georgia, that the judges be appointed, and in the language of Mr. Fiske:

"It was Georgia that, in 1812, first set the pernicious example of electing judges for short terms by the people, a practice which is responsible for much of the degradation that courts have suffered in many of our States and which will have to be abandoned before a proper administration of justice can ever be secured."

To further insure the independence of the judges the tenure by which they held their offices in each of the thirteen colonies, except Pennsylvania and New Jersey, was, during

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good behavior, though, following the English precedent, the constitutions of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Delaware provided that they might be removed by the Governor upon the address of both branches of the Legislature.

In the other colonies they were removable only for cause, and by the constitution of Maryland it was provided that they could be "removed only for misbehavior *on conviction in a court of law.*"

Taking the best that existed both in American and English precedents, the same principle was carried into the Federal Constitution, where good behavior was made the tenure and the judges selected by appointment. And in the convention Dickensen, while agreeing that the terms of the judges should be during good behavior, thought they should be removable by the Executive upon the address of the Senate and House of Representatives, after the manner prevailing in England; but Gouverneur Morris pointed out that such power of removal without trial, united with a tenure of office during good behavior, would be a contradiction in terms.

In an instrument where almost every phrase of its proper or possible construction was examined, analyzed, disputed, and debated, from Henry's objections to the use of the phrase "We people," to Martin's criticisms of the abolition of religious tests, it is interesting to note that the provision with reference to the selection and tenure of the judges was agreed to without a dissenting voice. Whatever conflict may have existed upon other points, it is clear that in a republican government an independent judiciary as a cardinal and essential principle was a proposition agreed to by all.

In speaking of the matter, Hamilton said:

"The complete independence of the courts of justice is peculiarly essential in a limited constitution. By a limited constitution I understand one which contains certain specified exceptions to the legislative authority; such, for instance, as that it shall pass no bills of attainder, no *ex post facto* laws, and the like. Limitations of this kind can be preserved in practice in no other way than through the medium of courts of justice, whose duty it must be to declare all acts contrary to the manifest tenor of the Constitution void. Without this all the reservation of particular rights or privileges would amount to nothing."

"This independence of the judges is equally requisite to guard the Constitution and the rights of individuals from the effects of those ill humors which the arts of designing men or the influence of particular conjunctures sometimes disseminate among the people themselves and which, though they speedily give place to better information and more

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deliberate reflection, have a tendency in the mean time to occasion *dangerous innovations* in the government and serious oppressions of the *minor party* in the community."

"Upon the whole, there can be no room to doubt that the convention acted wisely in copying from the models of those constitutions which have established *good behavior* as the tenure of their judicial officers in point of duration; and that so far from being blamable on this account, their plan would have been inexcusably defective if it had wanted this important feature of good government. The experience of Great Britain affords an illustrious comment on the excellence of the institution."

From these considerations it would seem to appear that at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution an independent judiciary was universally considered essential to a republican form of government. To attain and safeguard this end two corollary principles were adopted. Pressing forward the precedent then in existence in England and following that of each of the thirteen colonies, there was a severance of the judicial from the other branches of government. And adopting the rule then prevalent in England, and the colonies other than New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the tenure was made during good behavior.

Necessarily, in the consideration of a question such as this, there will exist between that form of government conceded to be republican and that form admittedly not, a wide borderland. Any given principle will be assigned to the one realm or the other, as the individual mind concedes or negatives its importance. To some an executive elected for life would appear not essentially destructive of a republican form of government when the people retained all other powers. To others the merging of the executive and legislative and the administration of government by committees of one general assembly would seem to violate no principle of republicanism, while still others would no doubt contend that the decision of all causes by committees of a State Senate during the vacation of that body was in violation of no recognized republican maxim. So, the ultimate power residing in the people, the abolition of the legislative branch of the government, and the reference to the whole electorate of every proposed law, as is the present custom of one of the smaller cantons of Switzerland, would appear to some to harmonize with present institutions. There could doubtless be found political thinkers who would affirm the power of the people to do away with the courts and submit, at least all great causes, to the decision of a majority of the citizens.

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This chaos of political thought is believed to be the result of a failure to bear in mind the essential distinctions between republican and democratic forms of government. Whatever may be the right of a majority of the people of the whole United States or of the people of the constitutional quota of States to change, modify, or amend their present form of government, it is *ultra vires* the people of any particular State to make it other than republican in form.

While the States reserved to themselves all the powers not granted to the general government, and while the general government has only delegated powers and such powers as are necessary to the enjoyment of those delegated, the right of the several States to so change, modify, or amend their systems as to make them other than republican in form is one which they have relinquished, and the authority of the general government to guarantee to the several States a republican form of government is a power which has been transferred to it by each of the States and such a power as carries with it all powers necessary to its enforcement.

But what are the tests? By what standard is any particular principle to be measured? In what scales are any proposed changes or modifications to be weighed? And who is to be the ultimate judge? These questions, it is believed, are not so difficult as they appear. As before pointed out, the standard is to be that which existed at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. The scales will be found in the opinions and contemporaneous precedents of the same period. The test is to be this: Was the principle embodied in the proposed change one which at the time of the adoption of the Constitution was accepted as one of the cardinal and necessary elements of a republican form of government without which such form could not well exist? If so, then it is one of the essentials of such a form of government and must not be violated. The independence of the judiciary is believed to be such a principle.

As between the prior decision of Congress and the subsequent contrary judgment of the Supreme Court the latter must of course prevail, as that tribunal is the final guardian of the republic. And in this connection, if there is merit in the foregoing considerations, it is to be earnestly hoped that Congress will compel Arizona to modify her constitution so as to eliminate this objectionable feature, thereby giving to the Supreme Court in its ultimate consideration

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of the question coming from California the very persuasive precedent of the legislative branch of the government upon this important subject. Nay, the question being one of political rather than judicial significance, the careful consideration of Congress is all the more important, as the admission of Arizona, under her present proposed constitution, might be considered by the Supreme Court as a decision binding upon it that the provision under discussion violated no republican principle.

That the recall of the judges not only tends to *weaken* their necessary independence, but is directly *destructive* thereof, can be easily demonstrated. Such a measure would place the judges and a majority of the electorate in the relation to each other of master and servant. When such a relationship exists and is determinable at the will of the master the servant is without independence. He must obey, not the dictates of his own conscience, but the arbitrary will of his employer, upon penalty of the immediate determination of the relation. The case is otherwise if the relation is to exist for a given time; then the servant so long as he performs his duty is protected from any unjust or arbitrary demands.

The election of judges for stated terms *lessens* their independence of a majority as their term of office draws to a close. The power of their immediate recall *destroys* their independence. As it would be in the teeth of human nature to expect a servant desirous of continuing his employment to disobey the imperative commands of his master, so it would indeed be requiring too much of a judge, who desired to continue in office, to expect him to render an unpopular decision or one which he believed to be such.

If then the measure under discussion is completely subversive of the independence of the judiciary, and if their independence was accepted at the time of the adoption of the Constitution as one of the fundamentals of a republican form of government, without which it would not continue to exist, it would seem to follow that the power of recall of the judges is within, at least, the *spirit* of the inhibition of the clause first quoted if not its very *terms*.

Nor is the measure capable of justification upon the argument of its advocates. Their whole theory of right lies in the following reasoning:

"The people are supreme. What they will is law. The judges are the

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servants of the people, employed by the latter, and holding office at their will. Therefore, the master, the people, has the inherent right to discharge the servant, the judges, at pleasure."

The conclusion would seem logically to flow from the premises. Nor is it with the former so much as with the latter that the fault lies. When it is said that the people are supreme, that they employ the judges and stand toward them in the relation of a master to a servant, what is meant is the *majority* of the people. Herein lies the error. The judges are not the servants and agents of the majority. The judges are the servants of both the majority and the minority and must of necessity be independent of each.

Any rule of might is a tyranny whether it be in the form of an emperor, dictator, oligarchy, or democracy. The unrestrained rule of the majority is as objectionable as that of an individual; it is more so, because it has all the evils of the former with none of the efficiency of the latter. This country is ruled by laws and not by majorities. True, the laws are made by majorities, but there are limits beyond which they may not go. Every citizen has certain inherent and fundamental rights which can be taken from him neither through legislative enactments nor by constitutional amendments supported by no matter how great a majority.

Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the right of contract and private ownership of property, when not used to the detriment of others, of procreation, of inviolability of persons and family—such rights as these are not justly dependent for protection upon constitutions; they are fundamental, inherent. Without their adequate protection no government can long exist. Certainly no majority, however great, has the right to single out the individual and take from him these inherent rights.

It is one of the peculiar functions of a judge in a State governed by laws and not by men to protect the minority or the individual, as the case may be. Though chosen by the majority or by some person or persons to whom the power of selection has been delegated, they cease, upon induction into office, to become the mere servants at will of those by whom they were selected, nay, they never were their servants. The right of selection in no sense carries with it such right of domination as was attempted by Charles I. Upon selection the judges become the servants of the whole people, not of the majority or class by whom they may have

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been chosen. They represent the minority, the weakest class in society: the humblest individual, just as much as the dominant political party, the laboring or moneyed classes, or the most potent members of the community. During their term of office they are justly answerable to no one.

A powerful minority may well trust the selection of the judges to a majority, but the domination of this majority after selection is quite another matter. This is tyranny and, as Montesquieu says, "*the end of all things.*" Such a practice, when taken advantage of by majorities, as it inevitably must be, can be maintained only by arms, and this power does not always lie in majorities.

Nor can any justification of the proposed measure be found in the doctrine of expediency. *In limine* let it be inquired, what will be accomplished by the proposed change that is deemed expedient?

Will the respect of the community for the judges, a situation so earnestly to be sought, be increased? Already there has appeared a very wide discrepancy in the esteem entertained by the general public for the State tribunals as compared with that held for the national courts. Why? Obviously for two reasons: The comparative attainments of the presiding judges and the curtailed independence of the State tribunals by reason of the selection of their judges for short terms.

Will the proposed measure induce gentlemen of greater attainments to seek election to the bench? It is believed such will not be the case. What man worthy of the name would submit himself to the alternative of deciding a cause contrary to his conscience or suffering the disgrace of a peremptory recall by his fellow citizens? How can an increase of wholesome respect be attained by a further curtail of that independence, the want of which has already induced disparagement?

Will the corruption charged to exist be eliminated? Where is this corruption? Is there no evidence available? Then, is it the purpose to convict judges without evidence? Is suspicion to take the place of facts? Surely this would seem to be a novel American idea.

Will the alleged corporate control of the judiciary be abolished? Where does it exist to-day? In the Federal or the State tribunals? Certainly from the recent decisions of the former it does not seem to be there intrenched to any

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great extent. If in the latter, how will the evil be remedied? The judges are now selected by the majority of the people. If they are now unable to select judges free from corporate influence, may we expect a resultant improvement in the exercise of choice by conferring the power of recall? Why?

How is the fact of a leaning of the judge toward corporate interests to be ascertained? Is it to be based upon errors appearing in his judgments or is it to rest solely upon the fact that the decision was in favor of the corporation? If the former, who is to judge of the existence of the errors? The lawyers who lost the case or those who won? As in any other branch of science, the opinion only of the educated therein will be worthy of consideration. Whose interpretation will be accepted? If the latter, why not proceed at once to the division of corporate property without pursuing the tedious process suggested?

Are the opinions of experts upon the expediency of this measure desired? If there is one man to whom more than any other this age owes a debt of undying gratitude for the preservation of the republic when others in the blindness of political fury were contending for principles which would have guaranteed its early dissolution, that man is John Marshall. Except for the judgments of this great man, the blessings of liberty, for the perpetuation of which the Union was established, would long since have been swept away by the sudden violence of majorities.

Of all the experts who could be called to give opinion upon this subject, he would seem to command the greatest consideration. His patriotism was never questioned. His learning, while perhaps not so scintillating as that of others, was more profound. His luminous judgments give more than ample evidence of the depth of his knowledge of those checks and balances necessary to the preservation of liberty and the guarantee of human progress. The breadth and profundity of his character, the exalted atmosphere in which he lived, his many years' experience as a judge, would seem to render his opinions upon the subject conclusive until overcome by clear and convincing reasoning based upon something more substantial than mere speculation.

When his inspiring career was drawing near its close he was persuaded to become a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829. This was a remarkable assembly. It was presided over by James Monroe, escorted to

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the chair by Madison and Marshall. Party spirit ran high. Passions were much inflamed. One of the principal questions presented was the tenure by which judges should hold their office. Marshall was at this time in his seventy-fifth year. For nearly a third of a century he had occupied the high position of Chief Justice. He had considered all manner of causes; he had observed all manner of men. Soldier, lawyer, statesman, diplomat, patriot, and himself the greatest judge with which Almighty God had ever adorned a bench or blessed a country, who than Marshall knew better whereof he spoke?

With that great earnestness which had ever characterized his life he said:

"The argument of the gentleman goes to prove not only that there is no such thing as judicial independence, but that there ought to be no such thing; that it is unwise and improvident to make the tenure of the judge's office to continue during good behavior. Advert, sir, to the duties of a judge. He has to pass between the government and the man whom that government is prosecuting—between the most powerful individual in the community and the poorest and most unpopular. It is of the last importance that in the performance of these duties he should observe the utmost fairness. Need I press the necessity of this? Does not every man feel that his own personal security and the security of his property depend upon that fairness? The judicial department comes home in its effects to every man's fireside; it passes on his property, his reputation, his life, his all. Is it not to the last degree important that he should be rendered perfectly and completely *independent* with nothing to control him but God and his conscience? . . . I acknowledge that in my judgment the whole good which may grow out of this convention, be it what it may, will never compensate for the evil of changing the judicial tenure of office. . . . I have always thought from my earliest youth till now that the greatest scourge an angry Heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and sinning people was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a *dependent* judiciary."

With Jefferson, the idol of a new-born and triumphant democracy, little doubt can be entertained by those familiar with the history of that day as to the fate of the Federal judiciary had the power now contended for then existed.

Speaking of the Supreme Court, Jefferson said:

"An opinion of the court is huddled up in conclave, perhaps, by a majority of one; delivered as unanimous and with the silent acquiescence of lax or timid associates by a crafty chief judge who sophisticates the law to his own mind by the turn of his own reasoning."

"The very idea of cooking up opinions in conclave begets suspicions that something passes which fears the public ear." . . .

Suggesting the remedy:

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"A strong protestation of both Houses of Congress that such doctrines advanced by the Supreme Court are contrary to the Constitution; and if afterward they relapse into the same heresies impeach and set the whole adrift."

Again he said:

"The great object of my fear is the Federal judiciary. That body, like gravity, ever acting with noiseless foot and unalarming advance, gaining ground step by step and holding what it gains, is ingulfing insidiously the special governments into the jaws of that which feeds them."

So blinded was he by party passion that he seems at times to have doubted even Marshall's integrity. In 1795 he speaks of Marshall's "profound hypocrisy." In 1810 he spoke of:

"The ravenous hatred which Marshall bears to the government of his country; the cunning and sophistry within which he is able to enshroud himself. His twistification in the case of Marbury, in that of Burr, and the late Yazoo case shows how dexterously he can reconcile law to his personal biases."

In a letter to Gallatin he speaks of the "deep malignity of Marshall's mind." In a letter to William B. Giles, referring to the Burr case, he said:

"The tricks of the judges to force trials before it is possible to collect the evidence. The presiding judge meant only to throw dust in the eyes of his audience."

"All the principles of law are to be perverted which would bear on the favorite offenders who endeavor to overrun this odious Republic."

During the trial of Mr. Justice Chase, Giles of Virginia, one of Jefferson's henchmen in the Senate, contended that a judge might be removed on impeachment for mere error in judgment or because he differed in political opinion from the President or Congress. In 1807, after the Burr trial, motions were made in each branch of Congress to so amend the Constitution that the judges of the United States courts would hold office for a term of years and be removable by the President on address of two-thirds of both Houses. In 1822 an amendment to the Constitution was proposed giving complete jurisdiction to the Senate in any case to which a State was a party, an adopted method of expressing dissatisfaction in the great judgment of Cohens *vs.* Virginia, now regarded as one of the foundation stones of proper constitutional construction.

Had the power of recall existed, John Marshall would, no doubt, himself have been removed. History would have justified him, but what would have become of the republic?

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That the proposed measure is at best a mere experiment in government will be admitted. Going, as it does, to the very root of what is believed to be one of the essentials of free institutions, it must be conceded to be a most dangerous one. To many it seems pernicious—a step in the very opposite direction from those safeguards, checks, and balances believed to be so necessary to protect the whole people from the sudden and violent turbulence of a temporary majority. It has been well said: "Popular sentiment is proverbially variable and is subject to constant alterations; to-day the multitude cry 'Hosanna!' and to-morrow '*Crucify Him!*'"

The situation could not be better described than in the words of Aristotle:

"The people, who is now a monarch and no longer under the control of law, seeks to exercise monarchical sway and grows into a despot; the flatterer is held in honor, this sort of democracy being relatively to the other democracies what tyranny is to other forms of monarchy. The spirit of both is the same and they alike exercise a despotic rule over the better citizens. The decrees of the *demos* correspond to the edicts of the *tyrant;* and the *demagogue* is to the one what the *flatterer* is to the other. Both have great power—the flatterer with the tyrant; the demagogue with democracies of the kind we are describing. The demagogues make the decrees of the people override the laws and refer all things to the popular assembly. And, therefore, they grow great, because the people have all things in their hands, and they hold in their hands the votes of the people who are too ready to listen to them. Further, those who have any complaint to bring against the magistrates say, '*Let the people be judges*'; the people are too happy to accept the invitation and so the authority of every office is undermined. Such a democracy is fairly open to the objection that it is not a constitution at all, for where the laws have no authority there is no constitution."

Surely, if a change is to be made in the existing system prevalent in the vast majority of States, it would seem it should be in the direction of granting to the judges a greater independence of spirit, thereby lifting them to the plane of high efficiency now occupied by the Federal judiciary rather than a still further wholly useless and unnecessary debasement.

ALBERT FINK.

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REPUBLICAN EMBARRASSMENTS

BY MEDILL McCORMICK

No discussion of the present Democratic opportunity has been more interesting than that contributed to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by its editor and other distinguished Democrats. But from a Republican standpoint, like other discussions of the same subject, the contributions to the REVIEW, while giving full weight to Democratic difficulties, have done scant justice to Republican embarrassments. The divisions in the Democracy are potential; the divisions in the Republican party are actual. Democratic harmony is possible; Republican disharmony is proven to the country, so that the voter, disgusted with Republican dissensions, last November elected a Democratic House. Is there any reason, at present, why he should reverse his judgment?

The genuine issues before the country during the present administration have been the tariff, railroad-rate regulation, conservation, and reciprocity. These remain the sole important issues. The last was born after the election and, in a sense, was begotten of it. The other three were harshly controversial from the beginning; they gripped the popular imagination and were the bases of the split in the Republican party. It is unnecessary to describe their origin and development, but it is necessary to note that upon all three the insurgents and the President disagreed.

The Aldrich tariff law was passed in spite of insurgent protests and was signed by the President, who subsequently became its principal defender. The so-called Elkins law, drafted by the Attorney-General, contains one important feature unknown to the previous acts governing the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the past, in order to prevent an advance in rates, it had been necessary for shippers to prove the advance unjustifiable or unduly onerous. Under the new law, the burden of proof of the proposed rate's equity rests with the carrier. That provision, which in-

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augurates real rate regulation, was unknown to the administration bill. It was forced into the act by the insurgents, who were punished therefor by the withdrawal of the patronage. Whatever the merits of the Ballinger-Pinchot conservation controversy may have been, the sympathy of the country was with Pinchot, whose friends in Congress were the still recalcitrant, though punished, progressives.

In the light of the fight over these three pre-election questions an analysis of the result of the election is illuminating. It measures the character of the division in the Republican party and the attitude of the voters toward the administration. The analysis is most easily made by a tabular comparison of the political complexions of the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses:

House of Representatives.	Stand-patters.	Progressives.	Democrats.
Sixty-first Congress	192	26	172
Sixty-second Congress	107	55	228*
	Loss 85	Gain 29	Gain 56

Important as are the relative increases and decreases of the political factions and parties in the House, the elections gave even more important evidence in the country's discontent with the administration, and especially with the wing of the party with which it has hitherto worked. The Democrats carried the country by winning in stand-pat Republican States. While the progressives lost only one State to the Democrats, the stand-patters lost nine.

In 1908 Taft had 321 electoral votes and Bryan 162. If Presidential electors had been selected by the voters last fall the Democratic candidate would have had 310 electoral votes and the Republicans 173. Of these Republican votes it is significant that 98 would have come from progressive States and 75 from regular States.

The election widened the breach already existing in the party. Nothing in the short session showed that there was any tendency to close it. On the contrary, the party previously divided horizontally was then split prismatically on the Canadian tariff bill. In the House a majority of Republicans voted against the President's own measure. The Speaker led the opposition and was followed by an equal proportion of regulars and insurgents. Both wings of the party have split with the President, and the latest cause for

* Includes one Socialist.

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contention remains. As nearly as can be foreseen, it again will have the support of the Democrats and again will divide the Republicans.

On one important question or another a majority of Republican Congressmen have differed from the President, who, in his own language, is the "titular" head of his party. And in some instances the differences are so irreconcilable that, if Mr. Taft is renominated, the extremer insurgents will bolt and run a progressive Republican candidate for President.

High hopes for the permanent union of Democrats are not necessary to make them shine in present comparison with the Republicans. It may be that, within sixty days after the inauguration of a Democratic President, the Democracy will be as badly split as the Republican party is now or as the Democracy was under Cleveland's second administration. But whatever their prospective condition may be, their present harmony is as inviting to the electorate as it is discouraging to Republicans. The leaders of the Democratic House give evidence of statesmanship and united purpose. The Ways and Means Committee, with a membership consistently revisionist, is succeeding in organizing the new Congress to the reasonable satisfaction of its members. The plan of co-ordinating the appropriation committees, through a common committee of their chairmen, is calculated to check the extravagance which for years has characterized Congress. The courage and consistency of the Democratic leaders give promise of the firm, but moderate, legislation for which the country hopes. It indicates a sensible revision of a few of the most burdensome tariff schedules. It indicates that that revision will inaugurate the promised reduction of customs duties without bringing disaster on the over-protected manufacturers and their employees.

This comparison of the internal condition of the two parties presses itself upon every Republican who hopes to win in 1912 and who believes that, in spite of present Democratic harmony, fantastic disunion, hurtful to the country, will follow their coming into power two years from now. Not a fifth of the Republicans in Congress look forward to anything but defeat in 1912. And yet, in the face of the effective organizing of their opponents, they sit inert, making no plans to compose their own differences or to choose a really popular and positive leader for the next campaign.

MEDILL MCCORMICK.

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THE RAILROAD RATE DECISION

BY J. SHIRLEY EATON

On February 25th the Interstate Commerce Commission rendered its decision denying the advances asked for by the railroads of the Western Traffic and Official Classification territories which embrace the principal roads north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi rivers. The case had been, perhaps, the most hotly contested and long-drawn-out battle yet waged before this tribunal. Two hundred and forty-one railroads were involved. The actual money at stake was about one per cent. of the entire railroad earnings of the country, but in many respects the case was construed to be a test case to sound the policy of the commission in the exercise of the great extension of power granted it by the Mann-Elkins Act which became effective June 18th, 1910. Furthermore, the waiting attitude in business and the universal stress of high prices had turned the public mind upon economic questions. The enormous purchasing-power of the railroads whose credit and resources were alleged to be in jeopardy gave immediate practical bearing to the controversy throughout the country. There was evoked a flood of interviews, letters, magazine articles, and expressions generally by persons of all degrees of information. In the broader outlook these expressions, equally with the formal testimony at the hearing, have been potent in shaping public opinion. The railroad men were drawn from their routine tasks of rate-making, railroad operation, and finance into discussions of public policy and fundamental socio-economic principles that were academic, but at the same time terrifically practical.

In the first six months of 1908 the railroads felt acutely the depression dating from the fall of 1907. The steady advance in prices and wages, coupled with a halt in the advance of gross earnings, made the problem of railway man-

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agement a serious one. Since prices and wages had so great an increase, why, reasoned the railroad men, should railroad rates be excepted from the universal tendency? The railroads, therefore, asked for more revenue on the ground that it was necessary to sustain their credit. The advance in the West was upon some two hundred "commodities," which are articles of raw material or special condition justifying separate rates for each. The increase of the railroads of the East was made largely in the class rates. A notice of the increase of rates was filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission June 1st, 1910. The commission requested the carriers to defer the date when these rates should become effective until November 1st. Meanwhile the Mann-Elkins Act became a law.

By this law the commission was empowered not only to pass upon the reasonableness of a rate in effect, but to deny a proposed new rate until the decision was reached as to its reasonableness after a hearing in which the burden of proof of such reasonableness of the rates proposed was on the carriers. The present case was considered from three standpoints:

1. The effect of the rate on the shipping public.
2. The effect upon the railroad.
3. The effect upon general public policy.

Because the case was not restricted to a limited number of rates or to a few competitive points it was different from most of those which have come before the Interstate Commerce Commission. It bore disproportionately on no one commodity nor market, and therefore it was not a contest between different producers or rival markets, but squarely an issue between the railroads and the public in the person of the ultimate consumer to whom the burden would eventually be shifted by the shipper. As an indirect tax spread over a multitude of articles its identity was lost and it became practically a negligible quantity.

The usual criteria of the reasonable rate have been the existing rates on like articles under like conditions and generally in the same or neighboring localities. Obviously in a horizontal advance which in the Western territory affected 200 commodities over their long-distance routes and in the East affected the six classes and four sub-classes with some 150 commodities, these usual measures for determining the reasonableness of the new rates did not apply. The idea

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underlying the fairness or reasonableness which it is undertaken to prove by such comparisons is that the burden shall be equally distributed in the proportion that each is able to bear it. This, in passing, is a very different matter from imposing on *one,* all that this one may be able to bear, irrespective of the pressure at other points. For the foregoing reasons, considerations advanced in this controversy were necessarily upon broader ground than in most cases before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Obviously, again, any rate which the railroad might make would be less than it would cost the consumer to perform the service for himself. It was, therefore, plainly impossible to determine the reasonableness of the rate from the standpoint of the consumer. The question shifted thus at once to the consideration of the reasonableness of the rate from the standpoint of the railroad. In this connection there was much loose expression about a reasonable rate as being based upon the notion of a "fair return." This fair return was, in some confusion, referred to at times as if it could exist as a thing apart from the capital invested when such investment was so large or was under such conditions of public regulation as to be practically of the character of monopoly. The words "fair and reasonable" were interchangeably used throughout the hearings, in a vague way, without relevancy to anything determinable. President Ripley of the "Atchison," when pressed for a criterion as applied to rates, found it in some unexplained intuition. He would not make a two-hundred-per-cent. increase in rates because "it would be a shock to my sense of propriety—a shock to my sense of justice"—not "fair or decent or proper."

A reasonable rate for a railroad is one that will yield a reasonable profit. The issue before the commission turned on the definition of what constitutes such just earning-power. The President of the Pennsylvania Railroad declared that a reasonable return was seven per cent. President Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, set the mark at six per cent., as did the President of the "Atchison." It was brought out that in the past decade, by natural processes, the character of railroad investment has greatly changed; the highly speculative features have disappeared; the prospect of frequent "melon-cuttings" is no longer a factor to offset a nominal rate of regular annual return. For this

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reason, it was claimed, the regular dividend should be higher than in past years.

With the direct return, the railroad men urged, should go a surplus to serve as a safety factor to provide for contingencies and to meet the increasing demand for better service which results in a large non-productive application of capital, such as that for passenger terminals, grade separations, block signals, and electrification. The Pennsylvania Railroad has increased its investment in property $288,000,000 in ten years. In this time the gross earnings increased $66,000,000, but the expenses increased $52,000,000, leaving $14,000,000 of net earnings, which is $3,000,000 less than six per cent. on the additional investment to produce it. On this road it has been the policy to set aside one dollar for betterments and one dollar for dividends. On the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad the disposition of surplus has been fifty cents to betterments for one dollar to dividends.

But, the shippers questioned, if these reserves were created by excessive rates, are they the property of the railroad or the public? Furthermore, if they are to protect the railroad against conditions beyond its control, what fixed relation can these conditions have to dividends on the stock which on some basis are, with these reserves, to share surplus earnings?

This surplus for reserve, together with the direct return, were held to be of co-ordinate importance in insuring the credit of the railroad. It was shown that the relation of the railroad to its stockholders, and in this way to the funds available for investment, was not merely a sentimental one resting on the considerations of trusteeship involved, but an imminently practical one. The railroad must be able to draw from these public investment funds at will and so continue to expand with the growth of the communities served. Anything that tends to impair its credit and imperil its relation to the vital sources would stop growth, jeopardize its present investment, and destroy its function in the country's expansion. Opinions were quoted to show that the railroads were physically behind the growth of the country and that extraordinary developments were necessary to regain the ground already lost. Mr. Willard referred to the statement of Mr. J. J. Hill, President of the Great Northern, in which he said that $1,000,000,000 a year for five years would be required for this purpose. Such money, it was urged, is

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gravely needed for double-tracking, for revision of terminals, reduction of grades and curves, and replacement of rail and power by heavier rail and larger power. The failure to meet this situation might shortly amount to a national calamity by choking the arteries of a country of wide reaches where cheap transportation is a vital need.

Having variously defined the return upon capital adequate to protect the railroad's credit, the next step, which was the vexatious one, was that of designating what that investment is. Original cost, present valuation, cost of reproduction, the railroad property account, and market value of securities were variously offered. If it were original cost, railroad capital would be allowed none of the unearned increment which capital in all other forms of investment expects from the natural growth of business. The Iowa farm values could increase one hundred per cent. in ten years, but the capital invested in the railroad, which was a determining factor in the increase of these values, would have no share in such enhancement. Capitalization based upon the cost of reproduction also cut off the unearned increment except for the enhanced land values at terminals, which are only a part of the railroad investment. The present valuation basis is the cost of reproduction modified by allowance for the physical depreciation of the parts of the plant where it applies, and therefore is under the same limitation as the foregoing. But present value and cost of reproduction would include any values added out of earnings; if the railroad enjoying extortionate rates had thus reinvested in the property its surplus above a reasonable dividend, could adjustments of capital derived from the public in this way be allowed to render reasonable a rate originally extortionate? A case in point was offered by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad. The original investment was $258,000,000, but present value is $535,000,000. The difference is $277,000,000. This fund may have been derived from excessive rates or from deferred dividends of lean years or from the general increase of property values in the territory served—to whom does the fund now belong?

Having alluded to the necessity for defining an investment by determining some of the conditions of its operation, the question next arose, what examples of actual capitalization should be taken as a fair standard by which to measure all others? The "Lake Shore" earned in one year twenty-

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five per cent., the " Lackawanna " forty-nine per cent., while the Chicago and Northwestern earned one hundred per cent. in ten years. A reasonable rate cannot be made for each road; in such diversity, which road shall be taken as the type to which the others shall be forced into conformity? In making them conform, we are arbitrarily equalizing conditions which are partly differences of initial strength, of foresight, and of management. To socialize these differences is to eliminate the qualities on which economic efficiency is worked out. One suggestion was that the excess profits of the prosperous roads should accrue to the State. The representative of a great firm of accountants would raise to an " equitable basis " the rates disproportionately low, and then, having equalized the difference of the several roads, he would make such general advances as would enable the roads to earn a proper return. Altogether this is a mere permutation of words of the same generic intention.

Given a notion of a fair return and of proper investment, there still remained the third term of *fair efficiency* of operation to complete the formula. The brilliant counsel of the Commercial Organization of the Atlantic Seaboard threw much of the weight of his argument on this point. He adduced the experience of efficiency engineers to show in the industries results to which the railroads had no counterpart. He dramatically claimed that the railroads could save $1,000,000 a day by the introduction of scientific management, and immediately the half-score of pioneers—Taylor, Gilbreth, Emerson, Gant, Barth, and others—who had been pushing their theories in obscurity were in the full blaze of publicity. The American railroad man has so long challenged the world that he was unprepared for this flank attack.

The abstruse and vexing socio-economic questions to which each trail seemed inevitably to lead forced the railroads to present their case by charting their present business against the background of the operations of other years and the tendencies in other businesses. The increase in prices of lumber, ties, coal, and other material, and especially heavy wage increases, were offered as reasons for rate advances. The effect of these price and wage changes was shown in the increase in the ratio of expenses to earnings. President McCrea testified that this ratio had jumped from 69.7 per cent. in 1909 to 75.51 per cent. in 1910; in his opinion it will

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not go back. The last ten years have seen great increase of railroad operating efficiencies, but he maintained there is a limit to the grades that can be cut down and the curves that can be eliminated. Furthermore, he believed the period of great economic expansion in the East to be passing. Henceforth the railroads would devote themselves to the steady routine of serving settled communities: railroad properties had not the resiliency they once had. In this view the experience of the past years, with their enormous expansion, was a doubtful guide in estimating future earnings.

The reasonableness of a general rate increase as affecting public policy would manifest itself at two points—namely, in the credit of the railroads both at home and abroad and in the length of the radius of distribution from producing points. The credit of the railroads was held to be compromised by the increasing operating ratio brought about by the requirements of more expensive service, the impositions of labor organizations, and the rise in prices. Evidence of this disturbance of railroad credit was the amount of financing done on short-term notes. The situation was further complicated by the fact that the underlying liens had all been exhausted in earlier financing. Railroad securities had come to be the great form of public investment which would be sensitive to any arbitrary action by the commission in disturbing railroad values. The President of the Home Life Insurance Company testified that 37.5 per cent. of the assets of his company are in the form of railroad securities. The life-insurance companies operating in New York, which have 20,000,000 policy-holders, own about one-eighth of all the railroad-funded securities. The *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* roughly estimates the amount of such railroad securities held by insurance companies, together with savings-banks and endowed philanthropic and educational institutions, to be $1,750,000,000.

The public, and especially the railroads, were unprepared for a sweeping denial of all the advances asked, and the first announcement of the decision created consternation among the latter. To the credit of this tribunal, however, there were no advance intimations of its real judicial mind.

Throughout the opinions, which were written by Commissioner Prouty in the case of the Eastern roads and Commissioner Lane in the case of the Western roads, there is a marked consciousness of the importance of their deliveries—

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not so much as measured by the immediate issue as in defining the lines of fundamental policy, because the functions of the commission as an economic court are well advanced toward the margin of the experimental.

At the outset the commission laid down the interpretation that the Mann-Elkins Act did not have the result of validating rates existing at the time it became effective, and therefore the commission's prerogative was not limited to the control of subsequent increases only. With this ruling probably was also overthrown the theory that the securities outstanding at that time were by this act validated; therefore, facts as to the original costs of investment prior to the operation of the present law were allowed to enter.

With full admission of the semi-administrative character of their regulatory power the commission refused to recognize the need of raising rates as an artificial stimulus to business, and they passed to the consideration of more permanent factors.

Because not a matter of an individual rate or a group of rates, but affecting thirty per cent. of the revenue of some of the roads involved, the question of the return on the investment became an issue. Railroad testimony had been somewhat confused on this point. The President of the "Atchison" Railroad maintained a very common railroad theory that there was practically no connection between capitalization and rates. Yet, on the other hand, the railroad plea was made largely to protect the credit by maintaining the earning-power of the railroads, which earning-power was based upon the capital invested. The commission had no choice but to take up the question of investment, since it was this, the railroads maintained, that was in jeopardy.

As a first stage in bringing order out of chaos and as a background to their thought, the commission erected an exhibit of railroad operating revenue, expenses, and operating net revenue for a series of years and for the country as a whole. They found an increase in the operating net revenue of about $300,000,000, in eight years. From this they deduced the conclusion that the railroads were enjoying an unprecedented prosperity. Their conclusion was fallacious; as pointed out by the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle,* the figures which they should have used aggregated about $200,000,000, instead of $300,000,000. When, in his opinion, the commissioner elaborated the picture of railroad pros-

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perity by stating the dividends, he used grossly misleading figures. The annual reports of the statistician of the commission regularly include a table of the stock-paying dividends in which the duplications due to one railroad owning the stock of another are uncorrected, and another table to the same purport, but in which the stock of one company, held by another company, is not duplicated by the outstanding stock of the second company. Obviously the table having the duplications will lead to erroneous conclusions. The commission used this table. The amount of the misstatement is given below:

DIVIDEND PAYMENTS BY UNITED STATES RAILROADS

Year—	Commission Figures.		True Figures.	Over-statement.
1901	$156,735,784		$131,626,672	$25,109,112
1902	185,391,655		157,215,380	28,176,275
1903	196,728,176		166,176,586	30,551,590
1904	221,941,049		183,754,236	38,186,813
1905	237,964,482		188,175,151	49,789,331
1906	272,795,974		213,555,081	59,240,893
1907	308,088,627		227,394,962	80,693,665
1908	390,695,351		227,597,072	163,098,279
1909	321,071,626		236,620,890	84,450,736
1910	405,131,650	(Est.)	240,000,000	165,131,650

In the East it was estimated that if on the roads asking for the advance the wage increase of 1910 had been in force throughout the year there would still have been an increase over the operating income of the year previous amounting to $16,000,000, while in the West six principal railroads of those involved in the past ten years had accumulated a book surplus of $204,000,000.

So far, in the figures as adduced by the commission, the case was not a strong one for the railroads. The specific item of $35,000,000 wage increase offered by the Eastern roads as a basis for claiming increases in certain freight rates was impugned, because it was not shown that this increase was directly chargeable to the tonnage on which the rate advance had been levied. The commission practically threw out of court the claim that the increase in prices of material had resulted in heavy increases in expenses. This, they maintained, was not proved except in the items of coal, lumber, and ties. These three items constitute over twenty per cent. of the expenses.

The question how the surplus above a reasonable dividend should be disposed of was a troublesome one from which we may hear again. The status of accumulations out of

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earnings, together with watered capitalization, was not defined except as it confessedly entered as a contributing factor in the final determination of the case.

The commission dissented from President Ripley's theory that:

"The cost of service is only one of the items to be considered in the making of a reasonable rate and not a very important item at that."

The commission referred to the loose reasoning in the matter as follows:

"While we find the carriers contending uniformly that in the making of a reasonable rate the cost of service is practicably a negligible factor, yet the contention is herein made that the carriers should be allowed to increase their rates upon that ground."

There was a disposition to urge the importance of cost compilations in transportation as in other industries:

"It would be remarkable, indeed, if in this time when all great business enterprises make analyses of costs our railroads should keep no such accounts."

The commission specifically disavowed any intention of interfering with railroad management except so far as they were forced to measure the factors involved by standards of improved practice both in railroads and in other industries. They were inclined to give some credence to the statements that savings in railroad expenses could be made by application of latter-day methods now found in some industries. This disposition was, perhaps, one of the contributing factors, though not a large one, in forming their judgment of the present situation.

The detailed application of the foregoing principles was narrowed by selecting three typical roads in the East and six in the West. The marginal road, they did not feel called upon to protect against the consequences of its past mistakes of policy and management.

The commission threaded their way through a complex of facts and figures with little of precedent or accepted principle to guide them. There were confessedly two issues before the court: the one, the formal question of rate advances; the other, informal and implied,—the exercise of the extraordinary powers, newly conferred, to regulate both in theory and in fact. Those who believe in regulation were reassured when the commission met the challenge squarely; but to the degree that they would respect a court clothed with such

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powers, they were humiliated by the grave lack of dignity in the treatment of the case which reached the stage of actual misuse of official figures. The offense is the more serious because it lends itself to further distortion by head-line and catch-phrase journalism. These strictures apply to the opinion in the case of the Western roads. Instead of a story of phenomenal prosperity, careful analysis of corrected figures shows that increased profits of the railroads in the last eight years have just about sufficed to produce five per cent. on the new capital which has been invested.* This misuse of figures is saved from invalidating the decision of the commission, simply because the *entire* earnings of *all* the railroads had the same irrelevancy to the issue of specific rate increases of specific roads as the entire increase in certain wages, which the commission declined to accept in justification. But the injury lies in the effect on the public mind of misstatements by an official body. And this is incalculable.

A decision has been rendered and a case closed, but the educational effect of such a controversy has only begun to be felt. Some things that were undetermined have been defined; other things that were vague are less vague; at least the form of the problem takes shape. Thinking people are filled with dismay or satisfaction, according to their viewpoint, when they realize how much ground has been covered. In the vivisection, in full public view, of a great national industry, laying open all the inner processes of capital in large aggregates, discussion leads inevitably into ultimate questions of private property rights; publicity and privilege are contrary terms.

The intent of a body with such powers as those of the Interstate Commerce Commission is to substitute, through the forms of law and administrative order, for the irregular processes of a reckless, actual competition, the equivalent potential competition. In this, allowance will be made for the play of the constructive socio-economic forces, and by successive stages will be eliminated from it the anti-social forces. As it were, all these different forces are classified, given identity and measure, plotted to scale on the drafting-board, and then set up into a miniature reproduction in plan and elevation of the socio-economic complex to be dealt with. Thus plotted they are broken into their components and reconstructed into resultants by new combinations in which no factor is elimi-

* See *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, April 1st, 1911.

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nated or added, but countervailing (non-social) forces are set against each other to negative each other, and only the net or constructive effect is reproduced in the miniature. Such is at the last the conception of administrative and legal interference in economic affairs. Compelled to define the social function of competition, we find it to be *selection,* the placing of the man—or the economic force at the point of maximum fitness. We may do much of this by a well-tested scale and so save the enormous waste of unregulated competition.

We have gone beyond the stage of idle theory in this matter. Our railroads are reducing their operations to scientific statements where in miniature are set out all the functions in their relations, weighted with their values, grouped into their entities, and carrying forward the net effect through each of the subordinate gradations to the final result in the net income account of the road. It is these accounts which have furnished the terms and the quantities in which the problem before the Interstate Commerce Commission has been discussed. The primary distinction between capital and expenses, between maintenance and betterment, between transportation revenue and outside revenue, has been made. The effects have been traced forward to the surplus account and there we have been pressed for new definitions based on theories of the several factors. Private property which is the direct product of individual effort is a different thing from private property in public service involving associate effort of many men and having a thousand points of contact with other men and other property, its own values resting upon a thousand shifting conditions, physical and economic. We cannot carry over into the second form of property all the notions that applied in the first form of property because the second form of property lacks definiteness and specification, and its boundaries merge into general social considerations at so many points. To whom do the surplus funds belong which are accumulated in these processes? A Western railroad has its controversy with its locomotive engineers in establishing a schedule of pay on the Mallet locomotive. This locomotive is practically two locomotives articulated so as to be under the control of one engineer. The management were ready to pay additional wages, but the engineers demanded twice the wages of the ordinary engineer. In other words, labor proposed to absorb, in the proportion

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of its original contribution, the full added efficiency produced by the combination of factors of which it was but one. The rate controversy bristled with questions as to disposition of unearned increment, of differentiated return due to different traffic densities, and even of the savings effected by inventions and special efficiencies. It was in these issues that the contentions as to the disposition of the surplus above a reasonable income centered.

Perhaps the most striking, as certainly the most timely, effect of the rate controversy is the emphasis laid upon efficiency and scientific management. There has been danger that the mechanical engineer has built a machine too large for the administrative man to cope with. The problem of the proper union of team and individual efficiency, of general ability and specialization, of the individual and the mass, of the central function and the local function, has not been properly studied. In organization the slogan should be decentralization and autonomy.

The efficiency engineers achieved wide publicity for their warning against the enormous wastes of human effort. John Mitchell publicly voiced the protest of labor against the specialization to which he thought labor was driven by the methods proposed. But a rejoinder by one of the efficiency men, Harrington Emerson, indicated that when sanely applied these methods contemplated the individual personality of the worker in an especial way and were connected with certain socializing factors designed to save the workman from the scrap-heap of over-specialization.

There has been injected into business a new factor—an economic court. To this court have been given over some of the functions of private business,—specifically that of controlling and certifying to certain of the factors that make for the financial credit of the railroads of the United States. The situation has its promise, as it is also fraught with the gravest of dangers. Since it is a governmental agency, we are in danger of looking upon the rulings of the commission as having a certain creative power and also absolute finality. It is so easy to legislate a price. The commission is in reality only a clearing-house of economic forces; its regulations at the last are, in effect, no more than collective bargains in which the parties to the bargain are not confined to those in court, but embrace all the public both in the present and of the future, so far as it may be interested

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in the control of present tendencies. If this court properly understands its functions, within reason, it will render easy and not hard changes in rates both up and down. It will not extend too widely the application in detail of single principles; it will be alert at all times to avoid the danger of our economic system crystallizing. Principles may be determined with finality, but price determinations, which are the peculiar functions of this court, must have periodicity to meet changing conditions. Appreciating this distinction, the commission officially give notice that the decision just rendered is subject to revision on occasion.

The problem must not be minimized. The country's development and continued prosperity depend on the right solution. The terms of the problem are primarily commercial, its phases are those of the strife and greed of the market-place, the clash of interests and classes, the arrogance of power, the despair of weakness; but like all grave questions it reaches to underlying economic and moral issues. A new era is upon us. We need statesmanship in railroad business, leaders with clear conceptions of the national and human phases of the problem and whose sincerity and patriotism shall command confidence. Such leadership is equally in demand among railroad presidents and boards of directors, among labor leaders, among publicists, and those who essay to perform the heavy function of trusteeship in our courts and public offices. The railroad on its part must meet the commission half-way with an intelligent theory of the new situation which is to be evolved and in a spirit of candor and co-operation.

The rate case was nominally an issue between two groups of railroads, on the one hand, and opposing shippers on the other hand, but the stability of American railroad credit, the character of public investment, the flexibility of capital as an agent of economic expansion, the nature and potency of competition to evolve the economic efficients, have all received an impress which for good or for bad will greatly influence our affairs for a long time to come.

J. Shirley Eaton.

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THE POLITICS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

A PHENOMENON that always impresses me whenever I have the good fortune to revisit the United States is the sameness of the questions that engage American attention. With few exceptions they are all but identical with the issues and incidents that were forced almost daily upon my notice when I lived in America between 1896 and 1900 and when I returned to it for a few months five years ago. I pick up to-day's paper, for instance, and find that the Mayor of New York has framed what is virtually a new charter. I cannot recall the time when the Mayor of New York was not framing new charters. I read that some judge has resolutely "placed upon the Mayor's shoulders" the responsibility for the present state of the American metropolis; and I remind myself that this is a pastime unfailingly indulged in for the past fifteen years and more, to my own knowledge, by a long succession of members of the New York Bench. A head-line in the New York *Evening Post* informs me that the "Mayor Belittles Crime"; and it knocks a decade and a half off my age to reflect that no Mayor of New York has ever done anything else. There is only the almanac to convince me that I am not back again in the brave days of Dick Croker and the Lexow and Mazet Committees when I read of the "wave of crime" that is inundating New York, of the "corruption and brutality" of the police, of the Sunday liquor problem still unsolved, though less obstreperously insoluble than it was, and of Mr. Frank Moss ferreting out "vice" with the same old efficiency. To be an editorial writer on the staff of a New York newspaper must, I should imagine, be one of the pleasantest and least exacting of positions. All that it apparently demands of a man is the patience to rewrite what he has written a hundred times before with a few small changes of names and dates and

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details; to say of Mr. Murphy precisely what has been said of all his predecessors in the autocracy that governs New York under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty; to join once more and for the thousandth time in proving to a wondering world that New York with the best system of transportation of any city on earth is eternally dissatisfied with it; and when the periodic calamity occurs, such as that appalling fire on the East Side a few weeks ago, to participate in the time-honored and always ineffective effort to "fix the responsibility" upon some highly elusive employer, builder, contractor, inspector, or municipal authority.

And this pleasant sense of familiarity, this instantaneous consciousness of the circular movement of events, engendered in a returning Englishman the moment he has set foot on Manhattan Island, is rather strengthened than weakened when he essays what is, perhaps, the most difficult feat for any one living or staying in New York—the feat of looking beyond the Palisades and attempting a bird's-eye view of the vast panorama of American life and politics. The more America changes the more it remains the same; and in spite of all the superficial transformations of the past five years, in spite of a difference in the personality of the President that has something of the sweep of a revolution, and in spite of a political upheaval that for the first time since I have known the United States has placed the Democrats virtually in control of Congress, what most strikes me is that four at least of the most crucial problems that can confront a modern State remain almost as unsettled to-day as they were in the early nineties. Those questions are, first, the currency question, secondly the banking question, thirdly the fiscal question, and fourthly what is compendiously known as the question of the Trusts. Some of these issues stretch back considerably beyond the twenty years or so that I have devoted to the study of American affairs and are indeed all but as old as the Republic itself. But certainly I have never known a moment in the last two decades when one or the other of them was not a matter of passionate debate; and though one is conscious of a certain advance of opinion on all four problems, the broad fact remains that each one of them at this moment is about as far from a rational, final, legislative adjustment as ever. Those who describe the American system of government as a gigantic and ingenious conspiracy for doing nothing can find all the justification they require

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in the past history and present state of these four issues. It is, in fact, an amazing paradox that the most commercial-minded country in the world, the country in which business counts for most, should find itself, after all these years of experiment and discussion, saddled with the most childish currency system and the most cramping and antiquated and inadequate banking system on earth; should still be distracted by its efforts to provide a stable fiscal basis for its traders; and should so far have almost wholly failed to establish fixed and reasonable relations between the Constitution and the public interests, on the one hand, and the requirements and developments of modern commerce on the other.

It is no affair of mine; it would, indeed, be an impertinence in me, to attempt to apportion the responsibility for all this and to determine how far American statesmanship and how far American business men and how far the peculiarly negative and inelastic bias of the American governmental system, and how far the quality of the education that is open to the American public in such matters is to blame for a state of affairs that harmonizes so ill with the American reputation for practicality and inventiveness. But the dearth, or at least the extreme scarcity, of all effective progress in the settlement of the four vital problems I have named, and the confusion both mental and political, in which they are still enveloped, are among the most startling surprises that to-day await the returned absentee. It bewilders him when he recalls "the crime of '73," and the Free Silver campaigns and financial panics innumerable to find the United States in 1911 still wandering in the outer mazes of the currency problem; to be told that the objection of the "man in the cars" to the Central Bank which alone offers him an efficient and expansive credit system is almost as insuperable to-day as in Jackson's time; to watch the tariff playing even now its old convulsive rôle in the business and politics of the nation; to be told that the Sherman Anti-trust Act, that relic of the competitive age lasting on into an age of consolidation, is still, as it always was, not a channel to guide, but a dam to obstruct the flow of American commerce; and to see Wall Street, week after week, depressed and demoralized by the strain of waiting for the decisions of the Supreme Court in the Oil and Tobacco suits. All this, as I have said, not by its strangeness, but by its very

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familiarity, plunges the intermittent visitor to the United States into sheer amazement. To find so many of the old problems—problems of the deepest concern to the daily interests and welfare of the country—still on the anvil of popular and political discussion, and still nearly as far as ever from being hammered into final shape, brings home to him, as nothing else could, the full magnitude of the contrast between the immensity of America's material progress and the paucity of her achievements in the sphere of constructive thought.

But while it has failed to take due legislative effect, one is none the less conscious of a decided movement of popular opinion during the past two decades on most, if not quite all, the subjects I have mentioned. If the American people are still in a state of indifference or indecision as to the necessity of reforming their banking system from the bottom up and as to the most satisfactory method of so reforming it, and if they appear to have concluded somewhat too easily that the defeat of Bryanism and the adoption of the gold standard meant the end of their currency difficulties they have, on the other hand, pronounced definitely in favor of a lower tariff and on the issue with which at this moment I am more especially concerned—the relations, namely, that should obtain between the quasi-monopolistic corporations and utilities, on the one hand, and the law as the embodiment of public rights and interests on the other—they have lavished an amount of thinking which is certainly remarkable for its quantity if not altogether for its quality. The statute-book shows by comparison but few traces of this vast and feverish agitation of the public mind. The Railway Rate Act of 1906, the Pure-Food Act, the measures directed against the Chicago beef-packers, and the strengthening of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission —all these laws, interesting and important as they are, can scarcely be considered commensurate either with the gravity of the general problem or with the degree of attention it has enjoyed for the past twenty years. Roughly speaking, the great industrial combinations of the United States, whether they are railroads or manufacturing concerns or enterprises that furnish some indispensable utility such as the telephone and the telegraph, or insurance companies, are still, so far as their relations with the Federal and State Governments are concerned, in a condition of legal chaos.

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The chief and, on the whole, the most fruitful results of the storm of discussion that has raged around them must be sought, indeed, less in legislative enactments than in atmospheric imponderabilia, in the changed temper in which the whole controversy is now conducted, in the humanizing and educational processes which have insensibly affected both parties to the argument, in the growth of sentiments and instinctive attitudes of mind far more powerful than any law.

Any one who surveys the last two decades of American history must have it borne in upon him that the railroads, the "Trusts," and the public-service corporations no longer hold the position they occupied in the early nineties. They were then well-nigh omnipotent; they are to-day severely, in some cases perhaps excessively, regulated in the public interests and by public authority. Unhappily, but possibly inevitably, this change from an almost complete autocracy to a partial subjection has not been brought about by co-operation, but by conflict. Few, very few, of the "corporation magnates" have had the prevision to welcome regulation, to concede its necessity, and to concentrate on the task of converting it into an instrument of reconciliation between themselves and the people. With hardly an exception they have resisted it; it has had to be forced upon them. Still fewer, on the other hand, of the representatives of the people in Congress or in the State Legislatures have addressed themselves to the problem of bringing the "Trusts" under control in any spirit but that of vindictive and unreasoning animosity. They have treated the railroads and the great corporations as though they were public enemies, and they have been far too reluctant to admit the irresistible power of those economic forces which, let the law say what it will, must, under the conditions of modern industry and finance, make consolidation inevitable. The consequences are that almost every step in this controversy has been an act of war; that the statute-book is studded with enactments, like the Sherman Act, so punitive and so little related to present-day tendencies and actualities that it is almost impossible in the United States to carry on business on a large scale and at the same time keep within the law; and that wild empirics and a blind spirit of destructiveness on the one side and resentment and evasion on the other have had far too much to do with a problem that can never be brought even within sight of a satisfactory solution except by good sense, good-

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will, and the most candid recognition by the "Trusts" of public rights and by the legislators of economic facts. Nevertheless out of all this turmoil some good has come. The railroads and the corporations have been successfully educated out of their old "damn-the-public" attitude. They have largely abandoned their former policy of secrecy and reserve; they have come to a larger and much more wholesome sense of their obligations to the community; they have made some approach toward recognizing that the enterprises they direct are only to a very limited extent their own, and that the public has the right to claim in them an effective partnership; and I think it may also be said that the standard of corporation morals has appreciably improved, and that practices which twenty years ago were condoned or were indulged in with hardly a consciousness of their essential iniquity are to-day no longer even contemplated. And on the other side there are some pretty evident signs that the "Trust-busting" mania has run its course, that more and more people are coming to perceive that regulation and not annihilation is the goal to aim at, and that regulation to be effective without being oppressive must square with and must no longer attempt to dispute the basic fact that railroad and industrial consolidations, even though they operate "in restraint of trade," are economic necessities of the age. The better business minds of the country are working round to the view that public control is not only inevitable, but may be as beneficial to the corporations as to the public; and the better legislative minds in the same way are within measurable distance of acknowledging the inadequacies and fatuity of laws that by setting themselves athwart the whole movement of modern commerce necessitate prosecutions which "dissolve" great corporations that are promptly reorganized, bring on recurrent periods of business uncertainty and depression, and change the forms of things while leaving their fundamental substance wholly unaffected.

As an example of the advance that has been made and that is still going on toward an understanding between the corporations and the public, the language used in the middle of March by Mr. Theodore Vail in submitting his annual report to the stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company seems to me highly significant and auspicious. I have come across nothing, not even in the

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sane and luminous speeches and articles that one has grown used to expecting from Mr. James J. Hill, that struck me as more indicative of the growing enlightenment of the business world than this report of Mr. Vail's. It is a document such as a dozen years ago no American in his position, no "captain of industry" or "Trust magnate," would or could have penned. The American politician with any sense of the complexities and character of modern commerce is still something of a rarity. The American business man with any gleam in him of real statesmanship is perhaps rarer still. But it is impossible to read Mr. Vail's report without perceiving it to be impregnated with the authentic spirit and vision of the broadest citizenship. For in it the head of one of the greatest corporations in the country accepts without demur the full doctrine of public control, while at the same time announcing his determination to make the enterprise under his management a "universal, interdependent, and intercommunicating" system, "like the highway system of the country, extending from every door to every other door." His frankly avowed aim, in other words, is to bring all the telephone exchanges throughout the country into a single organization, to eliminate competition as competition is ordinarily understood, and to build up a monopoly as wide as the Union. The process of combination, he prophesies, "will continue until all telephone exchanges and lines will be merged either into one company owning and operating the whole system or until a number of companies with territories determined by political, business, or geographical conditions, each performing all functions pertaining to local management and operation, will be closely associated under the control of one central organization exercising all the functions of centralized general administration." But, whatever may be the form of the operating organization, he recognizes that for legal purposes and the holding of franchises there is "bound to be some sort of subordinate State organization which will bring the business and property in each locality under the jurisdiction of the State in which it is situated and operated." All this, he believes, can be accomplished "to the reasonable satisfaction of the public and with its acquiescence, under such control and regulation as will afford the public much better service at less cost than any competition or Government-owned monopoly could permanently afford and at the same time be self-sustaining."

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It is hardly necessary at this time of day to point out that the public are far better served and their convenience is far more efficiently promoted when corporations dealing in what may fairly be regarded as necessaries of modern life obtain a complete control of the particular utility it is their aim to supply. A city in which half a dozen gas or electric lighting companies had the right to lay their connections through the same streets, in which the transportation system was split up among a number of disjointed and competing corporations, or in which rival telephone exchanges fought for an exclusive business and denied to one another any co-operation of facilities, would be a city that might better be described as a chaos. Apart from the proved impossibility of preserving real competition in such services, it is in every way preferable from the consumers' standpoint, from that of the public authorities, and from that of the corporations themselves that in any given area each public utility should be under a single control. Experience has demonstrated this so often and so completely that I doubt whether Mr. Vail's forecast of a telephone monopoly co-extensive with the Union will cause a single flutter of trepidation or foreboding in the mind of any reasoning man. A reasoning man is infinitely more likely to fix his mind on the problem of how this monopoly, touching, as it does, the daily lives of millions of Americans, is to be regulated and its opportunities, to say nothing of its probable propensities, for extortionate exploitation to be curbed.

It is here that Mr. Vail takes a decided step in advance of what one may describe as the common or Wall Street attitude. So far from opposing public supervision and control he welcomes it. He insists that just as "corporate organizations and combinations have become a permanent part of our business machinery," so public control or regulation of public-service corporations by quasi-judicial commissions has become a permanent part of our political machinery. He admits that the public have a large measure of reason on their side in being unfavorably disposed toward the Trusts and that "public utility corporations and other combinations have too frequently assumed that new laws and regulations were disastrous and ruinous without first giving them a fair trial." At the same time he protests against a wholesale condemnation of all corporations, and points out that legislators have "too often displayed an

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ignorance or disregard of existing laws, spreading the idea that new legislation was a cure-all for any undesirable condition while it was often only a political play, and the enforcement of the existing laws was utterly neglected." The consequences of this procedure have been bad, because "while business will adjust itself to any condition if given time and opportunity, sudden change of conditions will result in disaster to some interest, *but not, as a rule, to those at which the change was aimed.*" What Mr. Vail intends to imply in the words I have italicized is in part, apparently, that no one interest can permanently prosper unless all other interests are in a prosperous condition, and in part also that the large corporate combinations, "which often in popular opinion are supposed to be owned or wholly controlled by some one man or some few men," are, in fact, made up of thousands and tens of thousands of silent, scattered, obscure shareholders who are the real owners—though their ownership is often of a too passive and ineffective character—and whose interests are the first to suffer as the result of attacks by the legislatures or the courts. Mr. Vail has no doubts as to the superiority of private over public enterprise. "The combination of the promoter, investor, and capitalist, with their imagination, personality, optimism, and desire," he roundly and rightly declares, "has been at the bottom of every development of every kind or nature which has benefited the human race in the way of utilities and is still the only way in which new utilities can be developed. Whenever any great works have been undertaken by governments they have been on lines of old development, based on experience of that which has been developed by the persistent genius and application of some individual or group of individuals." But while private and personal initiative is the mainspring of progress, it should not on that account be left to work without restrictions. In a formula which, I conceive, both American statesmen and American business men would do well to digest, Mr. Vail declares that "the proper use of corporate organization or combination under proper regulation or control cannot be objected to."

But in what, it will at once be asked, is this "proper regulation or control" to consist? Mr. Vail indicates a clear and justifiable preference for permanent commissions of a quasi-judicial character over any kind of legislative body or committee. These commissions "can and should stop all

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abuses of capitalization, of extortion, or of overcharges, of unreasonable division of profits." They should also secure full publicity of accounts, insure to the public good service and fair rates, and to the investor a fair return on his outlay. Coming from a man of Mr. Vail's standing, this seems to me a very important declaration. It amounts to an endorsement of all or nearly all that its warmest advocates have claimed for the commission plan of dealing with public franchises; and there can, I think, be little doubt that it is in the utilization of such commissions to stand between the public authorities, on the one hand, and the corporations on the other, that the United States is destined to lead the world and to make the most valuable of all contributions to the problem of combining private initiative and enterprise with the due protection of public rights. Small, nominated, independent, judicial commissions, empowered to determine when and how and on what terms a franchise should be granted, to supervise the capitalization of the undertaking and inspect its books and plant, to receive complaints from consumers, to satisfy themselves that the quality of the goods supplied reaches a reasonable standard, and to settle differences of opinion between the public authority — whether municipal or State—and the corporation, would go a long way toward removing the disadvantages of corporate control over the public services and toward weakening the attractiveness of the demand for State or municipal or national ownership. It is especially worthy of note that Mr. Vail approves of granting each commission the power to determine whether the nominal capital fairly represents the actual cash invested. In the absence of this provision all other provisions for regulating public-service corporations have been proved to be well-nigh worthless. Nothing, indeed, so far as an outsider can judge, has done more to quicken the movement toward public ownership in the United States than the waterlogged condition of large numbers of the holders of public franchises. The one industrial miracle that is not possible nowadays is for a public-utility corporation to pay dividends on its inflated capitalization and at the same time to meet the constantly increasing demands of public opinion and of the local public authority and to reduce the cost or improve the character of its service.

But while the commissions would thus have ample powers not merely to correct but to prevent practically all the

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abuses that now attend the operation of public utilities by private corporations, Mr. Vail would not allow them to have matters too much their own way. The limits of the supervision which they ought to exercise are clearly laid down. It should be, in his judgment, a supervision that would stop short at "controlling" and "regulating" and not encroach upon the sphere of "management" and "operation," except for the purpose of fixing a certain standard of efficiency and economy. "State control or regulation," he says, "should be of such character as to encourage the highest possible standard in plant, the utmost extension of facilities, the highest efficiency in service, rigid economy in operation, and to that end should allow rates that will warrant the highest wages for the best service, some reward for high efficiency in administration, and such certainty of return on investment as will induce investors not only to retain their securities, but to supply at all times all the capital needed to meet the demands of the public, . . . State control of public utilities should not prevent progress, should be sufficiently unrestricting to encourage the introduction and demonstration of the value of any new or novel enterprise, and should allow sufficient reward for the initiative, enterprise, risk and imagination of the adventurers behind such enterprises. It should discriminate between the useful adventurers or promoters, pioneers in fact, and those pirates and sharks who, on the strength of other successes, extravagantly capitalize undeveloped ideas, and exchange the worthless securities for the savings of the deluded and credulous investors. Corporate control and restriction should always exist to a sufficient degree to prevent such speculative promoting and such stockjobbing schemes."

That is a statement of the case so sensible, moderate and direct as to meet, one would think, with universal acceptance. It may, however, be otherwise with Mr. Vail's further stipulation that the corollary to State control must be State protection. Yet sooner or later it will be recognized as both right and inevitable that when a public authority undertakes to supervise a corporation and justifies its action by pleading that competition has broken down, it should frankly and squarely assume the obligation of safeguarding that corporation against aggression from without. In setting out to protect the public it should not forget that it is equally bound to protect the investor. As. Mr. Vail says:

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"If there is to be State control and regulation, there should also be State protection—protection to a corporation striving to serve the whole community (some part of whose service must necessarily be unprofitable) from aggressive competition which covers only the part which is profitable. . . . A public utility giving good service at fair rates should not be subject to competition at unfair rates. It is not that all competition should be suppressed, but that all competition should be regulated and controlled. That competition should be suppressed which arises out of the promotion of unnecessary duplication, which gives no additional facilities or service, which is in no sense either extension or improvement, which without initiative or enterprise tries to take advantage of the initiative and enterprise of others by sharing the profitable without assuming any of the burden of the unprofitable parts, or which has only the selfish speculative object of forcing a consolidation or purchase. . . . State control and regulation, to be effective at all, should be of such a character that the results from the operation of any one enterprise would not warrant the expenditure or investment necessary for mere duplication and straight competition. In other words, the profit should not be so large as to warrant duplication of capitalization in the competition for the same business. . . . State control or regulation, to be effective, should, when exercised, be accepted and acquiesced in by the public. If all the decisions not in exact accord with the desire or contention of the public are condemned, if it is expected and required that all decisions be against the utilities concerned, if politics and political effect are to govern decisions, if decisions go for nothing, with, and are not respected by, the public—failure and disappointment are bound to follow, self-respecting men will refuse to act, the standard of appointments will fall, and State control and regulation will become a disgrace, and the evils which it was intended to correct will multiply."

The more one studies those wise and earnest words the more tempted is one to declare that they go down to the very heart of the whole problem, and that though primarily written in reference to one particular utility they embody principles which cover the entire area of the conflict between the corporations and the community. For the inferences that may fairly be deduced from Mr. Vail's Report and the implications that may fairly be read into it are (1)

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that the alternative is not, as it is usually stated to be, between public ownership and private ownership, but between public ownership and a better, an attainably better, system of private ownership than now commonly obtains; (2) that it is only in proportion as they welcome and co-operate with official regulation that corporations in the long run will be able to withstand the movement for their supersession by public ownership; (3) that a system of semi-judicial supervision, such as exists already in Massachusetts and a few other States—a system under which over-capitalization is forestalled, the cost and quality of the services rendered are regulated, and the piling up of unreasonable profits at the expense of the community is prevented—is a system of positive benefit alike to the consumers, the community, and the corporations; (4) that a recognition of the permanence and necessity of industrial combinations should go hand in hand with a recognition of the justice and propriety of Governmental control; and (5) that such control should avoid interference with the detailed problems of administration and management, and should keep always in view the duty of protecting the corporation and its stockholders and through them the community from wasteful and unproductive competition. The sincere acceptance of these principles, none of which is absolutely novel, most of which have been tested by experience, by the politicians, and by Wall Street, would go a long way toward reconciling the two forces that hitherto, greatly to the disadvantage of the country, have been kept, or have kept themselves, apart—the force of the best type of industrial leadership on the one hand, and of the best type of political leadership on the other. If that conjunction were once effected—and the trend of events seems to me to favor it—the difficulty of bringing the Sherman Act into line with modern developments would be over, there would be an end to most of the present talk on the merits and demerits of public ownership, and the infrequent visitor to the United States would no longer have occasion to comment on the rotatory inconclusiveness of American politics in their relation to American business.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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THE LATER WORK OF MR. KIPLING

BY BRIAN HOOKER

It is the common fate of minor authors to spring suddenly into popularity with a single volume, and, after struggling awhile with a favor higher than their powers deserve, to sink swiftly into oblivion. Of course this is in some sort the history of every reputation: even the greatest rise and fall upon successive waves of approval and distaste. But the favor of the great names vibrates in broader undulations whose periods are numbered in centuries; and from a little distance we seem to measure them against a motionless horizon. It is, therefore, rather curious that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, certainly the largest living figure in our literature, should seem in this regard to share the destiny of the least. We declare that he has done nothing really worth while since his residence in America; we cry aloud for more in his earlier manner, more of Mulvaney and Mrs. Hauksbee and those dusky multitudes whose hearts were strangely like our own; and failing of these, we receive each new volume with increasing disappointment.

Now the immediate success of an author commonly results either from his discovery of some new field or from some arresting note of personality in his style; as Bret Harte rose by discovering the West or as Mark Twain revealed conventional Europe through the eyes of his whimsically unconventional travelers. New tidings or a new voice attracts the public at once, while more conservative writers like Hawthorne and Stevenson must wait longer for attention. And in both these respects Mr. Kipling was singularly fortunate. He discovered India: he declared to us an unknown world to which we had long paid the mystic worship of romance: a world of swarming life and color, a world of fierce dreams and headlong deeds, where soldiers went about their business and civilians enrolled themselves against heroic

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labors, where our own people fought and danced and flirted among mysterious names in a civilization that meant antiquity to ancient Rome; and over all the passion of Oriental wantonness, the sense of swift joy and sudden death and old gods leering in the shadows. And of this new discovery he wrote in a manner equally new: a fascinating mixture of reserve and familiarity, a kind of sententious enthusiasm: he developed the boyish affectation of omniscience into an engaging assumption that the reader knew as much as himself; he spoke of a new world as one man of the world to another. The stories have the quality of being told over a drink and a cigar, confidentially, with that transparent heartlessness which dignifies the confidence of gentlemen; with an air also of inside information, a freemasonry to which the reader is initiated in the very act of recognizing his brotherhood. Of course this is largely due to the early stories having been written for an Anglo-Indian audience, to whom Mr. Kipling was proving that he also had lived in India; but he was artist enough even then to explain himself perfectly to the general reader without losing the tone of mere reminder and suggestion. Often this fondness for taking the reader into confidence would run the length of taking him into the workshop: the theme of a story would be frankly summarized at the beginning or the familiar "but that is another story" would mark the omission of an alluring irrelevance. More subtle than these was the device of telling a story from the inside in the author's own person as though it had been actually a casual experience; for thus the reader was as it were taken by the arm and led unawares into the very world of fiction. And most artful of all was the constant suggestion of more than was definitely told, so that the reader's mind leaped ahead of the printed words, rejoicing in its own agility. "His name was Saggott—Barr-Saggott—Anthony Barr-Saggott, and six letters to follow. His was a face to dream about and try to carve on a pipe-head afterward." "The colonel commanding had looked into the fourteen fearless eyes of seven plump and juicy subalterns who had all applied to enter the staff corps, and had asked them why the three stars should he, a colonel of the line, command a dashed nursery for double-dashed bottle-suckers who put on condemned tin spurs and rode qualified mokes at the hiatused heads of forsaken black regiments." Indeed, the whole first

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manner of Mr. Kipling may be summed up in the words Confidential and Suggestive. It would have been attractive even without originality, for as the ordinary reader detests being patronized or instructed, so he delights to feel himself the equal of wiser men. But it was original and to spare: there had been no such discovery of literary wealth since Walter Scott flung open the doorway of the Middle Ages, nor any voice of so arresting a freshness since the sordid maze of London was illuminated by the sympathy of Dickens.

Nevertheless, this charm of newness which was so strong an element in Mr. Kipling's first popularity could not in the nature of things long endure. New lamps grow old automatically through mere lapse of time; and in this Mr. Kipling was again fortunate that his first six volumes of stories were collected and published in a single year, so that their freshness made one effect unweakened by succession. But with the *Jungle Books* began an apparently sudden and sweeping change. The Jungle was indeed localized in India, but its commonwealth of talking beasts had no actual existence upon earth. People said that Mr. Kipling was momentarily writing for children, and waited for more. Then came *Captains Courageous, The Day's Work,* with its personified horses and machinery, and *Stalky & Co.,* with its lingering delight in the antics of schoolboys; and from this time on, the field of Mr. Kipling's work was cosmopolitan. There was no region upon earth but was filled with his labors; India appeared only upon occasion, and his preference seemed to be for materials of less general and immediate interest. He had written of war and love and death; now he wrote of animals and machines and children and the supernatural. And along with the change of matter went a change of manner at once deeper and less obvious. In the earlier work the whole force of the idea lies open upon the surface: nothing of *Without Benefit of Clergy* or *The Man Who Would Be King* escapes a first casual reading. But the later work is either less important or less superficial: we feel no very personal concern in the affairs of locomotives and wild beasts; if *Puck of Pook's Hill* is only about how a fairy made persons out of past ages talk to a couple of children, we may leave it for children to read. Mr. Kipling had always shown us his whole thought glaringly and at once; so, being disappointed in our first perusal of these books, we very naturally put them aside. Moreover,

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those stories which did not appear trivial did not easily appear at all: a casual skimming of *They* or *The House Surgeon* or *Mrs. Bathurst* yielded nothing but bewilderment; and in such cases, according to the immemorial custom of the multitude, we derogated what we did not immediately comprehend.

But Mr. Kipling's reputation depended from the first upon something deeper than mere originality; for that is at most only a temporary reason. It depended upon something deeper than mere craftsmanship; for that is at most only a reason for critics. But the public always judges an author primarily by what it somewhat vaguely and conventionally calls his message, and only secondarily by his art: it demands a view of life substantially agreeing with its own; fine artistry in the presentation of his view it merely prefers. Thus Dickens is more popular than Hawthorne, because the laughter and tears and gigantic charity of the one lie nearer the general heart than the delicate Puritanism of the other. Thus, if our taste be sufficiently refined, we appreciate Swinburne; but we agree with Tennyson in measure of our common sense. And thus Mr. Kipling did more than tell interesting stories in a clever way: he approached them from a point of view which we made eagerly our own; he said about things what we had all been vaguely trying to think about them: his Message, his Idea, his outlook upon life—his religion in the fuller meaning of the term—were singularly in harmony with the latent spirit of his time.

And this Idea may be most shortly expressed as a kind of cosmic *Esprit de Corps*. From the beginning he worships the Empire as some old Roman might have done, because it means to him law and order upon earth and men laboring honorably in their degree: he cannot conceive the man who rather than be second in Rome would be first in a little Iberian village, except with pity or contempt. Discipline is to him the one fulcrum strong enough and labor the one lever long enough to move the world; and the one place where a man may stand is that man's appointed station in the strategy of things. From the beginning it is this sense of organism which fascinates him in the army; for he feels humanity as an army enrolled under the banner of the world. This is for him the attraction of Freemasonry, that it represents the hierarchy of labor, which is a very different thing from the Labor-Union. That man-to-man attitude which we

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have noted as characteristic of his early manner is only a boyish delight in presenting his credentials of membership; and that boyish impatience toward women which belittles many of the early stories is another corollary of the same Idea. He is old enough to see that the work of many a man is hindered or destroyed by a woman, and not yet mature enough to understand how by women the whole world of striving men is held together. From the beginning, his heroes are the soldier, the administrator, the man of affairs, the woman who causes things to happen: such people as Mulvaney and Strickland and Reggie Burke and Badalia Herodsfoot and Mrs. Hauksbee. He treats as tragic or pathetic figures those who are in revolt or fallen from the ranks: like Holden or Love-o'-Women or Captain Gadsby. And he has nothing but scorn for the skulker, the egoist who whines at the rules instead of playing the game, and the reformer who sees in anarchy a short cut to the millennium. With all his breadth of sympathy he is never by any chance on the side of the outlaw. The same spirit is everywhere in the poems, from the *Recessional* and *The White Man's Burden* to the *Ballad of East and West* and the relentless portrait of Tomlinson, the irresolute flâneur unworthy even of hell.

Indeed, it may roughly and generally be said that in all his work Mr. Kipling has told but this one story of the victory of organization over anarchy: triumphantly or tragically or satirically, according to the point of view. Upon this pervading spirit more deeply and firmly than upon any temporary freshness the real public power of Mr. Kipling depends; for this, in so far as one dwelling among the trees may survey the forest, is also the very spirit of our time. You and I may or may not agree with it; but, right or wrong, the overwhelming majority in this age does hold by organization and authority, setting these things against creed or culture or personal desire, striking the R from revolution, despising the anarch and the shirker, and honoring above all others the strenuous workman at his task. And the whole century finds voice in Hans Breitmann's saying to the screaming ape in the cage, "You haf too much Ego in your Cosmos"; or in that ringing reply of Otheris when reminded of his right to report the officer who had struck him in a fit of nervous anger: "My rights! 'Strewth A'mighty, I'm a man!"

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Now the fundamental change from Mr. Kipling's earlier to his later work is simply the development of this Idea from an instinctive mental attitude into a mature and thoughtful philosophy. Whatever superficial changes we recently condemn are, for better or for worse, natural corollaries of this development. Thus the casual objection to *Captains Courageous* was that at best it was only the adventures of a boy in a Gloucester fishing schooner; but the whole point of this boy's story is that it is the story of the making of a man. It deals with the development of an offensive little monkey through toil and discipline into an honorable worker: with the forging of self-importance into self-respect. Thus the *Jungle Books* were stigmatized as fables for children; but for grown people they are also parables informed with the deepest and keenest satire; and the Idea behind them is the Jungle Law. Other writers had used the affairs of animals to point an allegorical moral or adorn an atavistic tale; only Mr. Kipling has imagined an organic commonwealth of beasts to symbolize the organism of all mankind. And while the children are following the mere story, their fathers may read into the Wolf Pack the history of Rome or Athens or England, understand chivalry in Bagheera or scholarship in Baloo, and see in the Monkey People the Latin race, the South-American Republics, or the futility of their own souls.

> "Here we sit in a branchy row,
> Thinking of beautiful things we know—
> Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
> All complete in a minute or two;
> Something noble and grand and good,
> Won by merely wishing we could.
> Now we're going to—never mind,—
> *Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!*"

In the transition period between his earlier and later work this spirit, fermenting toward philosophy, froths into pure parable. The tales of animals and machinery centered about the *Jungle Books* and the *Day's Work* are direct expressions of that Idea which had previously been his instinctive point of view. *The Maltese Cat* is a good polo story, but it is not about polo: it is about Playing the Game, which, to the modern mind at least, is no trivial subject. There is more in *.007* and *The Walking Delegate* than fanciful conversation imputed to horses and locomotives, more

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even than depths of stratified satire; for the one is the ceremony of the *toga virilis*, the initiation into the brotherhood of men, and the other is the whole modern attitude toward what was formerly called the Curse of Adam. And *The Ship that Found Herself* strikes yet more deeply and directly at the core of things. A new iron steamer, the *Dimbula*, sets out upon her first voyage through an Atlantic storm; and at once every individual part of the huge and intricate structure protests its own personal displeasure. The deck beams quarrel with the capstan for straining at its bolts; the stringers threaten to take steps unless the deck beams desist from heaving and hiking; as the screw races between waves the engines cry out for justice, and the screw retorts, "I can only give you what I get." In the cold and the darkness innumerable rivets encourage one another to hold fast and ask no questions. At last each part learns how to yield a trifle to the strain of the rest and thereby do his own work the better; and as the buffeted vessel labors into port a big new voice says, slowly, "It's my conviction that I have made a fool of myself." "Who are you?" the steam asks. And the new voice replies: "I am the *Dimbula*, of course. I've never been anything else." Here is something beyond a clever fantasy wherein bits of steel and iron are amusingly characterized, and something equally beyond the narrowness of allegory. No matter whether we take the ship to mean microcosm or macrocosm, the individual soul, the ship of state, or the plunging universe: it is the theory of it all that matters—the idea of triumphant harmony and discipline through experience, and the individual at his highest in perfectly partaking of the labor of the whole: and here is Mr. Kipling's Theory in the literal sense of the word—his vision of God. He sees Creation as a vast organism of beauty and irony and endeavor, linked by the law of cause and effect, and swung steadily toward a Nirvana of relationship through the resultant force of myriads laboring each in his degree. Neither could this Idea have been so immanently and comprehensively set forth in any less parabolic form; for it is the law of all art that symbolism varies inversely as complexity. The story of Tom Jones tells more about Tom Jones; but the fable of *Everyman* tells more about every man. You can paint a realistic picture of a single street; but to portray the whole city you must become a nature-faker and take a bird's-eye view. So

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The Ship that Found Herself is essentially the same story as *Captains Courageous* or *The Elephant's Child;* only the first is a globe, the second a marine painting, and the third, in the author's own delicious phrase, "an inciting map." It is no object of the present essay to dispute over the appeal of Mr. Kipling's parable stories to indisputable taste. We may object to them quite unanswerably upon the ground that we do not like parables or that we prefer his voice to his meaning; but if we are to object to them as trivial in theme or improbable in literal detail we had better begin by condemning the *Sower* and the *Unjust Steward.* They are at least the natural and necessary expression of the working of that spirit within him which inspired his original popularity by making him the spokesman of us all.

And this religion of Laws and Orders, this spirit of organism flavoring his work from the beginning, fermenting into the parables of the transition period, has in the later volumes settled down into a clear and active principle pervading everything he writes. The sugar in him is largely transmuted into alcohol; and it is no great wonder that the children and the teetotalers among his readers are startled by the manlier taste. Since *The Day's Work,* it is not merely that a certain point of view determines the perspective of nearly every story: each volume or group of kindred stories fills a definite position in the scheme of his philosophy. *Stalky & Co.* deals with the boyhood of those empire-builders whom we had already known as men: it shows his earlier heroes in the making. The same attitude which turned the wildest vagaries of Mulvaney to the taming of an elephant or the performance of a Hindu miracle shows in the escapades of Stalky and his friends their real training toward maturer use. And most of us who have had real education realize how much of it, both in schooling and in life, was, so to speak, outside the curriculum or even in what we intended for revolt. Certainly, whatever limits of suggestion we assign to *Stalky & Co.,* there can be no mistake in imputing this underlying system to *Kim.* Mr. Kipling has written much of India before, a touch here and a detail there, magnified fragments of the design; but now he brings the whole pattern into view at once, taking all India to be his subject. The very picaresque formlessness of the story is (as in the case of *Vanity Fair*) the means of bringing before the reader a cross-section of life in its bewildering inclusiveness and in-

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tricacy. We follow the story of Kim, wondering a little at its deliberate development, until through his widening eyes we behold the galaxy of scattered lives and deeds and characters patterning itself like stars fitting into a constellation, and realize that it is not only the story of Kim, but the story of India seen as a vision of the Wheel of Things through the eyes of a player of the Great Game. *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* go back into the making of England in the same way that *Stalky & Co.* goes back into the boyhood of the Englishman. As with the two *Jungle Books,* the first volume presents a coherent series of tales developing the theme, and the second a collection of corollaries; and the two volumes together form, perhaps, the most significant history of England ever written, for they deal with human causes and effects where the ordinary history deals with wanton actualities. In this regard, of course, the historical novel is always truer than historical fact. But a historical novel to cover the scope of these two volumes must have been twenty volumes long. The selective structure of Mr. Kipling's history, with its transparent supernatural machinery made frankly childlike for the sake of unobtrusiveness, is the only method whereby so extensive a theme could be made vivid within reasonable space. One may disagree with his interpretation of history; but to sniff at it as fictitious or fanciful is to despise the picture for its frame. And the *Just-So Stories* furnish a satisfying answer to the notion that more may be read in or out of literature than ever entered the author's mind. They were written, of course, for fun, to amuse children; yet even in these whimsical fancies of his relaxation the artist does not step off his own shadow. He is manifest in everything he makes, even when he is only making fun. The Butterfly that stamped was unconsciously setting in order Solomon's house as well as his own; one must be wholly childish not to recognize the strenuousness of Old Man Kangaroo, the egoism of the Camel, and the stoic dignity of the Cat. Moreover, the symbolism of these figures inheres precisely in the fact of their not being in the least allegorical, but a very camelious camel and a singularly catty cat. Allegorical figures like Tegumai and his daughter can only mean how the alphabet was made; but the Cat that Walked by Himself means all that a real cat may mean. Doubtless Mr. Kipling made no special effort to embody these deeper suggestions; but we need not therefore

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suppose that an effect is produced without a cause. Grapes are not gathered from thorns nor figs from thistles, and whatever came out of his mind was that which was in it. Everything he writes is somehow or other an expression of his Theory, simply because it is a theory of everything.

But along with this fundamental change in the material of the work went a change in style and method which, lying nearer to the surface, was probably the more productive of popular disfavor. Though the later stories dealt with greater themes, yet some of them displeased by sheer simplicity of substance; as here and there a wise and cultured reader will refuse to look at any tale about animals. He will not bother with beasts, and there is an end of it. But other stories, and those the most important, met with the objection of obscurity: there might be more in Mr. Kipling than before, but it was harder to get it out. This was partly because his earlier trick of being confidential with the reader grew with maturity into a sincere and occasionally misplaced confidence in the reader's worthiness. When he says, "You can see from their names that Nafferton had the race advantage over Pinecoffin" it is a mere flattering mannerism. You cannot see anything of the sort; but inasmuch as their genealogies have been carefully explained in the preceding sentences, you feel as if you could. To say, "Slowly she leaned forward and traced on the rug the figure of the Egg itself" demands, even in its context, some knowledge of Buddhism and a certain amount of real thinking. Partly also the additional demand upon the reader comes from the development of that habit of suggestion which has always been characteristic of Mr. Kipling. From the first he spurs the imagination toward details; but in certain of the later stories it is the details which are given and the whole point of the story which is suggested; and this calls for harder work. My own first reading of *Mrs. Bathurst,* for example, left me with only an irritating curiosity as to the definite course of events between Vickery and the Heroine; after some re-reading, I reflected that the tragedies of real life generally appear to us as this one appeared to Pyecroft and his associates—in broken flashes and fragments to be fitted wonderingly together; later on I saw the necessity for the indirect method — that an astoundingly unusual character like Mrs. Bathurst or Ligeia or Dr. Jekyll can only be depicted through its effect upon other characters. No human

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writer can compass its direct portrayal, just as no actor can adequately play King Lear. At last I looked (as I should have done at first) into the imaginary quotation at the beginning; and then I saw the idea—that a Helen or a Cleopatra arises by chance in Greece or in Egypt or in an Australian tavern, and the terrible glamour of her falls with one tragedy upon king or clown. Of course the story really contains all these impressions and much more: there is no finishing it, for re-reading delves endlessly into depth under depth of human implication; and it is utterly by virtue of the suggestive method that so much becomes compressible into so short a tale. Expressed any otherwise the thought itself would be something else and something less; for there are some tales which to tell wholly is to leave their greater part untold.

And a comparison of *Traffics and Discoveries* and *Actions and Reactions* with their earlier counterparts will illuminate in every case the same distinction: that the later tales make a greater demand upon both reader and writer. *Without Benefit of Clergy* is perhaps a more immediate and moving tragedy than *Mrs. Bathurst;* but it is at best only tragedy of chance. The fate of Holden and Ameera was no consequence either of their characters or of their relation: it might have happened as well to any ordinary English or native family. *The Mark of the Beast* is as vividly supernatural as *They;* but the passing of its first thrill of horror leaves nothing more to be discovered. *The Story of the Gadsbys,* with its brilliant confusion of broad farce and broader pathos flung formlessly about a boyish heresy, is delightfully easy to appreciate; but its author had much to learn before he could write *An Habitation Enforced:* womanhood, and the power of peace, and the worth of common wisdom, and the art of the engraver. The fun of *My Lord the Elephant* lies patent to sheer sense of humor; to get the full flavor of *The Bonds of Discipline* you must understand French as well as English, the traditional attitude of the two nationalities toward each other, and the mechanics and organization of a modern navy. To demonstrate all this is not in any wise to coerce popular opinion: in their lesser kind the early stories are perhaps better, certainly as good; and the proverb about leading a horse to water makes no exception of the Pierian Spring. We may refuse to read about beasts and machinery, though they symbolize a great Idea; we may decline to

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decipher palimpsests of implication even for the reward of understanding. There is, as Mr. Kipling would say, no Order that we shall do these things. We may take our choice. But as we also pay our money, we are within our rights in going further and demanding the sort of literature which we prefer. Only it happens that Mr. Kipling is also perfectly justified in refusing our demand: the public has in this matter the power of legislation and the artist the privilege of the veto; and each may be upon occasion wholly right in opposing the other. Thus beyond question Rossetti did rightly to bury his sonnets and wrongly to recover them: there was more in them than a man and a lover should have spoken save to one only. But that is no reason why we should not rejoice that they were rescued for literature and for us. Now Mr. Kipling's early work is done and printed and we possess it; and he does well to go on discovering new worlds to conquer instead of pleasing contemporary popularity by doing over again what he has once thoroughly accomplished. It is always the mark of the second-rate artist to repeat contentedly a first success, to work a single vein beyond the point of diminishing return. The effect of an artifice weakens by habit like the effect of a drug, and the artist ceasing to grow begins that instant to decay. There is no gift so great but it must blunt itself upon monotony. But the greater artist will go steadily on saying one thing after another as well as he can, exhausting one branch of his craft only to discover and develop the next. This Mr. Kipling has done, and in the doing has become from year to year a wiser poet and a more artful craftsman. In maturing into a Theory the spirit which was born in him he has sought out many inventions; and it will be time enough to complain that he has written himself out when he begins repeating himself to suit our pleasure. Whatever may be his absolute rank as an artist, whatever future generations may decide of that worship of collective Law and Labor, that un-Christian catholicism which is the real religion of our own, there can be little doubt that Mr. Kipling's work is its most typical and comprehensive expression. On many lands and seas, upon the strange borders between life and death and dream, out of the mouths of babes and beasts and among all sorts and conditions of men, he has shown us the workings of that vision of things by which we choose presently to live.

BRIAN HOOKER.

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THE POET AUGUSTE ANGELLIER

BY ERNEST DIMNET

THE life story recently cut short of Auguste Angellier does not take long to tell. A son of humble parents, he begins life on a very small scale as an usher at the Lycée Louis le Grand, Paris. The *History of English Literature*, by Taine, gives him a mind to read Shakespeare in the text. He goes to England, where he pursues the same modest occupation, returns to France to serve in the war with Germany, passes the regular examinations, and becomes a professor of English first in one or two Parisian lycées, later at the Lille University, and in 1893 publishes two remarkable volumes on Robert Burns which place him at the head of European Anglicists. About that time he comes into a large fortune and without giving up his chair leads the life of a dilettante. He has always been passionately fond of art and large collections gradually crowd the three houses he possesses in Paris, Lille, and in his native town of Boulogne. He travels extensively and spends his winters in a sequestered Provençal nook. In 1896 he publishes his first volume of verse, *À l'Amie Perdue,* a love-story in two hundred sonnets which strikes a few experts as a rare achievement, but does not reach the general public and leaves the opinion-making critics in doubt. The author is a provincial professor only known by two huge volumes on some minor English poet; he is forty-seven years old and has never been seen in a fashionable literary circle; he does not belong to any school and is trumpeted by no coterie. So the most favorably impressed speak of him with the reticence of uncertainty and the half-suppressed smile of Parisian superiority. Five more volumes appear at various intervals, and cause the same astonishment without materially changing the universal indifference except in England, where the Clarendon Press publishes in 1908 a selection of his

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poems. Even in 1909, when no less a critic than M. Faguet makes up his mind at last to devote to Angellier a long article in no less a periodical than the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—an unprecedented honor—the old smile and the slightly patronizing air are still visible, and the average reader is naturally more influenced by the reservations than by the praise. Yet the small band of real lovers of poetry have felt the strength and originality of the unknown professor, they realize that professor or not, provincial or not, he strikes them as few of even the greatest do. Year after year one meets more unprofessional amateurs who recite Angellier's verse as that of a classic, and that invisible wave of fame spreads so much that when the poet dies on February 28th of the present year—without a single paper having mentioned his illness—the whole press is full of affirmations of his genius, and one hears on all sides that if he had chosen to contest M. Henri de Régnier's recent election to the Académie Française his success would have been certain. Once more the melancholy truth that poets ought to die twice is verified. Everybody feels that Angellier is the poet of to-morrow, not of yesterday, and knows that he is one of whom France will always be proud.

The patronizing air which, as I said above, some Parisian critics thought it elegant to adopt when speaking of Angellier was fast making room for a respect not unmingled with awe when the poet died. His friends—at their head the well-known M. Ribot—had prevailed on him a few months before his illness to stand for the Académie Française, and he had begun to call on a few members and on the chief writers who had noticed his poems. Many an infallible literary magnate must have felt an amused curiosity when the card of the poet was brought in and experienced a different and somewhat uncomfortable sensation when the visitor had been a few minutes in the room. Those who have not known Angellier personally will never realize his power completely, and of those who have known him personally none was ever heard to say that he had met with a more impressive individual. He looked tall, though he was not, so well poised was his fine dark head on athletic shoulders. Like Stevenson, he would pass in his way of dressing from bohemianism to refinement, but there was not in him the least trace either of rusticity or conventionality. His most sympathetic critic, Professor Legouis of the Sor-

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bonne, says admirably that "*il se séparait du peuple moins par le raffinement que par l'intensité.*" In fact, he reminded one forcibly of his own description of Robert Burns in the fashionable Edinburgh society. Everything in him was remote from vulgarity, but he might have been one of those delightful artists who started life as artisans. Simplicity, however, is a word that would ill apply to him. His face generally wore a good-natured, whimsical smile which the least opportunity could change to a hearty laugh, but his deep-searching eye bespoke a reader of character, and it did not take much acquaintance with him to find out that he was easily moved to contempt if he discovered pretence or affectation.

His conversation was extraordinary. A year or two ago the present writer took Professor Bliss Perry to see him. Angellier had a vast knowledge of English literature and knew the English language to its subtlest niceties. But he had the French difficulty in speaking a foreign tongue, and it was a common joke among his pupils that when he went to London he asked the porter at Charing Cross if he could not speak French. Mr. Bliss Perry can bear testimony that, in spite of this disadvantage, his interlocutor struck him as one of the very few men who say constantly what they mean and all that they mean. He did not say clever things. In fact, though he was full of humor, he used to speak of wit as an inferior gift. His originality consisted less in novelty of point of view or expression, but rather in approaching ideas as a very intelligent child might, invariably by their most obvious aspect and never giving them up until he had scrutinized every dark corner of them. He was full of freshness and curiosity long after his hearers felt it would be useless for them to go further into the subject he handled. Truth, lucidity, and certitude were the objects of his impassioning search. He discussed in the same manner whatever seemed worth his while. Those who have heard him read Shakespeare will not easily forget how much he saw and made you see in an apparently puzzling metaphor.

His own speech was full of comparisons and metaphors which he evidently did not introduce as brilliant ornaments, but as they ought always to be, as illustrations. When one tried to remember what he had said those striking similes would rise by the dozen in the memory, but for the rest one preserved little more than a recollection of utterances arrest-

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ing, though natural, and subtle, though perfectly clear. A few experiences convinced one that there was little chance of seeing anything in a question he had not seen and every likelihood of his pointing out important issues which one had left unnoticed. The effect was not always good. Some people would copy his metaphors instead of taking pattern by his intellectual honesty; others were paralyzed in his presence or even out of his presence by the haunting consciousness of their inferiority. Nobody who had met him once, no matter if he held the rod of the critic in the most formidable paper or magazine, felt tempted to think of him as the timid provincial professor and poet who needed protection. Readers of his introduction to the second volume of his work on Burns must have the same impression. When this book appeared in 1893, Taine was the unquestioned master of literary criticism, and his mechanical explanation of the works by their milieus was a dogma with ninety-nine in a hundred historians of literature. No grave nonsense about heredity and environment was heard as soon as this refutation of Taine's formulas and vindication of the complexity of nature became better known. Angellier's attitude was constantly respectful when he approached the opinions of the really great and good, but it implied no less constantly a firm resolution of coming at the truth and nothing daunted him.

His erudition was amazing. Apart from English literature, he was an authority on various departments of art criticism; had written a book on Henri Régnault and had materials for another on Holbein; he had a familiarity with the classics which his verses betray in every line; he had read the philosophers and had an illuminating way of summing up their doctrines in every-day words, and from an accidental dip into journalism when he was twenty seven or eight had preserved an interest in contemporary history.

A man with an encyclopædic learning, a passion for accuracy, and an obviously critical mind does not, as a rule, turn to poetry. When Angellier produced his first volume of verse at the ripe age of forty-seven there was considerable surprise even in his immediate circle. He had published in his early youth in obscure periodicals some fifty or sixty poems which nobody knew of and to which he never alluded and even his colleagues at the university were taken aback. He was a man of fine sensibilities, he loved nature,

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and was a great haunter of beautiful or solitary places. He could be gentle to the utmost delicacy and his taste was for the refined and the noble in everything. In expression he was coarse and intense. Yet there was something in him which suggested the philosopher, and especially the ancient philosopher rather than the poet.

Our notion of the poet is deeply romantic and, in spite of the classical reaction, tends more and more to become identified with that of the artist, painter, or musician. When we hear the word poetry our mind ranges immediately between Shelley and Musset and frames an idea of an ultra-sensitive being given up to uncontrollable emotions, acting upon uncontrollable impulses, generally instinctive, and even feminine.

Angellier was totally irreducible to that notion. He had been violent and almost indomitable in boyhood and did not like things to run contrary to his wishes, but he was a man of almost unruffled serenity. He had a wonderful power of transmuting the rather second-rate fortitude of "it will be the same in a hundred years" into the pure gold of wisdom. He saw everything in the light of the eternal and universal. Even emotions—his own as well as those of others—he could treat as primarily accountable to reason. Nothing is more received as a poetical principle than that sentiment and even sensation are their own justification. The modern poet, whenever he feels moved, loses no time controlling his emotion, and our lyricism is largely made up of evanescent states of consciousness caught in elusive words. When the initial germs of such poems are examined they often resolve themselves into contradictions or delusions or so thin realities that they may be looked upon as non-existent. Angellier had that in common with all the classicists that he would not be duped by his own emotions any more than by current prejudices. He had suffered and he had enjoyed, but his sorrows and pleasures were as distinct and familiar to him as intellectual notions. One felt that he could and did discuss them inwardly so as to remove all danger of fallacy. Yet in spite of this intellectualism, he was spontaneous and almost child-like, and one felt that his sources of emotion were inexhaustible. He had in him all the contradictions of socratism; he had a sensual nature with a high and pure mind; he was a stoic with a streak of epicureanism too often visible in his smaller

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songs; he was serious to sternness and often rabelaisian; harsh in his judgments even with his best friends and yet loving as a brother.

As he grew older he became less of a pure intellectualist without losing his serenity. The love drama recorded in *À l'Amie Perdue* made him realize the superiority of duty and sacrifice over mere passion and gave him the bravery worthy of Corneille — and recalling him much more than Vigny—which raises some of his poems to a height of nobleness. About the same time the Dreyfus affair, in which he distinguished at once the judicial case of an individual from the vast coalition of appetites and interests which used it for its own purposes, confirmed him in the principles of order which were natural to such a mind and gave a more practical touch to the speculative interest he had taken so far in politics. He was a patriot and began to fight the internal enemies of his country as he had fought the Germans thirty years before. Another change gradually took place in him. He had given up Christianity at the age of thirteen or fourteen on hearing "such arguments," he used to say, "as one may hear in a roadside public house," and since then had kept aloof from it, though he loved the "beautifully woven" lives of truly religious people. He was not troubled with metaphysical problems and placed—with curious insistence—his hopes of immortality in the survival of some of his poems. By degrees he lost this indifference; Christianity appeared to him, as to many other agnostics, at least a social necessity. This was raising the problem of morals and Angellier took the great step of viewing it from the side of the presence of goodness rather than of evil in the world. He became interested in the latest theological movements, and the present writer remembers the keen attention and the power of assimilation with which he followed an exposé of Father Tyrrell's posthumous book on *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*. Some weeks before his death he asked for the rites of the Church with the simplicity and resoluteness which had marked all his life, but long before his illness he had begun to express even in his poems a faith in personal immortality. If he had lived a few years longer there is little doubt that his inspiration would have taken on a warmth and glow which stoicism can never know. As it is, Angellier remains one of the very few moderns who have thought and often felt as the ancients with a power

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that can only belong to the rarest natures, and it is in this light that his works must be studied.

Such a man, living so independent and solitary a life, could not, needless to say, belong to a school. Angellier had read the poets—he bought every volume of verse that came in his way and used to say that he often found gems in the heaps of trash—but he imitated none. There is a likeness between him and Ovid, Ronsard, and Chénier—three whom he particularly appreciated, but the likeness was natural, not acquired.

He could hardly be, either, a pure lyricist of the Shelley type, and this is one of his limitations as well as one of his good points. His mind was always ready to rise to a height, but it was a lofty, not a soaring mind. In fact, he thought in verse exactly as in prose. He used to say that his writings in prose were so conscious and considered that he could tell the connection of his ideas before writing as if he had seen them already on paper, while his verse revealed itself to him much as a picture appears when the dust is gradually wiped away from it. But his casts of thought were the same whether he was conscious of them or not. In his poems, as in his conversation or in his meditations, he is a leisured contemplator and inquirer, a painter and an analyst, endowed with a gorgeous imagination and an extraordinary power of searching a thought to its inmost recesses. He is not unlike Balzac, whom I was more than once rather shocked to hear him place above Shakespeare. He has the same deliberate manner of approaching a subject and the same aversion to giving it up until he has scanned its every aspect. He is a great describer. Whether the subject of his description is the soul or inanimate nature or both at the same time, he sees everything and makes you see it. The most striking instance will be furnished by a poem in a volume which he had quite ready for publication and entirely printed long before his death, but which his indifference to public suffrage had made him keep in his desk for nearly two years. This poem—a piece of five or six hundred lines—is entitled the *Opale,* and is the minutest, the most patient, and the most graphic description not only of the evanescent reflections in the stone, but of the ever-disappointed and ever-renewed efforts of a man to discover the mysterious center of the opal, what the poet calls its secret. The psychological analysis of the man is as human in its untiring perseverance

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as the description of the stone is pictorial. This poem is a "*tour de force*," and though it symbolizes the author's peculiar tone of mind it does not represent it. Angellier seldom seeks difficulties. On the contrary, he has the true poetic liking for the old inexhaustible commonplaces. Take his volumes one after the other, their themes are as elementary as can be. *À l'Amie Perdue* is the lament of a man who had never known what true love meant and loses his inspiration; *Le Chemin des Saisons* consists entirely of descriptions and love songs; the two volumes of Dialogues in the series entitled *Dans la Lumière Antique* are devoted to the simplest subjects: love, art, the essential sadness of life, war, patriotism; the two volumes of *Episodes* in the same series offer every-day scenes of ancient life and are crowned by a masterpiece, the semi-elegiac, semi-dramatic theme of a mother who has lost her child. But there is not a single hackneyed thought or phrase in those thousands of lines, and they are full of numberless notations about man and nature of which few others would think and which widen the reader's vision as a fairy guide to the world.

This deep and original re-reading of the universe would at first sight give Angellier some relationship with the English metaphysical poets whom he knew well and enjoyed following through their meanders, but his sensuousness places him entirely apart from them. His poems are as full of imagery as his conversation was rich in metaphors. He hardly ever conceived an idea without perceiving the graceful garment becoming it, as every beautiful scene or object in nature struck him at once as a symbol. I wish I could have space enough to quote two poems in *Le Chemin des Saisons*, one entitled *L'Habitude*—in my opinion immeasurably superior to the poem of Sully-Prud'homme on the same subject—in which every line describes the effects of habit in soft, soothing metaphors; and another—*Les Chrysanthèmes*—describing an autumn garden in terms suitable to a lonely life. His wealth and at the same time rarity of illustration recall Keats, another of his favorites about whom he wrote a remarkable book, the only fault of which is that it is in Latin. Discursive as he is, he is never rhetorical, thanks to the beauty of his images and his constant recurrence to human feelings. A strong instinct brought him back incessantly to the truly vital. His poems on love, on patriotism, and on war are in dialogues, and his last book, *Dans la Lumière*

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Antique, Episodes, as well as the yet unpublished volume, are eminently dramatic.

The philosophy underlying Angellier's poems is naturally that of the man who seemed to have taken as his motto the "*Nil humanum a me alienum.*" Its aspects are various and not uniformly pleasant. The two poles of his nature were evidently the indulgence of the epicurean and the somber courage of the stoic, and he passes from one to the other with disconcerting rapidity, but the stoic in him constantly gets the better of the epicurean. His healthy, unconscious sensuality disports itself in hundreds of songs, but it is the play of one summer hour. Angellier had the deepest contempt for those strange products of civilization to whom sexualism is a haunting consciousness: only he thought life too short and miserable to discard any pleasure it might offer. These songs often border on the most delicate sentiment. Nobody has found so much to see and love in the blue of a woman's eyes. Five or six of the sonnets in *À l'Amie Perdue*—the one beginning

> "Les caresses des yeux sont les plus adorables,
> Elles apportent l'âme aux limites de l'être"

is a wonder of subtle thought and subdued music—and many scattered passages in the longer poems had not exhausted his treasure of perceptions in this respect. Love, pure, mysterious, and inexplicable love is not far from this enjoyment of the spiritual charm of beauty. Angellier has often attained it. It fills the sequence *À l'Amie Perdue,* and its power is so great that it has changed the poet's stern bravery into resignation. It is probable that Angellier owed the seed of his tardy religious evolution to the woman who taught him the beauty of sacrifice.

This seed was years in maturing, and one may say that during the greatest part of his life Angellier was thrown back on the bitter cup of pagan philosophy. Sadness prevails in his works. He has called or dared death in several of his best short poems, and a long dialogue, in which one of the participants is a girl who might be a Greek sister of Schopenhauer, is a plea for annihilation. His most perfect myth—there are several in his works—is that entitled the "Sadness of Dawn." Dawn is not, as the Greeks thought, the joyous Eos. She is a melancholy deity who hesitates long each morning before unveiling the luminous globe she holds under her purple robes, and who, when at

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last she resolves to raise it above the universal misery, sheds such bitter tears that the whole world is made wet with them.

Pessimism certainly gave its color to Angellier's philosophy: love was uncertain and incomplete, life was full of sufferings—one's own and those of others; death, which he seems in one place to advise as the remedy, was, after all, only the final destruction; genius, beauty, virtue, happiness, all were doomed to perish in the universal shipwreck. From those somber ideas he found a relief in the endless contemplation of Nature which occupies probably two-thirds of his works, and, as I said above, in the last period of his life he sought a refuge against them in the energy of his patriotism and in the dawning certitude that courage and goodness must have their counterpart in some less wretched existence than the present one. But this is not enough to suggest hope and cheerfulness where so much is said about failure and mere dogged courage.

As an artist Angellier is not perfect. He has the faults of his qualities: he is too powerful and too sustained. His flights suggest not the prophetic lark, but the strong-winged hoverers who are more attentive to the earth than to the sky. One feels he could place himself in the poetic state almost at will, but never in this state as Socrates describes it. He is a philosopher gifted with an incomparable imagination, but he is no lyricist. The consequence is that he sees too much and occasionally says too much. He never drops a theme or an image until he has exhausted it. Sometimes his imagery is so rich that it bewilders. Often his period would be perfect if he did not perversely add a line which may be full of meaning, but impairs its balance. He wrote a little too much to please himself.

But all told he is as great a poet as he was a rare man. The only living French poet who does not shrink almost ridiculously when placed beside him is Richepin, whom he exceeds by all the loftiness of his thought. Nay, you can compare him not only to Sully-Prud'homme or Laprade or even Vigny, but to the very greatest—Hugo, Lamartine, Musset. He has not their inspiration, but his inspiration can be named along with theirs, and as an artist he has none of their defects. One may defy the subtlest critic to find a single line in all his works that was written because one line more was wanted. He may be the only modern French poet who gives his reader a sense of absolute security and repose.

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He has nothing to fear from the future. The qualities of fancifulness and airy musicalness which we somewhat desiderate in him are those which have been aped rather than attained in the productions of the last century and with the feeble imitations of which the public taste has been surfeited, while Angellier's classical soundness is the ideal toward which the best artists and the best judges are the most powerfully drawn. He had felt it himself, and the following are not the only verses in which he said it with the quick confidence we loved so much in him:

"Je ne partirai pas sans laisser quelques gerbes;
Et lorsque l'avenir vannera mes épis,
Peut-être mettra-t-il près de chants plus superbes
Mon hommage modique aux vieux murs assoupis."

ERNEST DIMNET.

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OPERA IN ENGLISH

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

In writing not long ago upon that far too acrimoniously debated subject, "Opera in English," a veteran observer of musical affairs in New York genially recalled the broad smile which, in the lamented days of the National Opera Company's struggles with lyric drama in the vernacular, used to overspread the audience when the impersonator of Lohengrin, in the course of the scene before the cathedral, pealed forth in stentorian song the deeply impressive words, "Elsa! with whom conversest thou?" A quarter of a century has passed since that memorable and ill-starred attempt to establish here opera in the speech of the people; yet it was only the other day that those who witnessed the production in Boston of Mr. Frederick S. Converse's opera, "The Sacrifice," heard one of the characters sing this line —a line prefaced and followed by music of characteristically modern intensity, "Captain Burton, my dear aunt wishes to see you." And who can forget that moment in Colonel Savage's English version of "Parsifal" a few years ago when the guileless hero repulsed the temptress in the garden with, "Pernicious one! Get thee from me!"

Now, it is undeniable that a prejudiced opponent (if there be any such) of the project of giving opera in the English language might not ineffectively dispose of the entire question by citing these three examples of how opera in English really works out in practice. The English-speaking Lohengrin whose words amused the National Opera Company's audiences was, beyond reasonable doubt, employing the best available English translation of Wagner's text; so was the English-speaking Parsifal. The lady in Mr. Converse's opera who bore a message from her aunt was speaking an original English text, devised by the composer himself for musical setting. Yet in each case that illusion of exalted

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speech which opera must maintain, if it does nothing else, was for a time rudely and utterly destroyed. For my own part, since I am anything but a prejudiced opponent of whatever ideals seem to make for æsthetic enlargement, I cheerfully grant that these instances are very far from proving the case against English opera: they simply show what it is capable of at its worst. Also they serve to point an essential distinction which should be made, but which seldom is made, by those who discuss this perennial question. They who talk of "opera in English" are apt to confuse two totally different things: operas written to original English texts, and operas sung with texts translated from the German or French or Italian into the vernacular. It is clear, of course, that we are dealing here with two separate matters; with ideals and ambitions that are by no means synonymous; with projects that differ widely in merit and in viability. It is one thing to long for and to promote operas written by American composers to English texts; it is quite another thing to long for and to promote the performance of operas by Wagner, Gounod, Puccini, with translated texts. Mr. Converse's "The Sacrifice" is one thing: a homogeneous product in which the music and the words (whatever their separate virtues) were made for each other; "Lohengrin" in English is a wholly different thing: an attempt to substitute for words that belong to Wagner's music, words that do not belong to it and that cannot be made to belong to it. There is bound to be futility in any discussion of "opera in English" which does not recognize that there are really these two distinct ideas included under the loosely applied title.

The plea that is most generally made for singing all foreign operas—whether German, Italian, Bohemian, French, Russian — with texts translated into English, is that it is highly desirable that American audiences should understand the words that are sung by Siegmund and Romeo, Tosca and Mélisande, Turridu and the Queen of Spades: that inasmuch as operas, whether foreign or native, are sung in the vernacular when they are performed in Paris or Berlin or Milan, it is absurd and anomalous to ask a New-Yorker to listen to "Aïda" or "Tristan und Isolde" or "Thaïs" sung in languages which he cannot understand; and that opera can never be truly "educational" unless this is brought to pass.

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Now there are so many fallacies, so many false premises, bound up in this indisputably plausible argument, that it is hard to disengage them all. The first thing that may be said in response to those who long for the advent of what may be called, for convenience, " Anglicized opera " (to distinguish it from English opera—that is, opera in which the original text is in the vernacular) is that its advent is not a thing of the future, but of the past. Every student of operatic history in America knows, if he takes the trouble to think back over the records, that Anglicized opera is an old story in this country. It has been tried again and again, as it doubtless will be tried again and again in the future. The American Opera Company tried it at the Academy of Music in 1886, and later tried it again as the National Opera Company. Oscar Hammerstein tried it at the old Manhattan Opera House in 1893. The redoubtable Colonel Savage tried it for years in Boston, in New York, in " the provinces," and we heard " Meistersinger," " Parsifal," " Walküre," in Anglicized versions. With Maurice Grau he tried it at the Metropolitan Opera House a decade ago. And it is still being tried. There are to-day companies giving meritorious performances of standard operas in the vernacular. It is true that that august institution, the Metropolitan Opera House, has not yet mounted any German, French, or Italian work in an Anglicized version; but it has been rumored that one of its affiliated organizations purposes to delight us next year with a spectacle already familiar to the more fortunate public of London—namely, a performance of " Tristan und Isolde " with English words. So it is not altogether easy to see why the champions of Anglicized opera should be cast down, or why they should go to the length of forming societies for the furtherance of their hopes. But they insist that they will not rest until it is no longer possible to hear in this country an opera sung in the language to which the music was written. If that is the way of musical salvation, well and good; but is it? Even the evangelists of the new faith admit that it has certain undesirable features, but they refuse to acknowledge the really grave objections that may be raised against it.

These objections fall under two heads—æsthetic and practical. The most serious of the æsthetic objections may be stated briefly thus: There is no such thing as a satisfactory operatic translation—and in using the epithet " satisfac-

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tory " I am exercising an exemplary moderation. Some are less heinous than others; but most translations of operatic texts, especially into English, are a source of genuine distress to any one who is able to understand the original. Music which is written to express a particular set of words cannot be made to express a quite different set of words. In the first place, it is almost impossible to devise a translation in which the verbal stress will be the same as that of the original; so that, as a result, the musical accent falls time and again upon the wrong words. Specific examples will make this clear. Wagner, in setting Venus's words near the close of the first scene of " Tannhäuser," " *Nicht halt' ich dir!*" naturally stressed the word *nicht,* setting it as a high and sustained G. In Lady Macfarren's translation (the standard one) this line becomes, " I hold thee not!" with the stress falling erroneously and absurdly on the " I." Or turn to the seduction scene in the second act of " Parsifal " and observe the grotesque misfit of Mr. Corder's English text, in comparison with the concise and exquisite conformity of Wagner's words and music, at Kundry's phrase, " *Der Liebe ersten Kuss.*" Of course the last word is the essential word, and Wagner has so treated it; but in Mr. Corder's English version its equivalent, " kiss," falls in an entirely different place and is sung to a comparatively subordinate note. Or, yet again, examine Mr. Henry G. Chapman's English text (one which is much above the average of its kind) to " Pelléas et Mélisande." " *Vous êtes un géant* " (Act I, Scene I) becomes, " A giant's what you are," which is not only feeble and foolish in itself, but is completely at odds with Debussy's accenting of the French words. Later (Act III, Scene IV), "*A propos de la lumière* " becomes, " 'Tis about the light or something," with the musical stress falling vapidly upon " or something " instead of upon *lumière.* Later still (Act IV, Scene I), Mélisande's words, " *Je te verrai toujours,*" become, " I shall always see you " with " see you " stressed instead of *toujours.* Examples could be multiplied indefinitely: there is scarcely a translated opera score that does not yield instance after instance of this sort of maladjustment.

In the second place, apart from the difficulty of devising a substitute set of words that will fit at every point the composer's scheme of musical accentuation, there is not only the formidable difficulty of preserving the actual sense of the

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original text, but the almost insuperable difficulty of preserving its connotations—its virtually untranslatable intimations of feeling and shades of fine significance. The English translators have naturally not been able to surmount these difficulties. Those who insist on listening to Wagner in English must be prepared to hear Wotan's "*Unverschämt und überbegehrlich macht euch Dumme mein Dank*" rendered as, "Shame devoid and shockingly covetous such conduct I call"; to hear Fricka's "*wonniger Hausrat*" rendered as "graces of home life"; to hear the "*Treuloser Holder! Seligste Frau!*" of Isolde and her knight declaimed as "Faithless enfolder! Blissfulest bride!" In "Carmen" they will hear Micaela in her prayer sing, "I'll speak in her face of my duty," instead of "*Je parlerai haut devant elle;*" and Don Jose will say, "'Tis she my heart is bent on," instead of "*Je la prendrai pour femme.*" In "Tosca" they will hear Mario's passionate ". . . *Tanto la Vita!*" sobbed out as, "So dear; no, never!"

Such fatuities are present in all operatic translations, even the best; in most of them they are rife. A man would need to be a musician and a poet of inspiration and fabulous skill in order to achieve the task of providing, say, "Siegfried," with a viable English text, let alone one that would give satisfaction to an appreciative lover of the original. The adherents of Anglicized opera do not appear to realize that the musical setting of a text is indissolubly bound up with the particular genius of the language employed by the composer. It is not alone the idea which is set by the composer; it is its crystalization into particular words which inspires him. Tristan's "*Ach, Isolde, wie schön bist du!*"—easily translatable though it is—loses something definite and precious as soon as one attempts to turn it into any language save German. And one cannot help pitying from the bottom of one's heart the plight of the translator confronted with the reiterated "*petit père*" of the child Yniold in "Pelléas et Mélisande"—"dearest father" is the best Mr. Chapman can do with it.

The question, then, naturally arises, Why go to such pains to achieve so disappointing a result? Is it fair to the composer? Is it conducive to a just appreciation of masterworks? Is it in any true sense "educational" to present a delicately adjusted combination of words and music in such a way that their relationship is distorted and their sig-

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nificance belied? Would it not be better to encourage the hearer to acquire a working knowledge of the few languages in which opera is usually sung in this country? Or he might resort to the simpler expedient of familiarizing himself with a translation of the libretto in advance. The answer is made that what is good enough for the Germans and the French and the Italians should be good enough for us; that if Berlin can stand "Carmen" in German, we ought to be able to stand it in English. But surely it is Berlin's misfortune, not its happiness, that it cannot, as we can, hear "Carmen" sung in the language to which it was composed. There is no other country in the world where one can enjoy the inestimable privilege of hearing most of the operatic masterworks as their composers intended them to be heard; where in one theater within one week it is possible to hear "Tristan" in German, "Aïda" in Italian, "Carmen" in French. Why, in the name of all that is enlightened, should we seek deliberately to impose upon ourselves the limitations of less fortunate peoples—to barter our unique advantage for the dubious privilege of hearing Micaela say, "I'll speak in her face of my duty"; of listening to Fricka while she tells of the "graces of home life" in Walhalla; of hearing, "So dear; no, never!" pealed to the strains of Mario's well-loved song of despairful reminiscence?

As for the practical objections to Anglicized opera to which I referred at the beginning, they may be very briefly set down. The first and most important is that the experience of a quarter of a century demonstrates beyond a doubt that the weightier and more influential portion of the opera-going public—the "paying" element—does not want to hear Anglicized performances of "Faust" and "Aïda" and "Lohengrin"; it very sensibly prefers to hear these works sung in the tongues to which they were composed. The second objection may be still more briefly stated: it is that, until singers of the first rank shall have learned the secret of lucid English diction, it would be a waste of time for them to attempt opera-singing in the vernacular, for most of those who have recently tried it have really settled the whole matter by being almost completely unintelligible. For what is the use of opera in English if the hearer does not know, except by information and belief, that it *is* in English?

Let us now consider the much more agreeable subject of

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English opera—operas composed to original English texts. Here is a matter that invites a hopeful attitude on the part of the musical publicist. Of course there is not the slightest question that the production of operas by native composers set to texts in the vernacular is a highly desirable thing. No one who is interested in the growth of a native musical art but would rejoice to see operas by American composers, sung in the vernacular, established in the regular repertoire of, say, the Metropolitan Opera House. But obviously, of course, you must first catch your composer, not to speak of your librettist. The story of native opera-making in this country reaches back to the eighteenth century, but not many of those now living can remember anything anterior to George F. Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle," produced at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1855, and W. H. Fry's "Leonora," given at the same house three years later. But we can all recall Mr. Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter," which he brought forward in 1896; and the exhibition of Mr. Converse's "Pipe of Desire" and "The Sacrifice," and of Mr. Herbert's "Natoma," are matters of very recent history. In none of these works is there the breath of life. Either by reason of weak or amateurish librettos or dull, derivative, mediocre music, they have fallen short of the standard which must be maintained if our native operatic art is to have anything more than a parochial interest and importance. It seems odd that it should need to be said, yet there are many who fail to perceive the glaringly evident truth that a poor opera is no better for having been composed by an American; and the works which we have recently had from Mr. Converse and Mr. Herbert have very little else to commend them save this.

It is pleasant to hope, it is possible even to believe, that there are now living in this country composers capable of producing effective and distinguished lyric dramas. There is no lack of available texts. Certain plays by Mr. Yeats, by William Sharp, by Stephen Phillips, for example, are admirably suited to operatic treatment. The English language, heedfully and poetically employed, is a noble and an eloquent vehicle for musico-dramatic speech. It is futile to attempt to make impressive operas with the kind of librettos used by Mr. Herbert in "Natoma" and Mr. Converse in "The Sacrifice." The effective and memorable English opera will contain no verse of the quality of Mr. Redding's

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"Gentle maiden, tell me,
Have I seen thee in my dreams,
I wonder?
When above my pillow
From the night fell starry gleams,
I wonder?"

nor such lines of dialogue as Mr. Converse's egregious "Captain Burton, my dear aunt wishes to see you." It will do no good for the composer who permits himself to accept such things to point a triumphant finger at the preposterous librettos of certain operatic master-works. "The Magic Flute" and "Trovatore" prevail, of course, despite their librettos, not because of them. It is absurd to suppose that the composer of to-day is justified in setting a weak or foolish libretto merely because Mozart and Verdi were indifferent or undiscriminating enough to be willing to do so. And, moreover, it is not easy to write music which, like theirs, can make us forget the poverty or silliness of its literary and dramatic subject-matter.

There is, then, the question of securing singers of the first rank who can make themselves understood in English. Doubtless they can be trained to do it. The process will be difficult, but it is not impossible of accomplishment. When an opera in the vernacular can be intrusted to singers who will enunciate the English text with the lucidity and intelligence exercised upon French by, for example, Maurice Renaud, English opera will seem a less elusive dream than it does at present.

As for the generous and patriotic men who control the destinies of our opera-houses, they have opened wide the doors and there are hospitable words upon their lips. Where are the composers who shall justify their enthusiasm and their faith?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE LEAVES OF THE TREE*

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

IV—BISHOP LIGHTFOOT

THOUGH Lightfoot was one of the most familiar figures of my early childhood, it never, strange to say, dawned upon me that he was a man of the least eminence, distinction, or even ability, till my early days at Eton, when he became, or I became aware that he was, a member of the Eton Governing Body. Up till that time he had been to me nothing but a sturdy, unimpressive, good-natured, and silent clergyman, who appeared at intervals in our family circle as unquestioned as the sun or moon. I had no idea where he lived or what he did, nor the faintest curiosity to inquire. I thought, I suppose, that he was a friend of my father's; but when he came, they never seemed to have anything particular to say to each other. The friendships of grown-up people are incomprehensible to children, because they seem so unintelligible and so dreary. The essence of a childish friendship is primarily that one should have some fun, and nothing resembling fun ever seemed to pass between my father and his oldest and dearest friend. I do not know what I should have thought if I had been told that, not so many years before, my father, with youthful irritation at the precision of "Joe's" packing arrangements, and the length of time that they consumed, had slipped up-stairs in my grandmother's house, where they were both staying, and inserted the tongs, poker, and shovel into Lightfoot's portmanteau, that on his return to Cambridge he might find himself in a position at once painful and ridiculous, and be wholly unable to explain his violation of the rites of hospitality. But no such human reminiscence ever reached my ears. The only thing that brought him down to our level, except the presents he invariably bestowed on us, was the

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fact that he could be counted upon at intervals to become involved in excruciating paroxysms of laughter, in which his cries took on a shrill quality, quite at variance with his ordinary utterance, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. I can just remember in 1868 a long coach drive in South Wales, to a watering-place where we were all going for a summer holiday, during which Lightfoot sate immersed in a small red book, refusing to look at the scenery, and every now and then bursting into helpless explosions of laughter. This lasted the whole drive. The book was *Alice in Wonderland,* which had just appeared. Again, I can remember his examining with an air of polite sympathy a series of very grotesque caricatures of my mother represented in various capacities by a girl cousin of ours. He passed over a design for a stained-glass window, in which she figured as a saint, with an internal quiver. But when he came to a design for an equestrian statue in the Georgian style, the horse pawing the air, supported by a heavy post, and my mother represented with a look of infinite disdain, holding an extended roll of parchment, the familiar sounds arose, while he ejaculated between the throes, "She has caught the features . . . and idealized them!"

But, as a rule, Lightfoot was noted for an imperturbable silence. It has been said that he was painfully shy, and would have given much to be able to join in social conversation. That was not the impression he gave: he seemed quite content to be silent, and appeared to be preoccupied. There is a story that late in his life an American lady, to whom he was unknown, said to him on the platform of a Scotch station, pointing to a distinguished ecclesiastic: "I am told that the Bishop of Durham is in this train. Can you tell me if that tall handsome man is he?" "No, ma'am," said Lightfoot, "the Bishop of Durham is very short and plain." There was no doubt about the truth of the description. Lightfoot was ugly, not with a repellent or grotesque ugliness, but with an honest and straightforward plainness. He had a strong cast in his eye, so that one was never quite sure what he was regarding. The lower part of his face was very heavy, with a great under-hung jaw and thick lips. He looked, and was, a man of extraordinary determination. His body was sturdy and clumsy, and his rather small and dapper legs and feet seemed disproportioned to his weight. But this did not detract from the fact that at a function he bore

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himself with a fine deliberate dignity, and had a stately uplifted look which gave one a sense of immense force and weight. But in ordinary life he was, as the rustics say, "no company." He did not even, as some silent people do, establish a sort of intimacy by kindly and humorous glances. He seldom looked at any one, and appeared unconscious of the presence of others. He always ate a hearty meal, and his habit of breathing only through his mouth added somehow to the sense of his solidity. He rarely spoke to us as children, yet he somehow contrived to give us a sense of great kindliness and even interest. I remember once, as an Eton boy, stopping him, as he came with his rather precise light walk down the aisle of St. Paul's, and not only receiving the warmest greeting, but being carried off to the Chapter House, where he lived, and being entertained at an abundant extemporized meal, with much silent good-will.

Lightfoot's friendship with my father began at school. He was born in 1828, the son of a Liverpool accountant, and after his father's death, his mother, who was the sister of J. V. Barber, the artist, migrated to Birmingham, her native town. Both my grandfather and Mrs. Lightfoot lived some little way out of Birmingham, and the two boys had an arrangement by which, on going in to school, the one who first came to a particular corner waited as long as he could, and if he went on alone was under a pledge to put a stone into a certain hole in the wall, to show that he had passed. Lightfoot was a popular humorous boy, extremely strong, but not athletic. The chief recreation which he and my father practised was to take immense pilgrimages on foot, on free days, to the surrounding towns and places of interest.

Lightfoot went up to Trinity in 1847, and read with Westcott, who was three years his senior; my father joined him a year later, and thus the triple friendship was formed.

My father and Lightfoot can hardly have been very normal undergraduates. They had certain fixed engagements. One was always to breakfast together on Sundays off a cold pie, and read the Fathers. I have lying before me as I write two thin books, bound in black leather, containing the services of the Canonical hours, from prime to compline, written out by the two friends—their handwriting was then strangely similar—and carefully rubricated with red initial letters. At least my father's copy has the initial letters. Lightfoot's copy has a few, but the task of mere ornamenta-

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tion appears to have wearied him. They always met together the last thing, and said compline. The interesting point is that this was not, as it might easily have been, an æsthetic fancy, but a matter of serious and unaffected devotion. Lightfoot took the highest honors, and was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity in 1852, the tradition being that my father beat him in the examination, but that, being his junior, his election was deferred till the following year.

Lightfoot settled down to College work, was ordained, and became a tutor of the College in his twenty-ninth year.

He had intended to annotate the great Orestean trilogy of Æschylus, but this was gradually and happily abandoned for a work which was intended to comprise all the Pauline Epistles. His relation with his pupils was interesting and characteristic. Many of them never discovered that he was anything but a shy, silent, firm, and good-humored man. But there was a strong romantic fiber in Lightfoot's composition; he loved youth, and high spirits, and graceful demeanor, and the gaiety which he envied but could not emulate. He liked taking undergraduates on reading parties, and those who took courage to approach him confidently found themselves met with eager affection and unfeigned delight.

He became Hulsean Professor at the early age of thirty-three, and his lectures, contrary to custom, attracted large and enthusiastic audiences. It was a time of great theological disquiet and clerical animosity. The privileged monopoly of the Church of England was being actively assailed; but Lightfoot's good sense and deliberate toleration helped to keep things quiet at Cambridge. He never had the least touch of the *odium theologicum* about him, and treated denominational leanings, and even latitudinarian speculation, as matters of personal preference, not as objects of Pharisaical persecution. Being unaffectedly honest himself, he took the honesty of other people for granted. His career at Cambridge was one of quiet industry, unaffected devotion, and steadily increasing distinction. His physical strength and his power of work were enormous. He found time to teach, to write, to take a large part in administrative business, and was regarded with extraordinay respect and affection on all sides.

He refused the Bishopric of Lichfield in 1867 before he was forty. But he accepted a Canonry of St. Paul's in 1871, where he became a great and effective preacher, while he

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added to his labors a membership of the Universities Commission in 1877, and was one of the Revisers of the New Testament. Indeed, it is certain that that revision, which has been so unfavorably criticised, bears the marks of Lightfoot's influence to a far larger degree than it bears the marks of any other individual mind, except perhaps of Westcott's. Lightfoot always adhered to his deliberate principles in the matter, and maintained that the objections made to the new text were almost entirely due to the unrecognized effect of mere familiarity with the old.

I recollect well how, in January, 1879, an urgent telegram arrived from Lightfoot to my father, who was then Bishop of Truro, and how he traveled down by night for a day of anxious conference. He had been offered the Bishopric of Durham by Lord Beaconsfield, and his face and demeanor testified to his extreme perplexity. None of his friends had the smallest doubt that it was his duty to accept, but he did not share their confidence. It meant for him giving up duties with which he was entirely familiar, and which no one doubted he was discharging with immense effectiveness. It meant his abandoning his life-work on the Pauline Epistles. He was, on the other hand, faced with the prospect of a task which was not wholly congenial. He knew that he had no social gifts: he had no power of saying deftly the pointed criticism or the appropriate compliment. He had lived entirely in academic circles; he knew nothing of the world. But he made his choice. He was rewarded by finding that he had an extraordinary aptitude for detailed administrative work, and that his sturdy good sense, his unpretentious simplicity, and his unfailing good-humor recommended him at once to the confidence and affection of the laity, high and low, of his great diocese, from the county magnate who could recognize a straightforward Christian gentleman, to the pitman who knew an honest man when he saw him.

The private background to his public life was a very delightful one. In the summer of 1879 I went up with my father to stay at Bishop-Auckland. I was fairly staggered by the immense princely mansion of florid Gothic, with its pleasaunce, its stone screens, its ranges of bedrooms, its vast throne-room where the old levées of the Prince-Bishops used to take place, and its stately chapel, rich in woodwork.

Lightfoot had established himself there with two young chaplains, both men of great social charm — the present

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Bishop of Wakefield and the present Dean of Lichfield. He had, too, half a dozen theological students, young graduates, who lived a free and delightful life, half domestic, half collegiate. It was evident that he was enjoying himself to the full. He treated his young men with a charming indulgent fraternal affection, poking fun at them in his quiet way, and enjoying the free but respectful banter which he encouraged them to use. The young men read their books, were lectured by the chaplains, and worked in the neighboring pit villages. All the meals were taken in common, and he would receive no payment for their expenses. His large-handed generosity was indeed one of his most marked characteristics: money streamed from him, not only in small subscriptions, but in great princely gifts. Simple as he was, he liked the state of his great house. I remember driving once with him and my father through the disparked chase. At what seems to me now to have been an immense distance from the Castle, we passed a great solemn lodge-gate. "Yes, it is bewildering, but rather shocking," said Lightfoot, "to think that my personal domain extends as far as this!" Happy as his Cambridge time had been, I believe that the time of his episcopate was the happiest period of his life. His strength seemed equal to all demands, he organized the immense diocese with ease and success, he attracted devoted helpers to the North, he felt that he possessed the thorough confidence of his great flock, and he had the happy background of his college of friendly students.

Occasionally the sense of humor which lay at the back of his mind found a quiet vent. There is a delightful story of how a very loquacious and prolix gentleman came to stay with him at Auckland, and deluged the party with minute domestic details, referring to his own family circle. The Bishop followed his annals for a time, and then became lost in silent meditation. There suddenly alighted on a dish of oranges a large solitary bluebottle, which had often been noticed, apparently the only winter occupant, of its species, of the big dining-hall. The Bishop caught sight of it, and, fixing his eye-glass, cried out with delight: "Hullo, hullo! There's our fly! Look at him!" This effected a diversion, and the rest of the history had to be intrusted to subordinate ears.

But apart from his own circle he did not succeed in manifesting any particular social ease. The last time but one

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that I saw him he came to stay at Addington. There were some visitors in the house, who were intensely curious to see him. I was with them in the drawing-room just before dinner, when the door was cautiously opened, and a large head was inserted. The Bishop, having thus ascertained that it was the right place, screwed his eye-glass into his eye, advanced into the room in his precise manner, and took up a position on the hearth-rug in absolute silence. I presented the eager visitors. He shook hands in silence, and stared at the chandelier. I did what I could, but he was obdurate, and did not utter a word until the other guests appeared.

In 1888 he had a sudden breakdown in health, the result of symptoms disregarded and the immense strain of his work. He went to Braemar for a holiday, where I saw him for the last time. I went to the hotel where he was staying, which had two projecting bow-windows at each end of the front. The first-floor windows on each side were open. As we approached, I saw that Lightfoot was standing at one, looking out on the drive, while at the other was visible the noble head, with its finely cut features, its sanguine tinge, adorned by Olympian curls, of Sir Frederick Leighton. It was a strange contrast: both men were invalided, and by the same complaint. I was much shocked at Lightfoot's appearance: he looked aged, frail, and broken. He was thin and drawn—the ghost of his former self. His eyes seemed to be larger, and had a fixed and suffering stare. I never saw a man with death so legibly written in his face; and he had, too, a distressing apathy and languor about him, very different from his old sturdy cheerfulness. It is a grievous pity that the great portraits of him, by Sir W. B. Richmond, at Auckland and Trinity, record this last enfeebled stage.

I have no thought of trying here to estimate the range and worth of Lightfoot's exegetical work. What I wish to bring out is the tone and character of his mind, and the spirit in which he labored. The principle on which he worked at the Pauline Epistles seems simple and obvious enough when it is once forcibly stated. The surprising thing is that it had never been so clearly stated and pursued before. Previous commentators on St. Paul had worked from a standpoint of classical Greek; they had been brought up and nourished, that is to say, on a language which had reached its full perfection four or five hundred years before St. Paul wrote. The result was that they thought of the Pauline or

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Hellenistic Greek as to a certain extent a debased and degraded language, which had seen its best days and had no unimpeachable monuments of literary taste to recommend it. They recognized, of course, that it was in a sense an altered language, with a different terminology, different usages, and with transmuted literary values and nuances. But the perfection of the masterpieces of the golden age of Attic Greek had so sunk into their minds that they could not put themselves at the new angle. They thought of St. Paul, perhaps not quite consciously, as of a man whose intention it was to use Attic Greek, but in whose case the purity of the language at its best had been vitiated by an unfortunate deterioration of usage. The very terms he used, the nouns and adjectives denoting abstract qualities, appeared to them to retain their earlier significance and to connote the earlier ideas. Of course the surprising thing is that the language, in so long a lapse of time, had on the whole altered so little, and that very fact tended to augment the error.

Lightfoot's position was that St. Paul was using a perfectly definable language, with an absolutely distinct and ascertainable terminology of its own, and that he was using it with all the skill of a literary artist, who knew quite well what he was about and expressed with entire lucidity and force what he intended to say. Lightfoot's view, then, was that one must not read the writings of St. Paul through classical spectacles, but that one must endeavor, by comparison of his language with contemporary Hellenistic Greek, to ascertain what the words he was using did actually mean to him and to his contemporaries. Lightfoot had been brought up in the school of Prince Lee, and had imbibed from the first a method of precise verbal analysis. But he was not, like Westcott, misled by any strain of poetical fancy. A writer like St. Paul, who is anxious to prove his points in a dialectical way, and to work out definite trains of thought, does not use words in a mystical and poetical sense, haunted with a consciousness of their history and tradition. He does not, as a poet might, desire to reproduce a vague atmosphere of remote associations, but to make an intricate and subtle matter as clear as possible to his readers. Westcott was almost hampered by the knowledge of what words and tenses might have meant, or had meant, at an earlier stage in the literary history of Greek. But Lightfoot, with the admirable common sense and hard-

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headedness that characterized him, saw that St. Paul was using contemporary Greek in such a way as to make his meaning absolutely intelligible to his followers. And the result was that Lightfoot was able to follow and to reproduce the exact thought in St. Paul's mind, in a way in which it had never been analyzed before. Thus his paraphrases of the Pauline argument, though they have little literary grace, are perfectly invaluable to all who desire to see what was the line of argument which St. Paul was pursuing.

In one respect it is possible that this method affected him unduly. Any one who has studied the Authorized Version of the Scriptures in connection with the Greek, will know that the Jacobean translators used a considerable variety of English words to translate the same word in Greek, and they seem to have been guided more by the metrical euphony of the translation than by strict linguistic interpretation. Lightfoot was very strongly in favor of the same word in English being invariably used for the same word in Greek. The principle is on the whole sound; but the correspondence can never be quite exact. Sometimes the original Greek word will have a more extended range of meaning than the corresponding English word, and *vice versa,* and sometimes it may happen that a word is used in one special aspect in a particular passage which may not correspond to its more general equivalent in English. The principle is no doubt right in the main, though it may be possible to defend a certain elasticity of exceptions.

There was one special point in Lightfoot's theological work which needs a word. He is often quoted as an instance of a writer of impeccable accuracy who admitted that Episcopacy was not part of the primitive order of the Church. It is an entire misunderstanding. Lightfoot believed and taught that Episcopacy was an Apostolical institution — Monarchical Episcopacy, as it is called, apart from mere presidential functions. He referred the probable establishment of it to the closing years of St. John's life, and to his personal sanction. What he did teach was that it was subsequent to the establishment of the Priesthood, and grew naturally out of it as a consistent development of Church authority. He more than once made a public contradiction of the misunderstanding, which, for all that, had and has a curious persistence.

But, speaking generally, the whole of Lightfoot's ex-

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egetical work is marked by certain main characteristics—detachment, neutrality, historical insight. He showed in the first place an admirable common sense, almost of the nature of genius. He never had the slightest touch of the advocate about his writings. He went to the Pauline Epistles with the desire of finding out what they actually meant, not to confirm what they were expected to mean, or what they had been understood to mean, and still less with any idea of making them express what he himself wished to believe. His tone was like a clear and fresh wind blowing through the mist of ecclesiastical prepossessions and traditions, which it was thought unsafe to disturb. He had no fear of insecurity or uncertainty. His work was to interpret a great writer with transparent honesty, not to accentuate the bias which had been imported into his words by writers whose creed was more definite than their scholarship.

And from one ecclesiastical quality he was wholly and entirely free. He had no touch of the doctrinaire about him. He was really and truly tolerant. He was not in the least impatient or contemptuous of opinions contrary to his own, so long as they were founded upon sound and laborious investigation. What put him in a superior position was the pre-eminent patience and the candor of his own work. It may be possible to take up the position that St. Paul was mistaken, or that he had not sufficient data before him to form his conclusions; but it is hardly possible to disagree with Lightfoot as to what the data were from which St. Paul worked, or what the actual conclusions were which he did, as a matter of fact, draw from them. It is not too much to say that Lightfoot got as near to the mind of a writer of high and inspired genius as it is possible to get.

Perhaps the only one of Lightfoot's writings in which there is any touch of controversial animus is the refutation which he published of a book which appeared in 1874, entitled *Supernatural Religion,* which professed to show that there was no miraculous element in Christianity, that miracles are indeed antecedently incredible, that the evidence obtainable from the Apostolic period is untrustworthy, and that the four Gospels have no sufficient warrant for their reputed date and authorship. Lightfoot considered the criticisms in the book loose, pretentious, and full of errors, and he thought that " a cruel and unjustifiable attack " was made in the book on a very dear friend, to whom he was attached

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"by the most sacred, personal and theological ties." The book had attracted a good deal of attention, because it was believed to be the work of a prominent and respected Bishop. But it is characteristic of Lightfoot's affectionate and generous nature that the one and only time that any note of personal severity appears in his writings was when it was induced by his chivalrous affection for a companion and friend.

Of course it is useless to pretend that scientific observation and the application of the scientific method has not put religious controversy within the last fifty years on very different lines from those on which it had been hitherto conducted. Formerly, when the historical basis of Christianity was not substantially doubted, religious controversy mainly concerned itself with the interpretation rather than with the origin of Christian documents. Now, when the history of testimony and evidence generally, and the investigation of its psychological basis, is better understood, the tendency is not so much to impugn the *bona fides* of the writers of early records, as to believe that their observation and their opportunities of investigating evidence were at fault. The important thing is for the defenders of orthodox Christianity to approach the documentary evidence in a spirit of open-minded candor, to make it clear what earlier writers actually said and wrote, and to establish as far as possible their substantial accuracy. In the first heyday of scientific opposition to religious claims, the tendency was to deride and to dismiss the whole of the miraculous element as a mixture of credulity and pious invention. But now, when the borderline between the normal and the abnormal seems less clearly ascertained, the controversy assumes a more scientific aspect. The opponents of religious belief are inclined now to say, not "We can accept no record of miraculous events as genuine," but rather, "Show us for certain that the miraculous events recorded are indisputably true, and we will regard them as manifestations of a natural force of an abnormal character, which are then the outcome of definite laws, which we will proceed to investigate." What is demanded is that supernatural forces should not be regarded as purely arbitrary and fortuitous, but that they should be looked upon as the symptoms of a definite if unknown force, and as such be added to the phenomena which it is man's business to investigate. The whole province of psychology

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which deals with imagination and opinion requires still to be scientifically surveyed. We are as yet only on the threshold of that region.

The work which Lightfoot did was the putting of certain phenomena, certain products of the human mind, certain recorded experiences of a bygone age, in a perfectly clear and pure light. If theologians had always worked in that spirit, and not in the spirit of the partisan fighting to confirm foregone conclusions, the strife would have lost much of its bitterness.

But, after all, the most remarkable fact in the career of Lightfoot is that, after accepting the See of Durham with real misgiving and something of considerable, though godly, fear, he became so instantly and even blithely at home there. Partly it was the intense relief at finding himself able, without effort and reluctance, to do the work of the See easily and with dignity. Every one, it is said, ought to have a complete and entire change of habits and work at least once in a lifetime. This was Lightfoot's great change; and there is probably a physical justification for it. From using the scholarly and erudite lobes of the brain, he passed to the work of organization, to financial schemes, to public activities. He made acquaintance with new faces and with a totally different kind of persons from those who had peopled the academical seclusion in which he had lived. His romantic and paternal sympathy with youth made him take great delight in his Confirmation work. He liked the pitmen, and their shrewd critical welcome. He liked the clergy of his diocese, and the sensible, kindly laymen of his County Palatine. If he did not talk easily to them, they, on the other hand, found it easy to talk to the great scholar, who turned out to be so simple and unaffected a man. He established a marvelous hold over them. When he produced a great scheme for Church extension, it was thought that he would receive but little support; but when thirty thousand pounds had been subscribed in the room, on the occasion of the first meeting, a bewildered critic said, "The Diocese has gone mad." It proved a sustained and reasonable madness! My impression as a boy, when I saw him at Auckland, was that he was in high spirits, and enjoying himself with an effervescence of cheerfulness such as I had never seen him exhibit before; instead of being, as I had seen him to be when the decision was pending, an anxious and care-worn

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man, he seemed alert and lively, overflowing with good-humor and enjoyment. He was among his young men like a busy man taking a holiday. He was proud of his magnificent house, and had a simple and frank pleasure in the state of his great position. There was a pompous Bishop of Bristol in the eighteenth century who was fond of stating that he was a peer of the realm, with the addition of the unctuous formula, "God knows how unworthy!" Lightfoot did not labor under a sense of unworthiness. If those whose task it was to find the worthiest occupant of the See had decided that he could adequately fill it, and if the friends who knew him best had confirmed their choice, he was content to do his best. There is no sort of doubt that those years of joyful strength and activity were the happiest years of his life. Some of his friends were surprised, and even pained, that he could transfer his interests so whole-heartedly from Cambridge to his Northern See; they had half hoped that he would have hankered after the old collegiate days and the academical attitude, as the sailor at sea longs for the green fields of home. But he did not show the slightest disposition to regret his choice; and his dear friend and successor, Bishop Westcott, summed up the situation by saying that he was delighted to find that Cambridge was forgotten by Lightfoot, and wisely forgotten, and that he recognized in Lightfoot, in his new life, the same true comrade and wise friend, only all translated into a larger scale. When, after his great breakdown in health, Lightfoot returned for too short a time to work, he made a statement on the subject in a public speech of almost sublime manliness. He then hoped that he had regained, or would regain, his old vigor; but he said, boldly and frankly, that if his overwork had meant a sacrifice of life, he would not have regretted it for a moment: "I should not have wished to recall the past, even if my illness had been fatal. For what, after all, is the individual life in the history of the Church? Men may come and men may go—individual lives float down like straws on the surface of the waters till they are lost in the ocean of eternity; but the broad, mighty, rolling stream of the Church itself—the cleansing, purifying, fertilizing tide of the River of God—flows on for ever and ever."

That is really the secret of happiness — to dare to subordinate life and personal happiness and individual performance to an institution or a cause, and to be able to lose

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sight of petty aims and selfish considerations in the joy of manly service.

And then there is another point which must be emphasized —that Lightfoot, in his utterances about life, always subordinated the sense of the duty of work to the sense of the pleasure of work. This is one of the simple secrets of life that is constantly overlooked in surveying the lives of others. We know, most of us, that we enjoy our own work—*le travail, il n'y a que ça!*—but we have seldom enough imagination to transfer the sense of our own enjoyment into the view we take of the work of others. We are too apt to think of work, if not on our own lines, with a sense of compassion and wonder that people can be so much absorbed in what seems dreary and uninteresting. This is particularly the case with erudition. We are apt to think of the laborious investigator as a man sustained by an incomprehensible standard of duty. We should rather think of him as a man engaged in so beloved a pursuit, so congenial an exercise of mind, that his one danger is that of excessive indulgence in an activity that is both desirable and adorable. The spirit of enjoyment is visible in the whole of Lightfoot's work. To make a complicated position perfectly clear, to ransack every possible source of information, to leave something absolutely complete, is one of the very highest and most overmastering of intellectual pleasures. And this pleasure was in Lightfoot's case infinitely heightened by the extraordinary candor and fairness of his mind, so that he never approached a question with the desire to emphasize his own predispositions, but simply to present the facts as truthfully as possible.

The impression, then, that the life of Lightfoot leaves upon the mind is of a man of immense mental power, wholly freed, by a large tranquillity of outlook and a remarkable balance of physical faculties, from any of those troublesome individualistic traits which are apt to haunt the path of the intellectual man.

He was wholly free from morbidity, vanity, jealous suspicion, and caprice; and, what is even more rare, he had no tendency to oversubtlety, no aloofness of view, no exaggerated respect for intellectual distinction. Men nurtured in academic influences are apt to be lacking in imaginative sympathy for those whose mental processes are simpler and more restricted, and are inclined to rate purely intellectual

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capacity, apart from character, too high among the motive forces of the world. Lightfoot never made any such mistakes. He valued men for their moral qualities rather than for their mental performances. His own work was more a moral than an artistic process, and depended more upon patience, clear-headedness, and industry than upon brilliance or suggestiveness. He had little of Westcott's poetry and speculative intentness; he had hardly any of my father's passionate love of ecclesiastical tradition and sacred associations. He had little instinct for emphasizing either the beauty of holiness or the holiness of beauty. Rightness of conduct, justice, purity, laboriousness, were the qualities he valued best and practised most. He was held by some to be unappreciative of the work of others, and sparing of his praise; the fact was that he cared nothing for applause himself and detested compliments, and he did not realize that others could value what seemed to him to be unmeaning and uncomfortable civilities.

But all this makes him, perhaps, the strongest witness that this generation has seen to the vital and literal truth of Christianity. The Christian faith is so bound up with the history, the passionate hopes, the great affections of men, that idealistic natures are apt to make light of the critical difficulties which surround its origin, in the light of its splendid successes, its emblazoned roll of heroes. Again, the surpassing beauty and sweetness of the Gospel story, and its profound appeal to the sensibilities of peace-loving hearts, is apt to cause a surrender of reason and logical exactness in the minds of those who are reduced to despair by the stupidities and brutalities of humanity, and the intolerable delays that beset the path of emotional progress.

But Lightfoot brought to his consideration of the origins and records of Christianity a sturdy, lucid, and prosaic mind, absolutely fearless and candid, incapable of any sacrifice of truth and reasonableness. His faith was neither mystical nor symbolical; it was plain, direct, and sensible. Through nebulous tradition, through the distortions of biased partisans, through obscure and unverifiable testimony, he discerned and realized the actuality of the central figure of Christianity. His reason was never dragged at the chariot wheels of adoration; he worshipped because he believed, and he believed because his reason was satisfied. It is impossible to suspect Lightfoot of any concession to opinion or

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sentiment. He was a man of profound and balanced intellect; and he deduced with an almost mathematical exactness from the first recorded ripples of Christian thought the divine energy of the central spring. If a man with Lightfoot's quality of mind had been a determined opponent of Christianity, there would have been countless doubters who would have sheltered themselves under his ægis. Yet he would have been the last to desire that any living man should have pinned his faith upon the faith of another. He had no taste for leadership, no desire for personal domination; he did not desire any credit for his services to truth, nor did he wish to be admired and applauded for presenting an interesting and attractive theory of religious orthodoxy. There was nothing which he preached so constantly or practised so firmly as the duty of tolerance, of adaptability, of respect for sincere if hostile opinion; and thus he became a witness for Christian truth whom it is in the highest degree unphilosophical to overlook or disregard.

Like James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, so Lightfoot might have said of the faith, with the Psalmist of old, "I bear up the pillars of it." It is, of course, the last thing he would have either said or thought! It was not that he undervalued his work or depreciated its importance. He simply had neither the time nor the taste for the garlands and the trumpets of life. He worked among the sheepfolds with the same integrity, diligence, and kindliness as he used when he came into his kingdom; and he passed through life very much as Mr. Greatheart accompanied the pilgrims, loving the work he was sent to do, with an amused tenderness for the young and weak, a sturdy self-confidence that was neither rash nor egotistical, and a very practical dexterity in dealing with the giants who encumber, now as then, the road to the city of God.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

ART IN NORTHERN ITALY. By CORRADO RICCI. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

ABOUT a year ago the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW had occasion, in considering Sir William Armstrong's book on *Art in Great Britain and Ireland,* to commit itself to the opinion that he was a bold man who would set out to deal with all the art of the British Isles in one little volume, however compact and pithy. Now comes a new volume in the same series written by the Director-General of Fine Arts and Antiquities in Italy, and the two questions come up again—of the real value of just this sort of book, and of the merit of the particular work. The series has a clumsy name: *Ars Una: Species Mille,* with "General History of Art" for subtitle merely, and boasts simultaneous appearance in America and England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. M. Reinach's *Apollo* seems to have given the idea for the whole; a small volume sown through with tiny pictures on an average of two to a page that can teach the uninformed to identify famous works of art and give him a general notion of what he wants to read more about. Now the *Apollo* is a capital little book, for it is really general; it can lay down principles and point out relations; it overlooks so much that, though the scale is diminutive, it keeps just proportion. A man can discuss art in three hundred pages very effectually.

British art, which came next, not only afforded in Sir William Armstrong's hands an effectual book, it constituted, whether he would admit it or not, a homogeneous material. Although since the Carolingian age British art has been, not indeed provincial, but still the art of a little pool or backwater, with currents apart from the main stream, but always fed from it, yet, on the other hand, it has been strongly racial from the start until now, from the earliest manuscript illumination to the end of the pre-Raphaelite movement: from the carved angels in the spandrels of Lincoln, the paneled walls of Westminster, the Tudor and Stuart portraits, the Augustan and Georgian landscapes, to the latest canvas by Englishman or Scotchman or Irishman, all the art has borne the image and superscription of the Anglo-Saxon temperament. Therefore, certain propositions could be affirmed of the art as a whole, certain influences pointed out and tendencies traced, and the author of such a book has his work cut out to do well or ill. As we said before, we earnestly repeat that the distinguished director of the Dublin Gallery, barring a few fantasies of his own, approved his boldness and did it delightfully. But northern Italy is another matter.

It would be easy enough to write a history of art in Italy; more than

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once it has been done. The Italian race is a real entity that expresses itself from Palermo to Verona, from Taranto to Vercelli. But once give up that common ground of identity and of glory, renounce that larger purview and commence parceling out the great whole into an unknown number of fragments, then from no point of view can the subject of this book be called homogeneous. Ravenna, Genoa, Venice, Ferrara, Milan, Forlì, Bologna, Turin, and the rest have no common term except the present monarchy and the ancient Italian stock. Neither geographically, ethnologically, nor historically can like things be affirmed of these. Venice and Genoa were both seafaring republics, but the one learned her art from the East and the South, the other from the North. In the Renaissance, as now, Venetian women bear little likeness to Milanese or to Romagnoles. Even in the land under the sway of the house of Sforza, the best of the Milanese drew their nurture from Tuscany, like parts of the Emilia from Umbria. The architecture of Piedmont is so closely allied with that of Savoy just over the mountain passes, that an eminent scholar has made a common name for it all and called it "Alpine"; the architecture of Ravenna has no close parallel and is literally unique; so is the city architecture of Venice, and the real unit and characteristic type which we call Lombard and which does appear unmistakably or with modifications pretty nearly over the whole area that this book covers, the author rather perversely refuses to recognize. He insists in submerging it in "the great Romanesque activity at that time common to the whole of central Europe." Why drag in Europe? Our author is not writing a history of Europe, though that if difficult would at least be possible.

It seems, however, that such a history of northern Italy is not possible. Lost causes and ambitions irrealizable are admirable in conduct, they are the salt of character, but in things of the mind we call them something else. Where the choice is free we do not expect a man to cobble up, however cleverly, what cannot be done well. No one is to be praised for doing an imperfect thing as well as he can. He should have withheld his hand. He might in this case have made the work smaller or larger; devoted it to Ferrara, which cries aloud for attention, or to Italy; then it need not have been tangled and patched and scrappy.

That said, what remains to pronounce for or against the small handy volume and its learned author? Praise, first of all, not only for the real learning, but for the intimate first-hand acquaintance. It is written with the eye on the object, and wherever the stream of names and dates is stayed for a moment of criticism the apprehension is direct and vivid. Corrado Ricci is probably the most eminent living Italian connoisseur. He holds a high place; he has been decorated; he has written and edited and studied; he is a patriot with learning and enthusiasm. What more could the exacting critic ask? One thing is lacking, a rare elusive and subtle thing which those who lack it never miss. The eighteenth century named it taste. Our own usually describes it as a sense for quality. Our evidence of this want is that the author does not distinguish sufficiently between second-rate men and tenth-rate men and between great centers of great art and small centers of insignificant art. Another is that he frankly and unmistakably prefers the Baroque in architecture and painting to Romanesque, and Gothic to quattrocento or cinquecento or anything

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which is simple, earlier, and, as we usually say, purer—more naive, more spontaneous, more restrained, more severe.

There are even a few examples of enthusiasm running away with learning, notably in dealing with Milan, worth correcting simply because errors are so few. The chapter on Leonardo has many merits, not least of which is the scrap of history with which it opens and the sentence so Italian and so admirable on the ideal of the Renaissance. It does less credit to his connoisseurship than any other. He should not have attributed the London copy of the *Virgin of the Rocks* to Leonardo underneath the illustration when he repudiated it in the text; still less should be have attributed to Leonardo the Florence Annunciation. An ounce of discrimination in the absence of prejudice can show any one, even in the bad little half-tone, that the Virgin who sits on the knees of S. Anne (in the Louvre) is not by Leonardo's hand, and an intimate knowledge of the work of Cesare da Sesto should make it easy to name the hand. Patriotism plays him a worse trick in the case of Milan Cathedral, where in a fatal moment he sets down that "Gian Galeazzo began the mighty work in 1386 and in the construction Italians and foreigners worked in harmony. Andrea degli Organi from Modena first constructed a model of the church and his son Filippino became later the chief architect. . . ." This is not quite ingenuous nor is it the whole account of that extraordinary fabric. The uninstructed reader could not guess how bad it is or how long and how futile the building of it was. These may be matters of opinion in part; the sentence just quoted is matter of fact. The fact is, and documents show it, that a cabal of local architects in Milan for two or three centuries were perfectly incapable of building the cathedral and perfectly unwilling to let any foreigner build it. They commenced, indeed, and when, after two years, they called a Frenchman they learned all they could and dismissed him, but after thirteen months called in a German. Then Giovannino de' Grossi tried his hand, and they had to get Henry of Gmünd, whom after a year they hunted out on a charge of fraud, and with French and German workmen went on for a few years from his drawings. Again at a standstill, they got Ulrich of Füssinger for five months only. This was in 1395. In 1399 they wrote to Paris for three men. Of these the man from Bruges would not stay, the man from Normandy would not come; the third, Jean Mignot, seems to have been sensible and determined. The history of his twenty-seven months in Milan is delicious reading; the accusation and appeals, the Archbishop's part and the Duke's. Mignot said the building was not safe; the local board cared nothing for that, for they said, "Art is one thing, Science another." Mignot had the last word there; he replied, axiomatically, "Without science there is no art." But he had to go, and in less than a year the local board invited Wenceslas of Prague down, who promised, but did not come—and so the tale runs on. In 1481 the vaulting was defective and the roof leaked, but both were in place, and Gian Galeazzo, the Duke, was casting about for foreign architects to raise the lantern. Foreign architects had grown wary. They all declined. He tried to borrow from Strasburg; finally, Johann Nexemperger accepted on his own terms—*viz.*, that he should bring all his own stonecutters, carpenters, and blacksmiths, with the exactest specifications about wages, supplies, etc. In two years he threw up the job and most of his men tramped home again. Too long a story is this, even so briefly indicated,

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for the book perhaps, yet it could be less well spared than the pages on the Caracci or the later Genoese.

Indeed, the meager space allowed to architecture is one of the grave faults of disproportion, but the whole work is rather out of scale. For example, sculpture and architecture of Liguria take up fifteen pages, precisely the amount allotted to the story of the same arts in Venice up to the time of Sammichele and Sansovino. Liguria and Piedmont together get, all told, forty-nine pages, as against fifty-seven for Venice, a bare eight pages to stand for all the supremacy of Venetian painting and all the distinction of Venetian palaces! So, again, within this, Venetian painting after Tintoretto gets the longest chapter, nineteen pages; and only seventeen pages go to the chapter which embraces everything except the primitives and the school of the Bellini, which covers the splendors of painting from Giorgione to Tintoretto. The treatment of Venetian art chiefly by schools regardless of date, introduces no little confusion, Bissolo and Girolamo di Santacroce coming before Giorgione. Moreover, it gives a false impression, for in the sea-girt city of Venice every one influenced every one else. The indiscriminate mass of names and dates is another element of confusion without apparent reason; the scholarly are already familiar with these or know where to look them up; and would infinitely prefer a little more characterization and, above all, a little of that selection which itself would mark and distinguish, while the uninstructed could only read over in bewilderment the unfamiliar and indistinguishable names, surnames, and nicknames.

It is not precisely clear for whom the book is primarily intended; those who know or those who do not know. For either kind the bibliography appended to each chapter can be praised without reservation as full, clear, and brought up to the present epoch with the best of the articles in journals and reviews. The index is likewise full and seems free from error, but the text is disfigured in places with cross-references which refer to nothing of importance and might have been relegated to the index. The translator, whose name the publishers do not supply, may be accountable here and there for traps laid for the unlearned and the unwary; for using *but* where *and* is wanted that plays havoc with the sense; for distributing one figure, like Crivelli, into two of the crowded paragraphs which hold each four or five different figures; and for presenting occasionally a string of statements with no general conclusion (*e. g.*, pp. 154-5) where only those who know the answer already, so to speak, could perceive what they all pointed to. Of obvious mistranslations, too, there are a few proceeding from ignorance either of the idiom of the language or of the general use of cultivated people. Leonardo when he returned from Milan and Florence did not go to his native land, for all Italy is that. Other instances are *Jacobello de Flor* and *di Flor,* the virgin known as *della Roccie,* and S. Bernard of *Chiaravalle,* but, on the whole, these are remarkably few. Probably not to the translator, but to the momentary fatigue of the overtaxed expositor we must charge a few sentences which frankly make bosh; like "a tempera painting broad and impressive in style, but of such rugged realism that we cannot but wonder it should be the work of the same hand as the frescoes in the Schifanoia." It could be by no other hand. He does not mean that; the difference is less by far than that between "Samson Agonistes" and "Comus"; or take this: "Boccaccino is more

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especially to be recognized by the expression of gentle amazement in the luminous eyes of his personages"; these only occur when his interest flags. But what he meant by calling Crivelli "a man of aristocratic temper who combined magnificence with elegance and gaiety" is a harder question. Few lovers of Crivelli would agree to it.

In a book of this sort the connoisseur wants opinions, the learner wants facts. In brief, both want ideas. Ideas are rarer than facts in these pages. The most striking one is that the author holds a brief for the *baroque* style. He says: "The Middle Ages may be regarded as the winter-time of art, the Renaissance as the spring; the *baroque* period was in very truth the summer, with its heat, its dense vegetation, its hurricanes, and, we may perhaps add, with its languor." "Even if we condemn the conception and form of individual works we must recognize its perfect and superb decorative propriety and its vivid and vital portraiture." Now there can be only two reasons for praising that entirely objectionable style; sheer dearth of matter and desperate desire for eccentricity, or a liking perfectly genuine, but in no way laudable. Signor Ricci is sincere, and we can only regret that he wastes his admiration and his space, for when he does touch on a great age he can do something admirable and when he pauses he can say something happy—the pages, for instance, on the castles and courts of the Emilia or the note on Pavia: "Like Oxford in relation to London and Padua in relation to Venice, the Lombard city flourished as an asylum of peace for those devoted to study. The favor of political and commercial life, the animation of the populace and the tyranny of luxury, made it desirable in Milan, as in London and in Venice, to fix the seat of learning away from the tumultuous and self-indulgent center."

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGRAVING. By FREDERICK KEPPEL. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

The new book by Mr. Keppel, "which contains the collected writings of a lifetime and nearly all on one subject," as he says himself in the preface, is, like that of last year, before all else the expression of a personality. Of his essay on *The Golden Age of Engraving,* reprinted as a pamphlet from *Harper's Magazine* in the later seventies with its ineffectual clumsy woodcuts, a good many copies must survive among the dusty piles of cherished pamphlets that every collector stores away; and some of the other essays, like that on Meryon, have long held honorable place on the collector's shelves among the other charming Keppel booklets. But a great part of the volume must be new to most readers, many of the illustrations a surprise to all. They afford a fresh pleasure at every return. It is not too much to say that they are altogether admirable. If there were no other reason to prize this volume they would make it a permanent and secure delight. Such blacks as in Waltner's *Philosopher* or Cameron's *Gateway, Bruges;* or Cousin's *Master Lambton;* such atmosphere as in Pennell's *Toledo Bridge,* or Legro's *Canal* or Whistler's *Nocturnes Palaces;* such force as in Legro's *Dalou* or Bracquemond's *Legros;* such plastic quality as in the portrait of Edmond de Goncourt or MacLaughlan's *Cypress Grove* one does not expect except from the precious print itself. It is a book on which to form one's taste: to learn first to love prints and then to understand them. Mere collecting, brutal possession, has

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small place in it. Knowledge, discrimination, sensitiveness—nothing is wanting to form the amateur in the old and noble sense of the word. Rarer and more desirable even than the proof priceless of Rembrandt Leaning on a Sword, of which only four impressions are known to exist, is the personality that informs it, that tempts one to affirm not only that nothing in the world matters except the kind of person you are, but even to go on and assert that this is the only kind of person to be. The indifference to mere ownership is so characteristic, the slight stress on mere rarity, the constant emphasis on sheer beauty. The passion for perfection breathes through it, the insatiable delight in all the various loveliness of dry-point and line engraving, mezzotint and etching. The personal talk is as fresh and wholesome as an old man's cheek and flavored like a winter apple. The temper is genial, but crisp like an October morning. One wishes there were more of the personal talk. One wants to know more about early print-selling in New York long ago and singing in Trinity choir. Through these pages blow airs as from an elder world and a larger life; the prints, the verse, the music, would fill up not unworthily days in the city of Mr. Pepys or of Sir Joshua or of Charles Lamb. Has that rare gift we call charm grown all but extinct that we should be so grateful to meet it again? Charm and taste and wit—how can we not be grateful to meet them again, married as they are to learning and *expertise*? *Naïveté* which is never fatuous, wit which is never insolent, familiarity which is never tedious—who is to do justice to these? The world owes Mr. Keppel an incomparable biography, but wherever else could be found a nature apt enough and happy enough to write the biography? In truth, the author owes the world a biography and free play for the kindly humor and the witty charity that have watched life go by so beautifully.

> "Plain human speech, some simple law of life,
> A little tillage, household arts a few;
> The law of rectitude o'ercoming strife,
> Things clean and sane, the simple and the true."

It is impossible to leave the subject of wit without quoting some bits from the essay entitled *Pitfalls for Translators*—dry, discreet, and irresistible. The essay, it should be said, offers simply the correct rendering of some French words frequently mistranslated. "*Avis,* not advice, but opinion. Also a public notice or warning or the prefatory note to a book. *Brave,* honest, worthy, good-hearted, not necessarily courageous. *Bureau,* an office for the transaction of business, never a chest of drawers. *Caractère,* one's natural temper or disposition, not one's reputation or moral qualities. *Condition,* a person's state in life. Never means the state of preservation or completeness of a thing. *Défense,* a formal interdiction or prohibition, not the defending of a thing. *Honnête,* civil, well-mannered. *Malhonnêtte,* uncivil, rude, *probité,* is the French equivalent for honesty. *Instruction,* often the legal inquiring into a crime. *Malin,* not malign, but sharp and clever. *Misère,* extreme poverty only. The word does not describe other sorts of misery. *Note,* a bill, an account to be paid; never a short letter. *Offre,* a gift, an offering. *Offrir* means to give unconditionally. *Prétendre,* to assert formally, to claim as a right. This word (a specially dangerous one to some translators) never means to simulate. *Sacre* rarely means

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sacred, much oftener means cursed. *Spirituelle* (as an adjective), witty, intellectually delicate and expert. This word can rarely be translated spiritual." Selection is hard. One would like to transcribe the whole and offer it as a test for delicate perception of irony. One more must suffice. "*Vacation,* the time occupied by some public function. The word never means a holiday."

THE WHISTLER BOOK. By SADAKICHI HARTMANN. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1910.

"*The Whistler Book.* A Monograph of the Life and Position in Art of James McNeill Whistler, together with a Careful Study of his more Important Works" and "with fifty-seven reproductions of Mr. Whistler's most important works," is all that the title-page promises and, further, is interesting in more ways than the author suspects. Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann writes a better English than the average American, but when he makes a slip he has no way to know it and is at the mercy of his printer. A friend should read his proofs not only to weed out such obvious misprints as "*Les Hortenses Bleus*" and *Meyrion* for Meryon, Mr. *Watts-Denton,* and *ex-patriots* (this last is deliciously to the point!), but to correct the places where the dropping or intrusion of a little word has spoiled the sense; "he was one of the (most) true fearless champions that art ever had," or "his drawing (of a) coat gave him infinite trouble," or "no one ever shrank more from (the) thought or the mention of death." Again, at times the diction is inadequate to the thought. "He at all times practised more 'manner' than manners; his language had at times an irritating touch of rudeness and coarseness." The upshot is that no one can be sure of himself in a language he was not born to. Mr. Hartmann conveys his meaning, and it behooves no man to smile at the expression lest he wonder in his own heart how many times he has insulted his hosts abroad or his guests at home when he was meaning to be civil or witty or graceful in a strange tongue.

Though he writes as an American, Mr. Hartmann brings a foreigner's way to other matters than the English idiom. He has the inestimable advantage of understanding the art of the East as well as that of the West, and he has a new and good point of view. He admires Whistler, for instance, extravagantly, but not blindly. On the contrary, his simplicity and candor are amazing. The passage about the manners is one example or that in which he says, "He was somewhat of a snob and a *précieux* like his friend Comte Montesquiou," and another is the phrase about "his colossal vanity and egotism." A disciple so downright is rather terrifying. But his praise is ardent, and though sometimes keyed pretty high rarely on analysis proves quite so extravagant as it sounds. "He will always live in the history of art as being the first man who combined the beauties of Eastern design with the principles of Western art" is probably true. So is the paragraph that precedes it: "What is most to be admired technically in Whistler is the frugality, the thinness of his brush-work; that, despite the low pitch and flatness of his color tints, reveals an astounding variety, subtlety, and virility, a vibrancy that seems to radiate from the canvas. For unobtrusiveness of paint Whistler has few rivals. In comparison with him Monet seems a plebeian and Sargent a sleight-of-hand performer. He combines the fanaticism of a perfect technique with the search for truth

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and a desire to create new sensations and expresses our breathless modern life with all its intricate moods."

Another striking difference between Mr. Hartmann's book and most of the same sort is the lavish use of ideas. He has, to be sure, to draw on from the outset the whole store of Japanese art. The chapter on "The Art of Omission" and that called "The Butterfly" are full of criticism and interpretation of Japanese artists. Such a bit as the following may be a commonplace across the world, but to us it explains something. "The Japanese used colors in combinations that seem strange and unusual to us. They did not seem to care about any complementary laws, but introduced yellow with pink, purple with green, brown with red without the slightest hesitation. This may be explained by the restraint of their palette. Their old hand-made colors are all keyed in middle tints; they did not lack decision or strength, but they were never loud or vehement. If color is seen in flat tint patches it produces a more vivid image on the retina. In the Japanese color print they are softened and blended together not so much by the skilful and harmonious juxtaposition as by the suavity of the medium, the introduction of natural tints, the mellow, white foundation of the paper, and the arrangement of shapes encased in precise lines." Then, again, he knows modern painting in Europe. "Whistler sacrificed line almost entirely. He worked in big masses, shapes, and silhouettes, and made color the principal attraction. The simplicity of design he borrowed from the Japanese, but the intimate charm of his color he borrowed from another art, the art of music. Chavannes, Cazin, our American landscape-painter Tryon, even the Impressionists, try to produce with color something similar to the effect of sound. It is either a resemblance of feeling in execution or the desire to deliver us over to a mood like music. The painter to accomplish this must go back to the emotional elements of things, to view objects with primitive enthusiasm, and to disregard all cumbersome detail. These qualities must dominate his conception, and his treatment must be slightly decorative. He must see things flat, in curious shapes, and then juxtapose and complement his colors in such fashion that they produce instantaneously a pleasant retinal image. In most paintings the subject-matter attracts our attention first, and the appreciation of its technique reaches our emotion through a mental process. A Chavannes fresco and a Cazin landscape, on the other hand, appeal directly to our emotions. Henner, Corot, Carrière, are musical; Leighton, Dagnan Bouveret Böcklin, are not. Chavannes and Tryon construct their compositions like a composer his score. By applying parallelism of line and repetition of form and color shapes with slight variation they attempt to transpose musical conditions to the sphere of color. Cazin goes farther than these; . . . he actually tries to make the color *sing,* not as composition of diversified interests, but a sweet simple melody that instantaneously produces a distinct lyrical emotion," and so on; the rest of the paragraph, quite as good, belongs properly to Whistler. This, now, is stuff for the understanding. If more men understood it they would come nearer to understanding such strange canvases as Matisse can offer or such an outlook as Picasso's. But everywhere on every topic he can offer, not the dry crust of a fact, but actually a truth. "Every material speaks its own language, and we must understand before we can lend expression to it." "A figure in modern garb is a part of modern life, a nude (nowadays) is an alien in space

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without any special significance." "Every art is at its best when it is most itself." Of art he says: "The only criterion is beauty," and of the artists' spirit he gives this account: "To be an artist simply for one's own gratification; to fashion something beautiful simply because one feels like doing it; to purify one's mind by projecting into life what is accumulated there by some curious grace of nature." That is rather an Aristotelian idiom, but one understands how there may be that way of *katharsis* as well as by pity and terror, though it is not our way.

There is, to be sure, a kind of *naïveté*, a heavenly disdain of self-consciousness, in quietly setting down a few of the truths that everybody admits and everybody ignores. And thus stated they shame the average critic. They wear an air of quite essential paradox. It may be that out of the East, by way of Whistler, is to come a new life for art, since everything hitherto, so far as we can make out, has come out of the East somewhere at some time. Mr. Hartmann himself came out of the East, and he is very interesting, but the new art, when it comes, will be bigger than his account of it, just as surely as a painting by Lin Liang is bigger than a color print by Hiroshige. "The new art will be different. It has to be different to equal the old. It will be attuned to the moods of the modern mind. It will have new accents. It will bear the analytical and complex aspects of our time. It will be subtler, more fragile, perhaps, but it will drive deeper into our souls than the cold correctness of older forms and emblems."

Probably if the influence of the East is to touch us again, it would have come just the same, to the very day and hour, without Whistler, for nobody is indispensable and nothing happens until time is for it to be, and then no presence and no absence can stay it. Probably Whistler's own genius, like his part, is not so great as this author thinks, for his seems to have been a very exquisite minor genius, not supreme, but poignant and lovely. Let us, however, give thanks for Whistler and for this author. Such books do not drop on one's table every day.

WILLIAM BLAKE. By G. K. CHESTERTON. London: Duckworth & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

Mr. Chesterton has written a little book on Blake for the Duckworth-Dutton series. It is prettily printed, flimsily bound, and has thirty-two pictures. These are well chosen and few of them hackneyed, but very ill-reproduced. They mostly represent a leaf out of one of Blake's books, of which the text is entirely illegible and the values swamped in the half-tone. Line engravings, etchings, woodcuts, and paintings come out all alike. The whites are gray and the blacks are gray. The author who selected the pictures is not responsible for this, but the result is none the less deplorable.

Mr. Chesterton has added nothing to the sum of human knowledge—that was hardly to be expected. Blake has been carefully edited three times, and, although the final and right book is still unwritten, it would take a long time and an able interpreter to do it. Mr. Chesterton has not even added anything to the sum of human opinion; he has merely rearranged it. It is amazing, it is really touching, as one comes to the end of the volume to see how precisely it corresponds to the simple announcement

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by the publishers of what they wanted: "The Popular Library of Art planned expressly for the General Public. The publishers do not hesitate in putting forward volumes on subjects which even if handled most convincingly before are worth repeated handling from new points of view, and they trust each volume will prove a fresh and stimulating appreciation of the subject it treats." Most people who studied Blake hitherto came to the conclusion that he was not mad any more than St. Paul or Swedenborg, S. Teresa or Mrs. Piper. But about the visions they did not dogmatize, leaving every man to account according to the faith that was in him, for the spirits that taught Blake, for their objectivity or their subjectivity. So Mr. Chesterton, casting over his material, argues, delightfully: (*a*) That Blake was mad; (*b*) that the spirits were real; (*c*) that they were devils; (*d*) that Blake was not a mystic, at least not a good mystic; but this is dropped later on and Blake reappears as a mystic as persistently as the child's toy that bobs up again whenever you turn it over. Furthermore, Mr. Chesterton treats himself to various digressions. (1) That in modern men still exist the three ancient powers of Christian, Roman, and Pagan; (2) a casual defense of the eighteenth century; (3) a definition of fads and faddists; (4) that mysticism means not obscure and confused, but very clear, precise, and definite; (5) that Aubrey Beardsley is decadent and why; (6) the difference between Asiatic and Occidental mysticism—a digression quite interesting and violently unfair; (7) that God is a person palpably, "the likeness of the appearance of a man." An eighth might be added that G. K. Chesterton is a Roman Catholic, but this runs so continuously and audibly through the book that it is, strictly speaking, the main theme and Blake only a rather frequent digression. There is little to say about the little book. One might refute the four arguments, but that would be unfair. One does not argue with the man on the platform while he is drawing rabbits out of his sleeve and reels of paper from under his hat. Besides, all the arguments are made to depend upon the eighth digression, and therefore whoever disagrees with that finds them already refuted. Or one might state the substance of the other seven digressions and argue about them, but what would that have to do with Blake? They are, moreover, not constructed for argument; most of them are indisputable and the rest untenable. They make diverting reading that gently stimulates the intellectual faculties without in the least straining them. To get a like sensation the last generation read Browning to feel how mean they were and how good it was to be big and brave. The present generation reads Chesterton and glows with intellectual agility.

On page 92 Mr. Chesterton offers a quotation in proof of Blake's lack of humor and proved madness. Mr. Chesterton finds the couplet intrinsically absurd.

> "He who the ox to wrath hath moved
> Shall never be by woman loved."

But the couplet is not absurd; it is direct and true. An ox is ridiculous to Mr. Chesterton, but surely an ox is not ridiculous to God. It is, on the contrary, patient, silent, strong, and meek. Whatever brute could torture that infinitely gentle creature into anger could not know love nor even become the base object of love that has sufficed so many wretched women. The couplet is no proof of madness, only of depth. It would almost seem

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that not to understand that is proof of brutality. One is very sorry the author found Gilbertian absurdity here; such an accessibility to laughter is deplorable. Again, in the face of the *Man who Built the Pyramids*, Mr. Chesterton would conceive a face "swarthy and secret, ponderous, lowering, staring, or tropical or Apollonian (misspelled) and pure," and he does not like Blake's picture of him. But if it is true, as archæologists tell us, that the pyramids were built under the whip on bread and leaks, and that the king had an inexhaustible supply of time and human lives and, so far as he could, used up both, perhaps he did have the face of an evil idiot. Again, Blake may have thought longer and seen straighter than Mr. Chesterton.

THE NEW LAOKOON: AN ESSAY ON THE CONFUSION OF ARTS. By IRVING BABBITT. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1910.

"There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion," said Bacon, and the kernel of the nut is the whole world of romanticism. In the same brief essay on Beauty—it is just a page and a half long in Pickering's edition—he set another phrase even more pregnant and more surprising: "For no youth can be comely but by pardon and considering the youth so as to make up the comeliness." There are times when we try to consider a sort of youth so as to make up the pardon. Here comes a book called *The New Laokoon: an Essay on the Confusion of the Arts*. It is a curiously young book; despite the author's maturity, the book is young in its cocksureness, in its ingenuous display of a bit of out-of-the-way learning, in its employment of the question-begging and libelous epithet, in its naïve and rather silly contempt for women, its irrelevant apology for religion, its abuse of the logical devices, and its want of the essential logic of fair play. It is young to be so evidently more interested in oneself than in ideas. The subtitle begs the whole question. The main title must be a magnificent bit of effrontery, since it cannot stand for paucity of invention. The new Laokoon should be better than the old and Mr. Babbitt a bigger man than Lessing. But the book, though serious and earnest, is in no wise illuminated or stamped by genius. The author must have got up his seventeenth-century and eighteenth-century critics very carefully, but he has nothing to add to them by way of making them come alive, as criticism sometimes does. He has sorted out a little terminology to use, as the late Matthew Arnold said, "in my sense of the word"; but, unfortunately, the definitions are not indexed and not easy to find, and no one would accept the paragraph on page 110 as a just definition of romanticism, and for the curious and unlikely use of *humanism* one is referred to another of the author's books. Mr. Babbitt uses "lower" and "higher," "above" and "below" the reason, light-heartedly, but who is to determine the point from which the measurement is to be taken, himself or the genius who has stirred his spleen? He reasons in such terms as "wholesome," "subliminal," "evidence of hyperæsthesia," "the neurotic school." But thereby he commits *non sequitur*. Medicine and æsthetics cannot make a syllogism between them. He condemns by unmistakable implication (on page 12) the sort of man to whom *dago* and *chink* are epithets of contempt, not mere generalization of racial affinities wider than nationality, but he himself uses the word feminine to stand for an "integral corruption of the higher parts of human nature" (page 236).

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The author is a well-meaning person who does not always see where he is going. If he saw he would not lay such doleful stress on his melancholy certainty that modern writing is all intended "for women and men in their unmasculine moods." He himself would stop writing, for one. If he had more of humor and more of that logic which underlies humor, he might have saved himself from misinterpreting the tender irony of Sainte-Beuve's line on Lamartine, and he would not assert so passionately that "man actually grows by moving in different directions simultaneously." Man cannot; nobody can. If he had but a little more of that masculine temper he so admires—though in truth the terms of sex have no more place in æsthetics than in cookery—he would find less unseemly epithets for those who instead of relegating the senses to the mire prefer to redeem them with the soul and make a sacrament according to the ancient definition: the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

But signs and correspondences are not to the author's taste. He wants *le genre tranché*. Everything else is an "intellectual muddle." Colored hearing, programme music, word-painting, are abnormal, irreligious, unhuman, and in a chapter apiece they are set beyond the pale. The case against them is not very clear: two arguments recur intermittently. One is formulated briefly in the Preface and is the old argument of abuse. "With the spread of impressionism, literature has lost standards and discipline, and at the same time virility and seriousness; it has fallen into the hands of æsthetes and dilettantes, the last effete representatives of romanticism." We have heard this before; Aristophanes said it and said it better. The other argument is just as old, the argument of the common level. In brief, it runs: Every one does not feel this way, therefore no one ought to feel this way. Incredible as it may seem, this is the entire thesis of Chapter V:—because an exact and pregnant epithet cannot arouse a picture in the ignorant and obtuse, therefore it should not be employed; because a musical phrase may evoke a different concrete image, though admittedly an identical mood of feeling, in two hearers, therefore it should not be employed; because to the scientist and philologist and man of business, tone-deaf to the music of words, any other phrase would do as well as "the innumerable murmur of all the sea," therefore it should not be employed. Suggestiveness is a matter, in part, of the reader. But some readers may miss and some misunderstand, therefore there should be no suggestion. Incredible as this may sound, it is to be found on pages 153-4, 168-9, 183. There is no mistaking the clear, downright English of it.

From all this it appears that Mr. Babbitt cannot get away with romanticism. That is his own affair! He may traduce Rénan and J. K. Huysmanns, and call Bacon and Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold into court, and vilify Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and Englishmen. The men are mostly dead or on the Continent and will never know. In a sense, however, it is not the author's own affair, but ours, for he drags Plato and Aristotle into the discussion, and undertakes to define the difference between classic and romantic art, as a love of the wonderful rather than the probable. This is no place for snipping out definitions or one might suggest the love of the great rather than the mediocre, or the individual rather than the common, or even the strange rather than the familiar. The author's wonderful-probable turn will hardly serve. Indeed, the whole paragraph in which it figures is neatly and accurately incompatible with the famous

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passage in the Postscript to *Appreciations* where Walter Pater defined the romantic element in art as "strangeness in beauty." Our author called on Arnold, but a greater than Arnold said that. He summoned Bacon, but Bacon proves the prime witness for the defense. That "strangeness in proportion which Bacon noted in all excellent beauty does in our later days lead men rather than form to paint pure color; rather than tunes to compose difficult harmonies; rather than facts or platitudes to write phrases that shall mean more than they say and send the reader farther than they go. A neat mind is good in its way; an exact mind is comfortable; a limited mind has its advantages. The real trouble with the limited mind is that it wants to shut every one else into its own confines, to measure the universe with its tiny hand rule. The expansive temperament which so annoys our author, at least, lets every one else expand at will.

The New Laokoon utters several truths by the way. Its facts are usually correct. If the conclusion drawn is usually wrong that is not the fault of the minor premise. The book has the merit of being, to the limit of the author's appreciation, serious. But it takes a big man to preach restriction and an impassioned spirit to enforce the weight of law.

How to Know Architecture. By Frank E. Wallis, A.A.I.A. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

We have heard it objected to this book that "it has not much information for those who know architectural books," but as all teaching from the beginning has been with the purpose of transferring more people from the group of the ignorant to the group of the enlightened we can, even if a little perversely, look on this criticism as a recommendation.

Seriously, then, this is the very strength of Mr. Wallis's book—that it is for people who are not architects. Architects have books in plenty and have had for a long time; books of a size and a thickness to make this little volume seem to shrink in its covers. But such books lie dustily on office shelves, and the American public (from whom, nevertheless, clients are raised up) continue to feed on Baedeker or the more indigestible actualities of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. It would be well if one-hundredth part of the people that our census shows would read this book.

The development of architecture is only an expression of the development of civilization and its history is a large field. This fact is the first barrier that shuts out the general public occupied, as it is, with other things. Mr. Wallis has simplified it because he has gone at it simply. He has divided roughly the history of civilization into a few large periods, and you can see as you follow him how naturally the history of architecture follows these same divisions. "Architecture," he says, "is an accurate and readable human document."

After architecture was once established as a science and an art its development followed the development of trade and prosperity, and its great creative epochs were coeval either with great epochs of material development, as in Rome, France of the Valois and Bourbons, and America of to-day, or else with epochs of spiritual expansion, as the true Gothic in France. As to the styles themselves, the earlier ones were carried along the trade routes, varying as they went and developing or inspiring new movements where they settled; but the styles even in their earliest developments were

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always only expressions of the needs or beliefs of the civilization of the time.

The book is fully illustrated and here appears a clever and sensible idea. In showing pictorially the different handlings that meant and that still mean the different styles, the author has given examples standing in America to-day as well as the real examples "of the moment." On one page will be seen the Parthenon defaced by its bombardment; on another our magnificent old Custom House in Wall Street, now also changed; then we see the porch of St. Trophime at Arles and beside it, the porch of Trinity Church at Boston; again, the library at Venice and the Tiffany Building on Fifth Avenue; or Bullfinch's State House in Boston yielding nothing in simple dignity and clearness of expression to the St. Paul's of Sir Christopher Wren in London. In this way the author has brought in many, perhaps fifty, examples of American work down to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, finished only two months since. This is of great value, for the main architectural styles are more readily fixed in the mind by examples that one knows familiarly than by the primal examples abroad which are so far out of reach as to represent a rather vague perfection to the inquiring mind.

The author does not hesitate to bring us to the present moment and to examine our conditions and possibilities. He sums up clearly and fairly the influence of the École des Beaux Arts on our present-day work and ends thus: "While the Beaux Arts is responsible for many of the best men in the profession, it must also accept the responsibility of producing a large number of half-trained, half-finished practitioners."

He rightly sees that the tall building, as an honest expression of an utterly new but honest construction, is the problem the solution of which future generations will see belonged to us; that the architect who accepts the new possibilities of iron as simply as the Gothic architects accepted the possibilities of the stone arch and who tries to express these possibilities is progressing, while he who is an archæologist will remain so. He realizes that in covering an iron skeleton we are subject to the codes of the building departments and the fire departments of various cities, but this does not excuse "the astounding incongruity of a Greek temple with all its niceties of detail elongated to an extraordinary height."

The book ends by citing the great work of the modern architectural guild, the American Institute of Architects, and its advocacy of the creation of a Federal Bureau of Fine Arts; and leaving the present behind, it closes with an expressed belief in the coming of a governmental Department of Fine Arts based in part on the effective systems in use in France, and other European countries.

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"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER VII.—*(Continued)*

After delivering his message the journalist hurried down the drive. The *dame de compagnie* flew toward the house, and Peter Ivanovitch followed her hastily, looking uneasy. Miss Haldin found herself alone with the young man, who undoubtedly must have been the new arrival from Russia. She wondered whether her brother's friend had not already guessed who she was.

I am in a position to say that as a matter of fact he had guessed. It is clear to me that Peter Ivanovitch, for some reason or other, had refrained from alluding to these ladies' presence in Geneva. But Razumov had guessed. The trustful girl! Every word uttered by Haldin lived in Razumov's memory. They were like haunting shapes; they could not be exorcised. The most vivid amongst them was the mention of the sister. The girl had existed for him ever since. But he did not recognize her at once. Coming up with Peter Ivanovitch, he did not observe her; their eyes had met even. He had responded, as no one could help responding to the harmonious charm of her whole person, its strength, its grace, its tranquil frankness—and then he had turned his gaze away. He said to himself that all this was not for him; the beauty of women and the friendship of men were not for him. He accepted that feeling with a purposeful sternness and tried to pass on. It was only her outstretched hand which brought about the recognition. It stands recorded in the pages of his self-confession that it nearly suffocated him physically with an emotional reaction of hate and dismay, as though her appearance had been a piece of accomplished treachery.

He faced about. The considerable elevation of the terrace concealed them from any one lingering in the doorway of the house; and even from the up-stairs windows they could not have been seen. Through the thickets run wild, and the trees of the gently sloping grounds, he had cold, placid glimpses of the lake. A moment of perfect privacy had been vouchsafed to them at this juncture. I wondered to myself what use they had made of that fortunate circumstance.

"Did you have time for more than a few words?" I asked.

That animation with which she had related me the incidents of her visit to the Château Borel had left her completely. Strolling by my side, she looked straight before her; but I noticed a little color on her cheek. She did not answer me.

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After some little time I observed that they could not have hoped to remain forgotten for very long, unless the other two had discovered Madame de S—— swooning with fatigue perhaps, or in a state of morbid exaltation after the long interview. Either would require their devoted ministrations. I could depict to myself Peter Ivanovitch rushing busily out of the house again, bareheaded, perhaps, and on across the terrace with his swinging gait, the black skirts of the frock coat floating clear of his stout, light, gray legs. I confess to having looked upon these young people as the quarry of the "heroic fugitive." I had the notion that they would not be allowed to escape capture. But of that I said nothing to Miss Haldin, only as she still remained uncommunicative I pressed her a little.

"Well, but you can tell me at least your impression."

She turned her head to look at me and turned away again.

"Impression," she repeated, slowly, almost dreamily; then in a quicker tone:

"He seems to be a man who has suffered more from his thoughts than from evil fortune."

"From his thoughts, you say?"

"And that is natural enough in a Russian," she took me up. "In a young Russian; so many of them are unfit for action and yet unable to rest."

"And you think he is that sort of man?"

"No, I do not judge him. How could I, so suddenly? You asked for my impression—I explain my impression. I—I don't know the world, nor yet the people in it; I have been too solitary—I am too young to trust my own opinions."

"Trust your instinct," I advised her. "Most women trust to that and make no worse mistakes than men. In this case, you have your brother's letter to help you."

She drew a deep breath like a light sigh.

"Unstained, lofty and solitary existences," she quoted as if to herself. But I caught the wistful murmur distinctly.

"High praise," I whispered to her.

"The highest possible."

"So high that, like the award of happiness, it is more fit to come only at the end of a life. But still no common or altogether unworthy personality could have suggested such a confident exaggeration of praise and . . ."

"Ah!" She interrupted me ardently. "And if you had only known the heart from which that judgment has come!"

She ceased on that note, and for a space I reflected on the character of the words which I perceived very well must tip the scale of the girl's feelings in that young man's favor. They had not the sound of a casual utterance. Vague they were to my Western mind and to my Western sentiment, but I could not forget that standing by Miss Haldin's side I was like a traveler in a strange country. It had also become clear to me that Miss Haldin was unwilling to enter into the details of the only material part of her visit to the Château Borel. But I was not hurt. Somehow I didn't feel it to be a want of confidence. It was some other difficulty—a difficulty I could not resent. And it was without the slightest resentment that I said:

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"Very well. But on that high ground which I will not dispute you, like any one else in such circumstances, you must have made for yourself a representation of that exceptional friend, a mental image of him, and—please tell me—you were not disappointed?"

"What do you mean? His personal appearance?"

"I don't mean precisely his good looks or otherwise."

We turned at the end of the alley and made a few steps without looking at each other.

"His appearance is not ordinary," said Miss Haldin at last.

"No, I should have thought not—from the little you've said of your first impression. After all, one has to fall back on that word. Impression! What I mean is that something indescribable which is likely to mark a 'not ordinary' person."

I perceived that she was not listening. There was no mistaking her expression; and once more I had the sense of being out of it—not because of my age, which, at any rate, could draw inferences—but altogether out of it, on another plane whence I could only watch her from afar. And so ceasing to speak, I watched her stepping out by my side.

"No," she exclaimed, suddenly, "I could not have been disappointed with a man of such strong feeling."

"Aha! Strong feeling," I muttered, thinking to myself, censoriously: like this, at once, all in a moment!

"What did you say?" inquired Miss Haldin, innocently.

"No, nothing. I beg your pardon. Strong feeling. I am not surprised."

"And you don't know how abruptly I behaved to him," she cried, remorsefully.

I suppose I must have appeared surprised, for, looking at me with a still more heightened color, she said she was ashamed to admit that she had not been sufficiently collected; she had failed to control her words and actions as the situation demanded. She lost the fortitude worthy of both the men, the dead and the living; the fortitude which should have been the note of the meeting of Victor Haldin's sister with Victor Haldin's only known friend. He was looking at her keenly, but said nothing, and she was—she confessed—painfully affected by his want of comprehension. All she could say was, "You are Mr. Razumov." At this a slight frown passed over his forehead. After a short, watchful pause he made a little bow of assent and waited.

At the thought that she had before her the man so highly regarded by her brother, the man who had known his value, spoken to him, understood him, had listened to his confidences, perhaps had encouraged him—her lips trembled, her eyes ran full of tears; she put out her hand, made a step toward him impulsively, saying, with an effort to restrain her emotion, "Can't you guess who I am?" He did not take the proffered hand. He even recoiled a pace and Miss Haldin imagined that he was unpleasantly affected. Miss Haldin excused him, directing her displeasure at herself. She had behaved unworthily, like an emotional French girl. A manifestation of that kind could not be welcomed by a man of stern, self-contained character.

He must have been stern indeed, or perhaps very timid with women, not to respond in a more human way to the advances of a girl like Natalia

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Haldin—I thought to myself. Those lofty and solitary existences (I remembered the words suddenly) make a young man shy and an old man savage—often.

"Well?" I encouraged Miss Haldin to proceed.

She was still very dissatisfied with herself.

"I went from bad to worse," she said, with an air of discouragement very foreign to her. "I did everything foolish except actually bursting into tears. I am thankful to say I did not do that. But I was unable to speak for quite a long time."

She had stood before him speechless, swallowing her sobs, and when she managed at last to utter something it was only her brother's name—"Victor—Victor Haldin," she gasped out, and again her voice failed her.

"Of course," she commented to me, "this distressed him. He was quite overcome. I have told you my opinion that he is a man of deep feeling—it is impossible to doubt it. You should have seen his face. He positively reeled. He leaned against the wall of the terrace. Their friendship must have been a very brotherhood of souls. I was grateful to him for that emotion which made me feel ashamed of my own lack of self-control. Of course I had regained the power of speech at once, almost. All this lasted not more than a few seconds. 'I am his sister,' I said. 'Maybe you have heard of me.'"

"And had he?" I interrupted.

"I don't know. How could it have been otherwise? And yet . . . But what does that matter? I stood there before him, near enough to be touched and surely not looking like an impostor. All I know is that he put out both his hands then to me—I may say flung them out at me with the greatest readiness and warmth—and that I seized and pressed them, feeling that I was finding again a little of what I thought was lost to me forever with the loss of my brother—some of that hope, inspiration and support which I used to get from my dear dead. . . ."

I understood quite well what she meant. We strolled on slowly. I refrained from looking at her. And it was as if answering my own thoughts that I murmured:

"No doubt, it was a great friendship—as you say. And that young man ended by welcoming your name, so to speak, with both hands. After that, of course, you would understand each other. Yes, you would understand each other quickly."

It was a moment before I heard her voice.

"Mr. Razumov seems to be a man of few words. A reserved man—even when he is strongly moved."

Unable to forget—or even to forgive—the bass-toned expansiveness of Peter Ivanovitch, the arch-patron of revolutionary parties, I said that I took that for a favorable trait of character. It was associated with sincerity—in my mind.

"And, besides, we had not much time," she added.

"No, you would not have, of course." My suspicion and even dread of the feminist and his Egeria were so ineradicable that I could not help asking with real anxiety, which I made smiling:

"But you escaped all right?"

She understood me and smiled too at my uneasiness.

"Oh yes; I escaped, if you like to call it that. I walked away quickly.

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There was no need to run. I am neither frightened nor yet fascinated, like that poor woman who received me so strangely."

"And Mr.—Mr. Razumov? . . ."

"He remained there, of course. I suppose he went into the house after I left him. You remember that he came here strongly recommended to Peter Ivanovitch—possibly intrusted with important messages for him."

"Ah! yes. From that priest who . . ."

"Father Zosim—yes. Or from others, perhaps."

"You left him, then. But have you seen him since, may I ask?"

For some time Miss Haldin made no answer to this very direct question; then:

"I have been expecting to see him here to-day," she said, quietly.

"You have! Do you meet, then, in this garden? In that case, I had better leave you at once."

"No. Why leave me? And we don't meet in this garden. I have not seen Mr. Razumov since that first time. Not once. But I have been expecting him. . . ."

She paused. I wondered to myself why that young revolutionist should show so little alacrity.

"Before we parted I told Mr. Razumov that I walked here for an hour every day at this time. I could not explain to him then why I did not ask him to come and see us at once. Mother must be prepared for such a visit. And then, you see, I do not know myself what Mr. Razumov has to tell us. He too must be told first how it is with poor mother. All these thoughts flashed through my mind at once. So I simply told him, hurriedly, that there was a reason why I could not ask him to see us at home, but that I was in the habit of walking here. . . . This is a public place, but there are never many people about at this hour. I thought it would do very well. And it is so near our apartments. I don't like to be very far away from mother. Our servant knows where I am in case I should be wanted suddenly."

"Yes; it is very convenient from that point of view," I agreed.

In fact, I thought the Bastions a very convenient place, since the girl did not think it prudent as yet to introduce that young man to her mother. It was here, then, I thought, looking round at that plot of ground of deplorable banality, that their acquaintance will begin and go on in the exchange of generous indignations and of extreme sentiments, too poignant, perhaps, for a non-Russian mind to conceive. I saw these two, escaped out of fourscore of millions of human beings, ground between the upper and nether millstone, walking under these trees, their young heads close together. Yes, an excellent place to stroll and talk in. It even occurred to me, while we turned once more away from the wide iron gates, where the tram-cars stop, that when tired they would have plenty of accommodation to rest themselves. There was a quantity of tables and chairs displayed between the restaurant chalet and the band-stand, a whole raft of painted deals spread out under the trees. In the very middle of it I observed a solitary Swiss couple whose fate was made secure from the cradle to the grave by the perfected mechanism of democratic institutions in a republic that could almost be held in the palm of one's hand. The man, colorlessly uncouth, was drinkink beer out of a glittering glass; the woman, rustic and placid, leaning back in the chair, gazed idly around.

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There is little logic to be expected on this earth, not only in the matter of thought, but also of sentiment. I was surprised to discover myself displeased with that unknown young man—a week had gone by since they met. Was he callous or shy or very stupid? I could not make it out.

"Do you think," I asked Miss Haldin, after we had gone some distance up the great alley, "that Mr. Razumov understood your intention?"

"Understood what I mean?" she wondered. "He was greatly moved. That I know. In my own agitation I could see it. But I spoke distinctly. He heard me; he seemed indeed to hang on my words. . . ."

Unconsciously she had hastened her pace. Her utterance, too, became quicker.

I waited a little before I observed, thoughtfully:

"And yet he allowed all these days to pass."

"How can we tell what work he may have to do here? He is not an idler traveling for his pleasure. His time may not be his own—nor yet his thoughts, perhaps."

She slowed her pace suddenly and in a lowered voice added:

"Or his very life," then paused and stood still. "For all I know, he may have had to leave Geneva the very day he saw me."

"Without telling you!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"I did not give him time. I left him quite abruptly. I behaved emotionally to the end. I am sorry for it. Even if I had given him the opportunity he would have been justified in taking me for a person not to be trusted. An emotional, tearful girl is not a person to confide in. But even if he has left Geneva for a time I am confident that we shall meet again."

"Ah! You are confident. . . . I dare say. But on what ground?"

"Because I've told him that I was in great need of some one, a fellow countryman, a fellow believer to whom I could give my confidence in a certain matter."

"I see. I don't ask you what answer he made. I confess that this is good ground for your belief in Mr. Razumov's appearance before long. But he has not turned up to-day?"

"No," she said, quietly, "not to-day," and we stood for a time in silence, like people that have nothing more to say to each other and let their thoughts run widely asunder before their bodies go off their different ways. Miss Haldin glanced at the watch on her wrist and made a brusque movement. She had already overstayed her time, it seemed.

"I don't like to be away from mother," she murmured, shaking her head. "It is not that she is very ill now. But somehow when I am not with her I am more uneasy than ever."

Mrs. Haldin had not made the slightest allusion to her son for the last week or more. She sat, as usual, in the arm-chair by the window, looking out silently on that hopeless stretch of the Boulevard des Philosophes. When she spoke a few lifeless words it was of indifferent, trivial things.

"For any one who knows what the poor soul is thinking of, that sort of talk is more painful than her silence. But that is bad, too; I can hardly endure it and I dare not break it."

Miss Haldin sighed, refastening mechanically a button of her glove which had come undone. I knew well enough what a hard time of it she must be having. The stress, its causes, its nature, would have under-

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mined the health of an Occidental girl; but Russian natures have a singular power of resistance against the unfair strains of life. Straight and supple, with a short jacket open on her black dress, which made her figure appear more slender and her fresh but colorless face more pale, she compelled my wonder and admiration.

"I can't stay a moment longer. You ought to come soon to see mother. You know how she calls you: *L'ami.* It is an excellent name and she really means it. And now *au revoir;* I must run."

She glanced vaguely down the broad walk—the hand she put out to me eluded my grasp by an unexpected upward movement and rested upon my shoulder. Her red lips, the only bit of color she had, were slightly parted; not in a smile, however, but expressing a sort of startled pleasure. She gazed toward the gates and said, quickly, with a gasp:

"There! I knew it! Here he comes!"

I understood that she must mean Mr. Razumov. A young man was walking up the alley without haste. His clothes were some dull shade of brown and he carried a stick. When my eyes first fell on him his head was hanging on his breast as if in deep thought. While I was looking at him he raised it sharply, saw us both in the distance, and at once stopped. I am certain he did, but that pause was nothing more perceptible than a faltering check in his gait instantaneously overcome. Then he continued his approach, looking at us steadily. Miss Haldin signed to me to remain and advanced a step or two to meet him.

I turned my head away from that meeting and did not look at them again till I heard Miss Haldin's voice uttering his name in the way of introduction. Mr. Razumov was informed in a warm, low tone that besides being a wonderful teacher, I was a good man and an invaluable friend whose sympathy had been a great support "in our sorrow and distress."

Of course I was described also as an Englishman. Miss Haldin spoke rapidly, faster than I have ever heard her speak, and that by contrast made the quietness of her eyes more expressive.

"I have given him my confidence," she added, looking all the time at Mr. Razumov. That young man did indeed rest his gaze on Miss Haldin, but certainly did not look into her eyes that were so ready for him. Afterward he glanced backward and forward at us both, while the faint commencement of a forced smile, followed by the suspicion of a frown, vanished one after another; I detected them, though neither could have been noticed by a person less intensely bent upon divining him than myself. I don't know what Natalia Haldin had observed, but my attention seized the very shades of these movements. The attempted smile was given up, the incipient frown was checked and smoothed so that there should be no sign; but I imagined him exclaiming, inwardly:

"Her confidence! To this elderly person—this foreigner!"

I imagined this because he looked foreign enough to me. I was upon the whole favorably impressed. He had an air of intelligence and even some distinction quite above the average of the students and other inhabitants of the *Petite Russie.* His features were more decided than in the generality of Russian faces; he had a line of the jaw, a clean-shaven, sallow cheek; his nose was a ridge and not a mere protuberance. His hat was well down over his eyes, his dark hair curled low on the nape of his neck; in the ill-fitting brown clothes there were sturdy limbs; a slight stoop

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brought out a satisfactory breadth of shoulders. Upon the whole, I was not disappointed. *Studious—robust—shy.* . . .

Before Miss Haldin had ceased speaking I felt the grip of his hand on mine, a muscular, firm grip, but unexpectedly hot and dry. Not a word or even a mutter assisted this short and arid hand-shake.

I intended to leave them to themselves, but Miss Haldin touched me lightly on the forearm with a significant contact, conveying a distinct wish. Let him smile who likes, but I was only too ready to stay near Natalia Haldin, and I am not ashamed to say that it was no smiling matter to me. I stayed, not as a youth would have stayed, uplifted, as it were, poised in the air of exultation, but soberly, with my feet on the ground and my mind trying to penetrate her intention. She had turned to Mr. Razumov.

"Well, this is the place. Yes, it is here that I meant you to come. I have been walking every day. . . . Don't excuse yourself—I understand. I am grateful to you for coming here, but, all the same, I cannot stay now. It is impossible. I must hurry off home. Yes, even with you standing before me I must run off. I have been too long away. . . . You know how it is?"

These last words were addressed to me. I noticed that Mr. Razumov passed the tip of his tongue over his lips, just as a parched, feverish man might do. He took her hand in its black glove, which closed on his and held it—detained it quite visibly to me against a drawing-back movement.

"Thank you once more for—for understanding me," she went on, warmly. He interrupted her with a certain effect of roughness. I didn't like him speaking to this frank creature so much from under the brim of his hat, as it were. And he produced a faint, rasping voice quite like a man with a parched throat.

"What is there to thank me for? Understand you? . . . How did I understand you? . . . You had better know that I understand nothing. I was aware that you wanted to see me in this garden. I could not come before. I was hindered. And even to-day you see . . . late."

She still held his hand.

"I can, at any rate, thank you for not dismissing me from your mind as a weak, emotional girl. No doubt I want sustaining; I am very ignorant. But I can be trusted. Indeed I can."

"You are ignorant?" he repeated, thoughtfully. He had raised his head and was looking straight into her face now while she held his hand. They stood like this for a long moment. She released his hand.

"Yes, you did come late. It was good of you to come on the chance of me having loitered beyond my time. I was talking with this good friend here. I was talking of you. Yes, Kirylo Sidorovitch, of you. He was with me when I first heard of your being here in Geneva. He can tell you what comfort it was to my bewildered spirit to hear that news. He knew I meant to seek you out. It was the only object of my accepting the invitation of Peter Ivanovitch. . . ."

"Peter Ivanovitch talked to you of me?" he interrupted, in that wavering, hoarse voice which suggested a horribly dry throat.

"Very little. Just told me your name and that you had arrived here. Why should I have asked for more? What could he have told me that I did not know already from my brother's letter? Three lines! And how

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much they meant to me! I will show them to you one day, Kirylo Sidorovitch. But now I must go. The first talk between us cannot be a matter of five minutes, so we had better not begin. . . ."

I had been standing a little aside seeing them both in profile. At that moment it occurred to me that Mr. Razumov's face was older than his age.

"If mother"—the girl had turned suddenly to me—"were to wake up in my absence (so much longer than usual) she would perhaps question me. She seems to miss me more, you know, of late. She would want to know what delayed me—and, you see, it would be painful for me to dissemble before her."

I understood the point very well. For the same reason she checked what seemed to be, on Mr. Razumov's part, a movement to accompany her.

"No, no; I go alone. But meet me here as soon as possible." Then to me in a lower significant tone:

"Mother may be sitting at the window at this moment, looking down the street. She must not know anything of Mr. Razumov's presence here till—till something is arranged." She paused before she added, a little louder, but still speaking to me, "Mr. Razumov does not quite understand my difficulty, but you know what it is."

CHAPTER VIII

With a quick inclination of the head for us both and an earnest, friendly glance at the young man, Miss Haldin left us covering our heads and looking after her straight, supple figure going away rapidly. Her walk was not that hybrid and uncertain gliding affected by some women, but a frank, strong, healthy movement forward. Rapidly she increased the distance—disappeared with suddenness at last. I discovered only then that Mr. Razumov, after ramming his hat well over his brow, was looking me over from head to foot. I dare say I was a very unexpected fact for that young Russian refugee to stumble upon. I caught in his physiognomy, in his whole bearing, an expression compounded of curiosity and scorn tempered by alarm—as though he had been holding his breath while I was not looking. But his eyes met mine with a gaze direct enough. I saw then, for the first time, that they were of a clear brown color fringed with thick, black eyelashes. They were the youngest feature of his face. Not at all unpleasant eyes. He swayed slightly, leaning on his stick and generally hung in the wind. It flashed upon me that in leaving us thus together Miss Haldin had an intention—that something was intrusted to me since by a strange accident I had found myself in the way. On this assumed ground I put all possible friendliness into my manner. Swiftly I cast about for some right thing to say, and suddenly in Miss Haldin's last words I perceived the clew to the nature of my mission.

"No," I said, gravely, if with a smile, "you cannot be expected to understand."

His clean-shaven lip quivered ever so little before he said, as if wickedly amused:

"But haven't you heard just now? I was thanked by that young lady for understanding so well?"

I looked at him rather hard. Was there a hidden and inexplicable sneer in this retort? No; it was not that. It might have been resentment. Yes; but what had he to resent? He looked as though he had not slept

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very well of late. I could almost feel on me the weight of his unrefreshed, motionless stare, the stare of a man who lies unwinking in the dark angrily passive in the toils of disastrous thoughts. Now when I know how true it was, I can honestly affirm that this *was* the effect he produced on me. It was painful in a curiously indefinite way—for, of course, the definition comes to me now while I sit writing in the fulness of my knowledge. But that is what the effect was at that time of absolute ignorance. This new sort of uneasiness which he seemed to be forcing upon me I attempted to put down by assuming a conversational, easy familiarity.

"That extremely charming and essentially admirable young girl (I am —as you see—old enough to be frank in my expressions) was referring to her own feelings. Surely you must have understood that much?"

He made such a brusque movement that he even tottered a little.

"Must understand this. Not expected to understand that. I may have other things to do. And the girl is charming and admirable. Well—and if she is. I suppose I can see that for myself."

This sally would have been insulting if his voice had not been practically extinct, dried up in his throat; and the rustling effort of his speech too pathetic in its sincerity to give real offense.

I remained silent, checked between the obvious fact and the subtle impression. It was open to me to leave him there and then; but the sense of having been intrusted with a mission, the suggestion of Miss Haldin's last glance, was strong upon me. After a moment of reflection I said:

"Shall we walk together a little?"

He shrugged his shoulders so violently that he tottered again. I saw it out of the corner of my eyes as I moved on, with him at my elbow. He had fallen back a little and was practically out of my sight, unless I turned my head to look at him. I did not wish to indispose him still further by an appearance of marked curiosity. It might have been distasteful to such a young and secret refugee from under the pestilential shadow hiding the true, kindly face of his land. And the shadow, the attendant of his countrymen stretching across the middle Europe, was lying on him, too, darkening his figure to my mental vision. "Without doubt," I said to myself, listening to his heavy, unsteady footsteps, "he seems a sombre, even a desperate revolutionist; but he is young; he may be unselfish and humane, capable of compassion, of . . ."

I heard him clear, gratingly, his parched throat and became all attention.

"This is beyond everything," were his first words. "It is beyond everything! I find you here, for no reason that I can understand, in possession of something I cannot be expected to understand! A confidant! A foreigner! Talking about an admirable Russian girl! Is the admirable girl a fool, I begin to wonder! What are you at? What is your object?"

He was barely audible, as if his throat had no more resonance than a dry rag, a piece of tinder. It was so pitiful that I found it extremely easy to control my indignation.

"When you have lived a little longer, Mr. Razumov, you will discover that no woman is an absolute fool. I am not a feminist like that illustrious author, Peter Ivanovitch, who, to say the truth, is not a little suspect to me . . ."

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He interrupted me in a surprising note of whispering astonishment.

"Suspect to you! Peter Ivanovitch suspect to you! To you! . . ."

"Yes, in a certain aspect he is," I said, dismissing my remark lightly. "As I was saying, Mr. Razumov, when you have lived long enough you will learn to discriminate between the noble trustfulness of a nature foreign to every meanness and the flattered credulity of some women; though even these last, silly as they may be, unhappy as they are sure to be, are never absolute fools. It is my belief that no woman is ever completely deceived. Those that are lost leap into the abyss with their eyes open, if all the truth were known."

"Upon my word," he cried at my elbow, "what is it to me whether women are fools or lunatics? I really don't care what you think of them. I—I am not interested in them. I let them be. I am not a young man in a novel. How do you know that I want to learn anything about women? . . . What is the meaning of all this?"

"The object, you mean, of this conversation which I admit I have forced upon you in a measure."

"Forced! Object!" he repeated, still keeping half a pace or so behind me. "You wanted to talk about women, apparently. That's a subject. But I don't care for it. I have never . . . in fact, I have had other subjects to think about."

"I am concerned here with one woman only. A young girl. The sister of your dead friend. Miss Haldin. Surely you can think a little of her. What I meant from the first was that there is a situation which you cannot be expected to understand."

I listened to his unsteady footfalls by my side for the space of several strides.

"I think that it will prepare the ground for your next interview with Miss Haldin if I tell you of it. I imagine that she might have had something of the kind in her mind when she left us together. I believe myself authorized to speak. The peculiar situation I have alluded to has arisen in the first grief and distress of Victor Haldin's execution. There was something peculiar in the circumstances of his arrest. You, no doubt, know the whole truth. . . ."

I felt my arm seized above the elbow and the next instant found myself swung so as to face Mr. Razumov.

"You spring up from the ground before me with this talk. Who the devil are you? This is not to be borne! Why? What for? What do you know of what is or is not peculiar? What have you to do with any confounded circumstances or with anything that happens in Russia, anyway?"

He leaned on his stick with his other hand heavily, and when he let go my arm I was certain in my mind that he was hardly able to keep on his feet.

"Let us sit down at one of these vacant tables," I proposed, disregarding this display of unexpectedly profound emotion. It was not without its effect on me, I confess. I was sorry for him.

"What tables? What are you talking about? Oh, the empty tables? The tables there. Certainly; I will sit at one of the empty tables."

I led him away from the path to the very centre of the raft of deals before the chalet. The Swiss couple were gone by that time. We were

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alone on the raft, so to speak. Mr. Razumov dropped into a chair, let fall his stick, and, propped on his elbows, his head between his hands, stared at me persistently, openly and continuously, while I signaled the waiter and ordered some beer. I could not quarrel with this silent inspection very well, because, truth to tell, I felt somewhat guilty of having been sprung on him with some abruptness—of having "sprung from the ground," as he expressed it.

While waiting to be served I mentioned that, born from parents settled in St. Petersburg, I had acquired the language as a child. The town I did not remember, having left it for good as a boy of nine, but in later years I had renewed my acquaintance with the language. He listened, intent, without as much as moving his eyes the least little bit. He had to change his position when the beer came and the instant draining of his glass revived him. He leaned back in the chair and, folding his arms across his chest, continued to stare at me squarely. It occurred to me that his clean-shaven, almost swarthy face was really of the very mobile sort, and that the absolute stillness of it was the acquired habit of a revolutionist, of a conspirator everlastingly on his guard against self-betrayal in a world of secret spies.

"But you are an Englishman—a teacher of English literature," he murmured, in a voice that was no longer issuing from a parched throat. "I have heard of you. People told me you have lived here for years."

"Quite true. More than twenty years. And I have been assisting Miss Haldin with her English studies."

"You have been reading English poetry with her," he said, immovable now, like another man altogether, a complete stranger to the man of the heavy and uncertain footfalls a little while ago—at my elbow.

"Yes, English poetry," I said. "But the trouble of which I speak was caused by an English newspaper."

He continued to stare at me. I don't think he knew before that the story of the midnight arrest had been ferreted out by an English journalist and given to the world. When I explained this to him he muttered, contemptuously, "It may have been altogether a lie."

"I think you are the best judge of that," I retorted, a little disconcerted. "I must confess that to me it looks to be true in the main."

"How can you tell truth from lies?" he queried in his new, immovable manner.

"I don't know how you do it in Russia," I began, rather nettled by his attitude. He interrupted me.

"In Russia and in general everywhere—in a newspaper, for instance. The color of the ink and the shapes of the letters are the same."

"Well, there are other trifles one can go by. The character of the publication, the general verisimilitude of the news, the consideration of the motives, and so on. I don't trust blindly the accuracy of special correspondents—but why should this one have gone to the trouble of concocting a circumstantial falsehood on a matter of no importance to the world?"

"That's what it is," he grumbled. "What's going on with us is of no importance—a mere sensational story to amuse the readers of the papers—the superior contemptuous Europe. It is hateful to think of. But let them wait a bit."

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He broke off on this sort of threat addressed to the Western world. Disregarding the anger in his stare, I pointed out that whether the journalist was well or ill informed the concern of the friends of these ladies was with the effect the few lines of print in question had produced—the effect alone. And surely he must be counted as one of the friends—if only for the sake of his late comrade and intimate fellow revolutionist. At that point I thought he was going to speak vehemently, but he only astounded me by the convulsive start of his whole body. He restrained himself, folded his loosened arms tighter across his chest, and sat back with a smile in which there was a twitch of scorn and malice.

"Yes, a comrade and an intimate. . . . Very well."

"I ventured to speak to you on that assumption. And I cannot be mistaken. I was present when Peter Ivanovitch announced your arrival here to Miss Haldin, and I saw her relief and thankfulness when your name was mentioned. Afterwards she showed me her brother's letter and read out the few words in which he alludes to you. What else but a friend could you have been?"

"Obviously. That's perfectly well known. A friend. Quite correct. . . . Go on. You were talking of some effect."

I said to myself: "He puts on the callousness of a stern revolutionist, the insensibility to common emotions of a man devoted to a destructive idea. He is young, and his sincerity assumes a pose before a stranger, a foreigner, an old man. Youth must assert itself." . . . As concisely as possible I exposed to him the state of mind poor Mrs. Haldin had been thrown into by the news of her son's untimely end.

He listened—I felt it—with profound attention. His level stare deflected gradually downwards, left my face and rested at last on the ground at his feet.

"You can enter into the daughter's feelings. As you said, I have only read a little English poetry with her, and I won't make myself ridiculous in your eyes by trying to speak of her. But you have seen her. She is one of those rare human beings that do not want explaining. At least, I think so. I am speaking now as a foreigner. But look at these ladies' retired life in the country, the estrangement from their connections and even from their class, brought about, I understand, by their liberal opinions. They had only that son, that brother, for a link with the wider world, with the future. The very groundwork of active existence for Natalia Haldin is gone with him. Can you wonder, then, that she turns with eagerness to the only man her brother mentions in his letter? Your name is a sort of legacy."

"What could he have written of me?" he cried in a low, exasperated tone.

"Only a few words. It is not for me to repeat them to you, Mr. Razumov; but you may believe my assertion that these words are forcible enough to make both his mother and his sister believe implicitly in the worth of your judgment and in the truth of anything you may have to say to them. It's impossible for you now to pass them by like strangers."

I paused and for a moment sat listening to the footsteps of the few people passing up and down the broad central walk. While I was speaking his head had sunk upon his breast above his folded arms. He raised it sharply.

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"Must I go, then, and lie to that old woman?"

It was not anger; it was something else, something more poignant and not so simple. I was aware of it sympathetically, while I was profoundly concerned at the nature of that exclamation.

"Dear me! Won't the truth do, then? I hoped you could have told them something consoling. I am thinking of the poor mother now. Your Russia *is* a cruel country."

He moved a little in his chair.

"Yes," I repeated, "I thought you would have had something authentic to tell."

The twitching of his lips before he spoke was curious.

"What if it is not worth telling?"

"Not worth—from what point of view? I don't understand."

"From every point of view."

I spoke with some asperity.

"I should think that anything which could explain the circumstances of that midnight arrest . . ."

"Reported by a journalist for the amusement of the civilized Europe," he broke in, scornfully.

"Yes, reported. . . . But aren't they true? I can't make out your attitude in this. Either the man is a hero to you or . . ."

He approached his face with fiercely distended nostrils close to mine so suddenly that I had the greatest difficulty in not starting back.

"You ask me! I suppose it amuses you, all this. Look here! I am a worker. I studied. Yes, I studied very hard. There is intelligence here." He tapped his forehead with his finger tips. "Don't you think a Russian may have sane ambitions? Yes, I had even prospects. Certainly I had. And now you see me here, abroad, everything gone, lost, sacrificed. You see me here—and you ask! You see me, don't you—sitting before you?"

He threw himself back violently. I kept outwardly calm.

"Yes, I see you here; and, I assume, you are here on account of the Haldin affair?"

His manner changed.

"You call it the Haldin affair—do you?" he observed, indifferently.

"I have no right to ask you anything," I said; "I wouldn't presume. But in that case the mother and the sister of him who must be a hero in your eyes cannot be indifferent to you. The girl is a frank and generous creature, having the noblest—well, illusions. You will tell her nothing—or you will tell her everything. But speaking now of the object with which I've approached you: first, we have to deal with the morbid state of the mother. Perhaps something could be invented under your authority as a cure for a distracted and suffering soul filled with maternal affection."

His air of weary indifference was accentuated, I could not help thinking, wilfully.

"Oh yes. Something might."

He put his hand over his mouth as if to conceal a yawn. When he uncovered his lips they were smiling faintly.

"Pardon me. This has been a long conversation and I have not had much sleep the last two nights."

This unexpected, somewhat insolent, sort of apology had the merit of

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being perfectly true. He had had no nightly rest, to speak of, since that day when, in the grounds of the Château Borel, the sister of Victor Haldin had appeared before him. The perplexities and the complex terrors—I may say—of this sleeplessness are recorded in the document I was to see later—the document which is the main source of this narrative. And at the moment he looked to me convincingly tired in his assumed nonchalance, gone slack all over, like a man who has passed through some sort of crisis.

"I have had a lot of urgent writing to do," he added in a careless mutter.

I rose from my chair at once and he followed my example without haste, a little heavily.

"I must apologize for detaining you so long," I said.

"Why apologize? One can't very well go to bed before night. And you did not detain me. I could have left you at any time."

I had not stayed with him to be offended.

"I am glad you have been sufficiently interested," I said, calmly. "No merit of mine, though—the commonest sort of regard for the mother of your friend was enough. . . . As to Miss Haldin herself, she at one time was disposed to think that her brother had been betrayed to the police in some way."

To my great surprise, Mr. Razumov sat down again suddenly. I stared at him, and I must say that he returned my stare without winking for quite a considerable time.

"In some way," he mumbled, as if he had not understood or could not believe his ears.

"Some unforeseen event, a sheer accident, might have done that," I went on. "Or, as she characteristically put it to me, the folly or weakness of some unhappy fellow revolutionist."

"Folly or weakness," he repeated, bitterly.

"She is a very generous creature," I observed, after a time.

The man admired by Victor Haldin fixed his eyes on the ground, seemed oblivious of my existence. I turned away and moved off, apparently unnoticed by him. I nourished no resentment of the moody brusqueness with which he had treated me. The sentiment I was carrying away from that conversation was that of hopelessness. Before I had got fairly clear of the raft of chairs and tables he had rejoined me.

"H'm, yes!" I heard him at my elbow again. "But what do you think?"

I did not look round even.

"I think that you people are under a curse."

He made no sound. It was only on the pavement outside the gate that I heard him again.

"I should like to walk with you a little."

After all, I preferred this unknown young man to his celebrated compatriot, the great Peter Ivanovitch. His enigmatic brusqueness had not irritated me so much as it might have done if I had not adopted a special view of him. But I saw no reason for being particularly gracious.

"I am going now to the railway station by the shortest way from here to meet a friend from England," I said for all answer to his unexpected proposal. I still hoped that something informing could come of it. As we stood on the curbstone waiting for a tram-car to pass he remarked:

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"I like what you said just now."

"Do you?"

We stepped off the pavement together.

"The great problem," he went on, "is to understand thoroughly the nature of the curse."

"That's not very difficult, I think."

"I think so, too," he agreed with me, and his readiness, strangely enough, did not make him less enigmatical in the least.

"A curse is an evil spell," I tried him again. "And the important, the great problem is to find the means to break it."

"Yes; to find the means."

That was also an assent, but he seemed to be thinking of something else. We had crossed diagonally the open space before the theatre and began to descend a broad, sparely frequented street in the direction of one of the smaller bridges. He kept on by my side, without speaking, for a long time.

"You are not thinking of leaving Geneva soon?" I asked.

He was silent for so long that I began to think I had been indiscreet and should get no answer at all. Yes, on looking at him, I almost believed that my question had caused him something in the nature of positive anguish. I detected it mainly in the clasping of his hands, in which he put a great force stealthily. Once, however, he had overcome that sort of agonizing hesitation sufficiently to inform me that he had no such intention, he became rather communicative—at least, relatively to the former offhand curtness of his speeches. The tone, too, was more amiable. All it amounted to was that he intended to study and also to write. He went even so far as to tell me he had been to Stuttgart. Stuttgart, I was aware, was one of the revolutionary centres. The directing committee of one of the Russian parties (I can't tell now which) was located in that town. It was there that he got into touch with the active work of the revolutionists outside Russia.

"I had never been abroad before," he explained, in a rather inanimate voice now. Then after a slight hesitation, altogether different from the agonizing irresolution my first simple question "whether he meant to stay in Geneva" had aroused, he made me an unexpected confidence:

"The fact is, I have received a sort of mission from them."

"Which will keep you here in Geneva?"

"Yes, here. In this odious . . ."

I was satisfied with my faculty for putting two and two together when I drew the inference that the mission had something to do with the person of the great Peter Ivanovitch. But I kept that surmise to myself, naturally, and Mr. Razumov said nothing more for some considerable time. It was only when we were nearly on the bridge we had been making for that he opened his lips again abruptly:

"*Could I see that precious article anywhere?*"

I had to think for a moment before I saw what he was referring to.

"It has been reproduced in parts by the press here. There are files to be seen in various places. My copy of the English newspaper I have left with Miss Haldin, I remember, on the very day or the day it reached me. I was sufficiently worried by seeing it lying on a table by the side of the poor mother's chair for weeks. Then it disappeared. It was a relief."

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He had stopped short.

"I trust," I continued, "that you will find time to see these ladies fairly often—that you will make time."

He stared at me so queerly that I hardly know how to define his aspect. I could not understand it in this connection at all. What ailed him, I asked myself. What strange thought had come into his head? What vision of all the horrors that can be seen in his hopeless country had come suddenly to haunt his brain? If it were anything connected with the fate of Victor Haldin, then I hoped earnestly he would keep it to himself forever. I was, to speak plainly, so shocked that I tried to conceal my impression by—Heaven forgive me—a smile and the assumption of a light manner.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "that needn't cost you a great effort."

He turned away from me and leaned over the parapet of the bridge. For a moment I waited, looking at his back. And yet, I assure you, I was not anxious just then to look at his face again. He did not move at all. He did not mean to move. I walked on slowly on my way towards the station. At the end of the bridge I glanced back, though. I could not refrain. No, he had not moved. He hung well over the parapet, as if captivated by the smooth rush of the blue water under the arch. The current there is swift, extremely swift indeed. It makes some people dizzy. I myself can never look at it for any length of time without experiencing a dread of being suddenly snatched away by its destructive force. Some brains cannot resist the suggestion of irresistible power and of headlong motion.

It apparently had a charm for Mr. Razumov. I left him hanging far over the parapet of the bridge. The way he had behaved to me could not be put down to mere boorishness. There was something else under his scorn and impatience, with glimpses of fear and almost of despair. Perhaps, I thought, with sudden approach to hidden truth, it was the same thing which had kept him over a week, nearly ten days indeed, from coming near Miss Haldin. But what it was I could not tell. Though he leaned dangerously far over the parapet, he had not the aspect of a man unduly fascinated by the suggestion of the running water.

CHAPTER IX

THE water under the bridge ran violent and profound. Its violent undulating rush seemed capable of scouring out a channel for itself through solid granite while you looked. But had it flowed through Razumov's breast, it could not have washed away the accumulated bitterness the wrecking of his life had deposited there.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he thought, staring downwards at the headlong river flowing so smooth and clean that only the passage of a faint air bubble or a thin, vanished streak of foam like a white hair disclosed its vertiginous rapidity, its terrible force. "Why has that meddlesome old Englishman blundered against me? And what is his silly tale of a crazy old woman?"

He was trying to think brutally on purpose, but he avoided any mental reference to the young girl. "A crazy old woman," he repeated to himself. "It is a fatality! Or ought I to despise all this as an absurdity? But no! I am wrong! I can afford to despise nothing. An absurdity may be the

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starting-point of the most dangerous complications. How is one to guard against it? It puts to rout one's intelligence. The more intelligent one is the less one suspects an absurdity."

A wave of wrath choked his thoughts for a moment. It even made his body leaning over the parapet quiver, then he resumed his silent thinking like a secret dialogue with himself. And even in that privacy his thought had some reservations of which he was vaguely conscious.

"After all, this is not absurd perhaps. It is insignificant. It is absolutely insignificant. Absolutely. The craze of an old woman—the fussy officiousness of a blundering elderly Englishman. What devil put him in the way! Haven't I treated him cavalierly enough? No! Haven't I just? That's the way to treat these meddlesome persons. Is it possible that he still stands behind my back waiting?"

Razumov felt a faint chill run down his back. It was not fear. He was certain that it was not fear—not fear for himself—but it was, all the same, a sort of apprehension as if for another personality, for some one he knew without being able to put a name on the personality. But the recollection that the officious Englishman had a train to meet tranquillized him for a time. It was too stupid to suppose that he should be standing behind his back—waiting. It was unnecessary to look round and make sure.

But what did he mean by his extraordinary rigmarole about the newspaper and that crazy old woman, he thought, suddenly. It was a damnable presumption, anyhow, something that only an Englishman could be capable of. All that was a sort of sport for him—the sport of revolution—a game to look at from the height of his superiority. And what on earth did he mean by his exclamation, "Won't the truth do!"

Razumov pressed his folded arms to the stone coping over which he was leaning with force. "Won't the truth do? The truth for the crazy old mother of the . . ."

The young man shuddered again. "Yes, the truth would do. Apparently, it would do. Exactly. And receive thanks," he thought, formulating the unspoken words cynically. "Fall on my neck in gratitude, no doubt," he jeered, mentally. But this mood abandoned him at once. He felt sad, as if his heart had become empty suddenly. "Well, I must be cautious," he concluded, coming to himself as though his brain had been awakened from a trance. "There is nothing, no one too insignificant, too absurd to be disregarded," he thought, wearily. "I must be cautious."

Razumov pushed himself with his hand away from the balustrade, and retracing his steps along the bridge went straight to his lodgings, where for a few days he led a solitary and retired existence. He neglected Peter Ivanovitch, to whom he was accredited by the Stuttgart group; he never went near the refugee revolutionists to whom he had been introduced on his arrival. He kept out of that world altogether. And he felt that such conduct, causing surprise and arousing suspicion, contained an element of danger for himself.

This is not to say that during these few days he never went out. I met him several times in the streets, but he gave me no recognition. Once, going home after an evening call on the ladies Haldin, I thought I recognized him crossing the dark roadway of the Boulevard des Philosophes. The figure had a broad-brimmed soft hat and the collar of his coat turned

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up. I watched him make straight for the house, but instead of going in the man, whoever he was, stopped opposite the still lighted windows, and after a time went away down a side street.

I knew that he had not been to see Mrs. Haldin yet. Miss Haldin told me he was reluctant; moreover, the mental condition of Mrs. Haldin had changed. She seemed to think now that her son was living and perhaps awaited his arrival. Her immobility in the great arm-chair in front of the window had an air of expectancy even when the blind was down and the lamps lighted.

For my part, I was convinced she had received her death stroke; Miss Haldin, to whom of course I said nothing of my forebodings, thought that no good would come from introducing Mr. Razumov just then, an opinion which I shared fully. I knew that she met the young man on the Bastions. Once or twice I saw them strolling slowly up the main alley. Perhaps they met every day. I don't know. I avoided passing that way during the hour when Miss Haldin took her exercise there. One day, however, in a fit of absent-mindedness I passed through the gates and came upon her walking alone. I stopped to exchange a few words. Mr. Razumov failed to turn up, and moving slowly up we began to talk about him—naturally.

(To be Continued)

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. CARTER, U.S.A.,
was born in Nashville, Tennessee. For twenty-four years after graduating at the United States Military Academy he was in active service on the frontier. His first experience was with the Eighth Infantry, which he joined, as second lieutenant, in 1873. In 1874 he was transferred to the Sixth Cavalry, and in 1879 he was promoted to be first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster. He was advanced to the command of a company in the Sixth Cavalry in 1889, and he received his majority in 1897, when he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the United States Army. His present commission he has held since 1909, and is a member of the General Staff. The acts of Congress which made the construction of the army what it is to-day were drafted by him. General Carter holds a medal of honor which was awarded to him for distinguished bravery in action against the Apache Indians at Cibicu Creek, Arizona, on the 30th of August, 1881. He is the author of *Horses, Saddles, and Bridles, An Historical Sketch of the Sixth United States Cavalry, From Yorktown to Santiago* and *Old Army Sketches*. He has also contributed to this REVIEW.

JOHN MABRY MATHEWS
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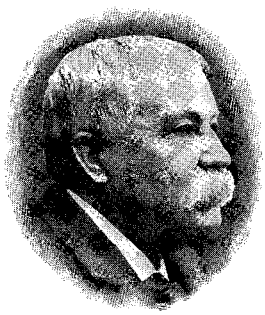

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in Politics at Princeton University, and is Associate-elect in Political Science at the University of Illinois. He is the author of *The Legislative and Judicial History of the Fifteenth Amendment* and of various contributions on political subjects to technical journals. While at Princeton he has had an opportunity of gaining at first hand an insight into the character and principles of action that govern the conduct of the distinguished Governor of New Jersey.

CHING-CHUN WANG

graduated with honors from Yale University in 1908, and in the following year received his M.A. degree from the University of Illinois, where he has since been Honorary Fellow in the department of Political Science. He is Lecturer also in Oriental History and Commerce. He was elected President of the Joint Council of the Chinese Students' Alliances in 1909, an office he still holds. He is a frequent contributor to the different professional quarterlies and reviews.

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE W. MELVILLE, U.S.N.,

stands high among the eminent men who, by their deeds and achievements, have brought great honor upon the American Navy and the American name. In 1861, he entered the navy as an assistant engineer, with the rank of midshipman. After passing through all intermediate grades, he was made Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy in 1887, with the rank of Commodore, and he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral in 1899. As Engineer-in-Chief, he has contributed largely to the building up of the new navy, designs having been made, during his term, for over 120 ships and 700,000 horse-power. In 1890, he was voted a gold medal and advanced fifteen numbers by special act of Congress for bravery in the Arctic.

RICHARD GARNETT,

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Archibald R. Colquhoun,

Gold Medallist Royal Geographical Society, London; formerly Deputy Commissioner Burmah and First Administrator of the British South Africa Company under Mr. Rhodes; has traveled in almost every quarter of the globe, and given to the world the results of his observations and reflections in a goodly library of most interesting and instructive volumes. He is an acknowledged authority on the Far East, foreign affairs and Colonial questions. Among Mr. Colquhoun's writings are *China in Transformation, The "Overland" to China, The Mastery of the Pacific, Greater America, The Africander Land,* and *The Whirlpool of Europe.* Mr. Colquhoun, formerly a special correspondent of the London *Times,* now contributes to the London *Morning Post,* and to the leading English and continental reviews.

James H. Blount,

a lawyer of Macon, Georgia, was born near that place in 1869, attended the public schools of Macon, and was graduated at the University of Georgia in 1887. He was admitted to the Bar in 1888 and subsequently attended the Columbia Law School, New York City, in 1890-91. Thereafter he practised law at Macon continuously until the outbreak of war with Spain. While an officer of the Volunteer Army of Cuban Invasion in 1898, he served on General Wood's Headquarters staff, after the fall of Santiago, as Judge Advocate of the Department of Santiago. From 1901 to 1905 he was Judge of the Court of First Instance of the Philippines, finally resigning on account of ill health and returning to his former home. Judge Blount is the author of a book on pleading and practice under the Code of Georgia, which, in 1897, was adopted by the Legislature of that State. He is a son of the late Congressman from Georgia, who was President Cleveland's Special Commissioner to Hawaii in 1893.

Louise Collier Willcox

was educated in France, Germany, and England. She has been for many years an editorial writer and is a constant contributor to the Review and other periodicals. She is the author of *The Human Way* and *A Manual of Spiritual Fortification.*

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EDWARD PORRITT

is a native of Bury, in Lancashire, England. For several years he was connected with a number of English papers. In 1884 he came to the United States and joined the staff of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Returning to England, he was employed for some time as a parliamentary reporter. He now resides in the United States as correspondent for important British newspapers and has held a lectureship at Harvard. He is the author of *The Englishman at Home* and *The History of the Unreformed House of Commons,* and the Cobden Club publishes his last work, *The Revolt in Canada against the New Feudalism.*

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

is the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge University. This university has recently made him Professor of English Literature. A prolific writer, he has endeared himself to his large reading public in America as well as in England. His verse appeared in collected form in 1909, but his most recently published work is a volume of essays, *The Silent Isle.* The essay in the current REVIEW is one of a series which will appear from time to time through the coming year.

JOSEPH CONRAD,

the well-known author whose novel, *Under Western Eyes,* will appear serially in the REVIEW through the year, is a native of Russia, but now lives in England. His list of published works indicates great industry and includes the following familiar titles: *Lord Jim, The Mirror of the Sea, The Secret Agent,* and *A Set of Six.*

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A CORRECTION

WASHINGTON, *May 3, 1911.*

To the Editor of The North American Review:

SIR,—I trust you will find room for this note and thus afford me the opportunity to withdraw a brief statement which occurs in my hastily written article in your February number.

After attending to the criticism by the farmers of Canada of their Harvester Trust and stating the fact that our Harvester Trust had recently "cut a melon" for its stockholders of twenty million dollars, I added words which I am now satisfied were misleading and unwarranted: "in addition to generous dividends on millions of watered stock abstracted from the same victims as provided the melon."

The fact that sixty millions of stock were distributed among the five companies on the basis of a valuation of the physical properties belonging to those companies does not in itself justify the imputation that such issue was in excess of the fair market value of the properties or of their then earning capacities.

I, therefore, desire to withdraw the language I have quoted and to express my regret for having been misled into the use of it, for my old-fashioned and possibly obsolete objection to all such consolidations only made it the more obligatory upon me to be sure of the accuracy of any facts alleged in reference to any one of them.

WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

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